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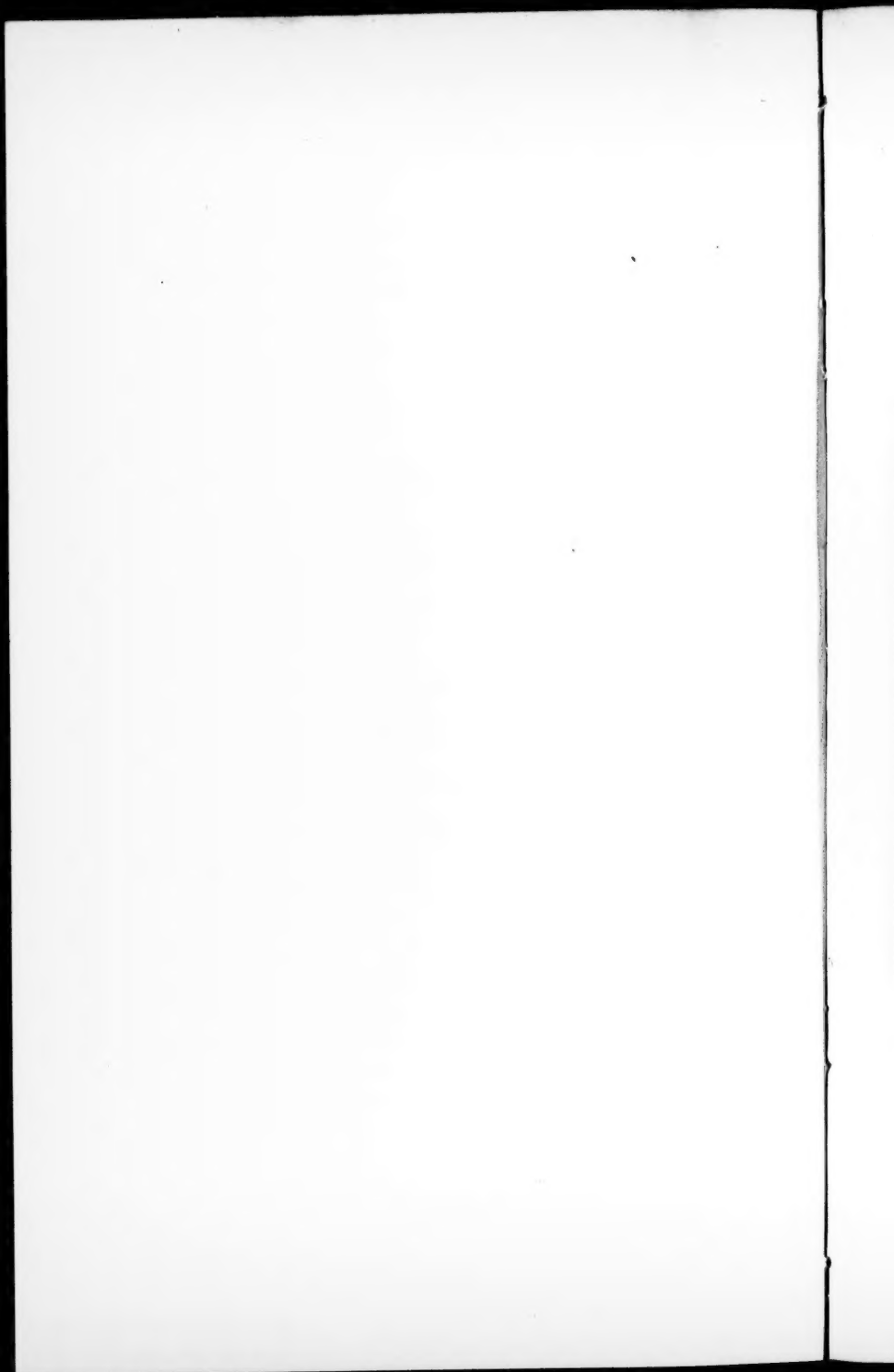
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"The 'National' begins the New Year with a collection of articles, which are as remarkable for their literary ability as they are for their appropriateness to the time, and for the amount of good thinking and suggestive comment they contain. . . . The impartial and truly religious spirit in which the phenomena of Spurgeonism are examined and accounted for is worthy of remark. It would have been so very much easier to have astonished, shocked, and amused the reader merely by relating the phenomena. To make him understand the true import of Spurgeonism, as a sign of the times, is the work of a high mind, given to examining the greatest questions that concern this present life. . . . The *persiflage* of the article on 'Spirit-Rapping' has a particularly fine gentlemanly flavour. . . . The 'Slave Empire in the West' is a thoughtful and powerful paper on the American question, presenting old things in new lights, and new things in bold relief, especially the late presidential contest and its issues."—*Globe*, January 8.

"The 'National' for this quarter contains some valuable articles. It sets out with a long criticism on Wordsworth's poetry, written in a spirit of high appreciation that would satisfy even the most reverent admirers of the poet. . . . There are good papers on the 'Crédit Mobilier,' and the 'Slave Question in America; and there is a highly entertaining paper founded upon M. Léon Gozlan's account of Balzac."—*Examiner*, January 10.

"We rejoice to see that admirable periodical, the 'National Review,' maintaining so well its high place in our critical literature. It represents in general a school of thought with which we cannot thoroughly sympathise; but its views are enunciated with so much charity and earnestness for truth, with so much vigorous reasoning, and in such a philosophic spirit, that we can never fail on taking up one of its articles to find some agreeable and instructive light thrown on the selected topic of discussion. The present number contains one of the most eloquent essays that our periodical literature has produced for a long time past,—that on 'The Relations of Art to Religion.' All who feel the powerful interest of the subject will agree with us in appreciating the loftiness of purpose, the depth of thought and feeling, and the devout earnestness with which the writer has handled his noble theme. In the more practical suggestions, too, which he throws out from time to time, there is much that calls for the careful attention of the politician as well as philanthropist."—*John Bull and Britannia*.

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL 1857.

ART. I.—AURORA LEIGH.

Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Fourth Edition. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

It is a rash and futile effort of criticism to limit the forms in which poetic conception is to embody itself. The criticism of artistic forms is the science of an art. It measures a world which is always growing; and its dry system is at any moment liable to be burst asunder by the vital energy of the life to which it professes to assign its appropriate framework. Its work is the same as that of the lawyer, who, having reduced a medley of judicial decisions to an *ex-post-facto* "principle," as he fondly calls it, is suddenly called on to make room in it for a new decision in the Exchequer Chamber. For the poet is greater than the critic; and when the latter says, "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther," he stands like the flattered king upon the sands, and every new wave washes the ground from under his feet. So, too, of the distinctions between prose and poetry, the discussion of which is but a branch of the same school of inquiry. It is idle to attempt to assign them beforehand their respective boundaries. To use one of Mrs. Browning's metaphors with as much boldness and as little appropriateness as she herself is apt to employ them, they

"Play at leap-frog over the god Term."

That certain rules of composition sustain themselves at all, is due to the fact, that creative genius of a high order is not impatient of forms; but rather loves, on the contrary, to have certain limits

defined for it, and to be freed to some extent from "the weight of too much liberty." Shakespeare did not fret because tragedies are limited to five acts, nor Milton quarrel with the formal conditions of an epic poem.

Still, art is free; and when it chooses to break through old conditions which have been considered essential, and assume fresh forms, the new work vindicates or condemns itself. If it recommend itself to that ultimate human judgment with which the verdict lies, it takes its place in spite of all canons to the contrary; if not, it sinks into obscurity, or, if it lives at all, it is because some inner worth outweighs the faultiness and unfitness of the form in which it is embodied.

When, therefore, we say that Mrs. Browning has to some extent misconceived the sphere of verse in her novel of *Aurora Leigh*, and embarrassed herself with details of incident too complex for the rhythmical vehicle of expression, we make the assertion with as much modesty as a critic is capable of, and with a due consciousness that our conclusions are liable to be upset by any poet who chooses to produce a great and harmonious poem under conditions which we have pronounced to be ill adapted to his art. There is this strong fact, however, against the attempt to clothe the modern novel in verse, that verse was not the natural and spontaneous mode of expression which that kind of literature assumed. In all its stages of development, up to its present complex form, in which it fuses into a homogeneous new mould the old distinctions of epic and dramatic, it has always been in prose that its many gifted masters have found the medium for their utterance. At this day, to attempt to translate it into verse seems to us like an attempt to imitate in sculpture the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, or the "Blind Fiddler" of Wilkie. It does not follow, because verse is the highest instrument of expression, and finds a voice more ample and perfect than any other for the passion both of the imagination and the heart, that it has any claim in itself beyond this very fact of its being such true expression, or that you gain any thing by employing it for its own sake. It seems to us a decided loss of power to attempt to give a rhythmical form to the varied narration, the detailed conversation, and the minute and full-length representations of the modern conditions of social and individual life, which have already been so ably and so fully embodied in prose forms. We should go farther than to say merely that verse wants pliancy to adapt itself to those fine ramifications of external observation to which we have become accustomed, or that the contrast is too immediate between the every-day forms of speech which we are in the habit of using, and the same reproduced with a rhythmic cadence; we urge that there are many things

which, from their very nature, it is a breach of those essential harmonies to which, of all men, the poet should be most alive, to attempt to embody in the language of the imagination. Verse is two very different things; it may be used either as the expression of poetic thought, or as a mere external grace, to give a charm to narratives or descriptions, or pieces of humour, to which it is not in any sense necessary. Parts of Pope, of Crabbe, and of Prior, afford ready illustrations of this use of it. But when we speak of poetry, we mean, in general, verse used as the embodiment of poetic conception, to which it clings as the body of a man does to his spirit. It is possible to take this sort of expression, which true poetic conception demands, and use it for subject-matter which does not in itself require it; and, instead of letting the thought kindle the imagination for its own particular occasion, to maintain an artificial heat for general purposes. This is what is done throughout a great part of Mrs. Barrett Browning's poem. A greater master teaches another lesson. When his matter descends, Shakespeare's forms descend with it; and wherever the nature of his subject-matter demands it, he intersperses prose-scenes, or even prose-speeches, in his dramas; and more remarkable than these changes are the subtle variations in the rhythm, and in the warmth of the imaginative colouring, answering every where in the nicest correspondence to the level of the subject-matter. But Mrs. Browning maintains her high unstooping flight over all the varied surface of her story. She dresses her poetry as the ancient actors did their persons; and like them, she loses in truthfulness and nicety of expression what she gains in external display; and it repels the modern reader to find, instead of changing feature and modulated voice, the rigid tragic mask and sounding mouthpiece of the Greek theatre. This undue poetic excitement shows itself in the imaginative diction alone, and is not accompanied by any corresponding elevation in the structure of the metre, or the flow of the rhythm: in these the approach to prose is made as close as possible, bearing some such analogy to ordinary poetry as recitative does to singing; for while the lines are rhythmical, the periods are almost all prosaic. The result we cannot help thinking a very unsatisfactory one; and when, in this semi-verse, semi-prose, the matter of the author comes couched in the most daring and far-fetched metaphor, it makes the reading inconceivably difficult and wearisome. Where the matter is such as to be in keeping with this high poetic utterance, as in the last pages of the book, there is enough to kindle the answering fire in the reader's brain; and the bold and passionate snatchings of the imagination at depths of meaning, which no other language but its own can compel to the surface, are intuitively followed and comprehended. It is otherwise when

ordinary conversation, discussion, narrative, reasoning, or self-communing, are expressed in the poetic forms which poetic matter alone justifies; clothed upon with purple diction, and made to glitter with blazing jewelry of metaphor; distracting the reader from the matter before him, annoying him with their inappropriateness, and often puzzling him to seize their meaning. Take as an instance this description of the paper and printing of Wolff's *Homer*:

"The kissing Judas, Wolff, shall go instead,
Who builds us such a royal book as this
To honour a chief-poet, folio-built,
And writes above, 'The house of Nobody:'
Who floats in cream, as rich as any sucked
From Juno's breasts, the broad Homeric lines,
And, while with their spondaic prodigious mouths,
They lap the lucent margins as babe-gods,
Proclaims them bastards. Wolff's an atheist."

Or read the following description of a lady tearing a letter; of the extravagance of which the author herself seems to be sensible, and which she half apologises for, and half justifies. But though a letter might possibly be torn under circumstances of weight and passion to justify such a simile, yet we cannot think that the destruction of an instrument of gift, even before the eyes of giver and lover, can warrant it:

"As I spoke, I tore
The paper up and down, and down and up
And crosswise, till it fluttered from my hands,
As forest-leaves, stripped suddenly and rapt
By a whirlwind on Valdarno, drop again,
Drop slow, and strew the melancholy ground
Before the amazed hills . . . why, so, indeed,
I'm writing like a poet, somewhat large
In the type of the image,—and exaggerate
A small thing with a great thing, topping it!—
But then I'm thinking how his eyes looked . . . his,
With what despondent and surprised reproach!"

This want of accordance between the matter and the manner is not a superficial defect, it is connected with the fundamental characteristics of Mrs. Browning's genius; rather, we ought to say, with a fundamental deficiency which leaves its trace on all her works, and limits powers which would otherwise lift her into the very highest ranks of the poetical hierarchy. But she is a poet cleft in half; she wants one whole side of the faculties of the artist; and though the other side be great beyond the ordinary proportions of our modern poets, the loss is one which necessarily affects the whole frame, can only be partially compensated by other excellencies, and can never be replaced.

The greatest poets have been those whose spirits are set in

such fine harmony with the world of things outside themselves, that you can scarcely say whether they breathe their own music, or it is breathed out of them by the influences which surround them. Wordsworth, indeed, is more of a conscious interpreter; but Shakespeare seems like some mighty organ, from which the passions, and the affections, and the characters of men, draw each its own tones; and Homer is the name not of a man but of a poem. These things are not really so. The poet does indeed create; but he creates from so complete a sympathy, that he is lost in his work, and it is as if the children of his imagination were the immediate offspring of nature herself. Such poets receive openly what they give, and give openly back what they have received. They are like the flowing rivers, which gather their waters from every source that earth affords; into which every scattered spring and land-draining brook empties its waters; which increase by the quick rains of heaven, the fleeting snow, and the gray dew from the grasses on their banks; which tinge their currents with a trace of every soil through which they pass; and as they flow on render out of the abundance of that they have received beauty and fertility and joy. Others there are, like great springs of clear water, which bubble up into some great reservoir; but are fed from secret and subterranean sources, whose strength and freshness seems to be in themselves, and by whose innate virtue man and beast are revived and strengthened. All poets partake more or less of the characteristics of each class; but perhaps no great poet has ever belonged so exclusively to the latter as Mrs. Browning. It is from the strength of her own soul, the resources of her own intellect, and the riches of her own heart, that she writes. She gives no voice to the world around her. It is herself she is pressed to utter. And this is not only the unconscious, but the direct and conscious aim of her striving. She even tells us it is so:

“With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night,
With dream and thought and feeling interwound,
And inly answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
Which step out grandly to the infinite,
From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
This song of soul I struggle to outbear,
Through portals of the sense sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air.”

She is never the passive subject of that sort of inspiration by which some men almost unconsciously render back the impressions of things around them; what comes from her is part of her. It is the song of her own soul she “struggles to outbear,”

and she grasps the outer world to make it yield her a language. Not till a thing has become transmuted into the substance of her own mind does she feel the impulse to speak it; and then only she turns to external things, and her imagination ranges out through the circle of the universe to find some full and adequate voice for it. Shakespeare used himself to express other men. Mrs. Browning uses all things to express herself. The whole machinery of *Aurora Leigh*,—poetic conception, dramatic personages, varied incident,—are not shown for themselves, but to expound and elucidate one main and various subordinate ideas of the author. She holds that the poet must have lived his poetry before he writes it, and speaks passionately of the suffering and the effort that his career demands:

“Art

Sets action on the top of suffering:
The artist's part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special, central power
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward, with a sudden wrench,
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost: never felt the less
Because he sings it. Does a torch less burn
For burning next reflectors of blue steel,
That *he* should be the colder for his place
’Twixt two incessant fires,—his personal life’s,
And that intense refraction which burns back
Perpetually against him from the round
Of crystal conscience he was born into
If artist-born? O sorrowful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a twofold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain!”

This is, we have little doubt, a very truthful, as well as very forcible, description of her own experience as a poet; but it is far from being a true description of all poets, or at least of the whole function of any complete poet. No man, from the riches of his own life and actually experienced feelings, could have written *Lear* and *Hamlet*. Even in lyrical poetry, greater poems have been written from feelings assumed by the imagination than from real ones. Burns, more than most poets, found the sources of his poetry within his own heart; yet “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled” is greater than even “Thou lingering star with lessening ray.” But Mrs. Browning has little, if any, of this power of assuming a temporary sympathy by virtue of the imagination alone; and she is still more destitute of another, closely allied to it,—the capacity of speaking from a point of view not one’s own. This capacity is the basis of dramatic power; and therefore of dramatic power Mrs. Browning has not even the rudiments. Much pure gold issues from her treasury; but she coins it all, and stamps it with her own image. Her poetry is

isolated and sedentary ; not isolated in its sympathies, which are as warm and broad and tender as poet's need to be ; but her voice comes as the voice of one who has always dwelt apart, and felt for men and admired nature at a distance, rather than walked familiarly in the common pathways. Hence, as she does not go down among that mass of men who read her, they must come up to her to understand. Proportioned to the absence of mobile capacity in herself is the demand she makes on that of her readers. They must assume her standing-place, and look on her work from her own point of view, if they would comprehend her meanings. Her very greatness makes this difficult ; it is not all minds which can adapt themselves to her intellectual focus. Moreover, partly a want of experience, which shows in her writings, partly her own constitution, throw her back a good deal on the facts of her own inner life ; and there is thus often a difficult subject-matter as well as a difficult treatment.

This want of intimacy, if we may so call it, with the outward world, is probably at the bottom of a peculiar defectiveness in the expressional matter of Mrs. Browning's poetry. We have before spoken of a discordance between the whole imaginative temper and sense of the matter ; but besides this, there is often an utter want of harmony between the matter in hand and the simile under which it is represented to us : the likeness may be true enough, forcible, and cogent ; but it carries with it a distracting set of associations, and makes a sudden discord, to which Mrs. Browning seems to be insensible. Our meaning will be made clear, and our criticism best justified, by quoting some of the most marked instances of this defect. In her last poem, she has the following passage to express and illustrate a poet's rendering of his age :

" Never flinch,
But still, unscrupulously epic, catch
Upon the burning lava of a song,
The full-veined, heaving, double-breasted Age :
That, when the next shall come, the men of that
May touch the impress with reverent hand, and say
' Behold,—behold the paps we all have sucked ! '"

The contrast is almost savage. Burning lava and a woman's breast ! and concentrated in the latter the fullest ideas of life. It is absolute pain to read it. No man could have written it ; for, independently of its cruelty, there is a tinge in it of a sort of forward familiarity, with which Mrs. Browning sometimes, and never without uneasiness to her readers, touches upon things which the instinct of the other sex prevents them, when unbiased, from approaching without reverence and tenderness.

A little further on we have some lines on which commentary

is hopeless; we only ask for their perusal, and for a deliberate consideration of the varied metaphors:

“ ’Tis true the stage requires obsequiousness
To this or that convention; ‘exit’ here
And ‘enter’ there; the points for clapping, fixed,
Like Jacob’s white-peeled rods before the rams;
And all the close-curved imagery clipped
In manner of their fleece at shearing-time.
Forget to prick the galleries to the heart
Precisely at the fourth act,—culminate
Our five pyramidal acts with one act more,—
We’re lost so!”

When you are describing the shift life of a degraded drunken vagrant, is it fitting to embody in this exquisite language his occasional help in driving Welsh ponies?

“ Her father earned his life by random jobs
Despised by steadier workmen—keeping swine
On commons, picking hops, or hurrying on
The harvest at wet seasons,—or, at need,
Assisting the Welsh drovers, when a drove
Of startled horses plunged into the mist
Below the mountain-road, and sowed the wind
With wandering neighings. In between the gaps
Of such irregular work, he drank and slept,
And cursed his wife because, the pence being out,
She could not buy more drink.”

Sometimes the indiscriminating lavishness with which the imagery is poured forth results in the direst confusion; as in the following lines, where we are represented as shut up with wild-beasts inside a key (for it is the natural world we are shut up in), whose wards, moreover, we have filled with clay:

“ ‘Thus it is,’
I sighed. And he resumed with mournful face.
‘Beginning so, and filling up with clay
The wards of this great key, the natural world,
And fumbling vainly therefore at the lock
Of the spiritual,—we feel ourselves shut in
With all the wild-beast roar of struggling life,
The terrors and compunctions of our souls,
As saints with lions,—we who are not saints,
And have no heavenly lordship in our stare
To awe them backward!’”

It is a common error of Mrs. Browning’s to carry her image just one step too far, and thus to raise it out of its proper subordination, and give it an undue importance; so that, instead of being subdued and moulded to the tone of the matter, it lifts its strong and ragged head, and insists on an independent recog-

nitition. For instance, when she speaks of her father's Elzevirs, written over with his faded notes :

“—*conferenda hæc cum his—*
Corruptè citat—lege potiùs,
 And so on, in the scholar's regal way
 Of giving judgment on the parts of speech,
 As if he sate on all twelve thrones up-piled,
 Arraigning Israel.”

Here the single word “regal” conveys all that is wanted with abundantly ample force and distinctness; and the two last lines serve only to distract us, by introducing a misplaced definiteness and a set of ideas on a new scale too large for the thought.

It would be absurd, of course, to say that Mrs. Browning is destitute of an insight into or a sense of the true harmonious relations of things, for without this she could not be a poet; and few poets surpass her in that felicitous command over the hidden and mysterious powers of words and their associations, which is of the very essence of the poet's art; but she wants the negative sense which shrinks from a discord. Probably an intense intellectual activity has something to do with this: her mind moves in starts; one idea occupies her for a moment; she holds it up in the vivid light of her imagination, throws it down, and seizes another. Her intellect is too fertile in proportion to her artistic instincts; and her thoughts and fancies bristle up over her work “like quills upon the fretful porcupine.” It is a great fault in her poetry, that it wants the fine connecting links by which parts are smoothed into a whole. Rapid and sudden transitions may, of course, often be effective and desirable; but Mrs. Browning's poetry is apt to be broken up by a constant series of small disconnections; her carriage has no springs; and though the main course of the poem and the thought is consecutive, the reader is sadly jolted by the way.

Sometimes Mrs. Browning's high-wrought metaphors give the impression of a vice which she is bound by all the indisputable greatness of her gifts not to fall into,—that of straining for effect from mere startling force of diction, instead of seeking in simplicity the truest expression,—that meretricious display of matterless large-mouthedness, for which much modern poetry is commended. Of a conscious acquiescence in this sort of untruthfulness,—for it is of the nature of untruthfulness,—no one who has read and knows the poetry of Mrs. Browning will for a moment accuse her; but she may be fairly charged with having rather spurred on when she should have curbed her naturally daring and vehement imagination. And she loses by it; for just as a mounted horse can always overtake an unmounted one, so power is greater and more effective when under the control of

a higher power. It leads her astray too sometimes. Real life is higher and more responsible than any art, and no gain of force in imagery can justify the least failing in religious reverence. But Mrs. Browning has accustomed herself to so stimulating a diet, that when she has exhausted all earthly elements of intensity, she is fain to resort to divine ones, and the most sacred ideas and associations are used just as material for poetry with a boldness which shocks and startles; and though we are far from saying that she writes with conscious irreverence, it is certain that she has passages which cannot be read without a shrinking sense of undue familiarity with the most awful objects to which our thoughts can aspire. It is as if she did not scruple to light her torch at that burning bush before which Moses bowed with unsandalled feet. And she not only uses things too high to give forcible embodiment to her thoughts; she pulls down the highest things, and thrusts them into her sharply-bounded decisive similes, with a freedom which we cannot designate as less than repulsive. She compares the Lord Christ, assuming our flesh, to

“Some wise hunter creeping on his knees,
With a torch, into the blackness of some cave,
To face and quell the beast there.”

She tells us of the creation of man,

“Within whose fluttering nostrils then at last,
Consummating Himself, the Maker sighed,
As some strong winner at the footrace sighs
Touching the goal.”

This sort of audacity, and all Mrs. Browning's excess of high-sounding phrase and elaborate and startling metaphor, are signs of some deficiency in real strength; just as a feeble man must use a more violent effort than a strong one to attain to the same end, and as he who is timid and self-distrustful makes the greatest show of his weapons. It needs, indeed, a high class of power to wield the glittering instruments Mrs. Browning grasps with the grace and ease which she displays; but there is a higher class of power, whose might is in the simplicity of its own strength; which dares go unarmed, and unsheathes its sword only when the occasion is absolute; and whose single home-stroke is more fatal than a thousand of these intricate flourishes. “The Cry of the Children” is a poem of infinite pathos and passionate appeal; but Mrs. Browning has written as a motto to it a short direct unadorned line, whose vivid flash pales even the fine splendours of the poem which succeeds:

φεῦ, φεῦ, τί προσδέκεσθε μ' ὄμμασιν τέκνα.

We have criticised in a strict and uncompromising spirit the

defects of Mrs. Browning's workmanship, and the limitations of her genius. We have no compunction in doing so; for the least she merits is, to be tried by no debased standard. Her faults and defects are important, by reason of the value of the work from whose perfectness they detract. On the other hand, her gifts are great; so great, that England will never cease to number her in the first ranks of her poets. In abundance of ideas, in a certain fineness, vigour, and fire of intellect, she surpasses all her contemporaries. Her mind has a peculiar clearness and brilliancy, and shows the signs of much direct culture. The isolation and immobility we have indicated, narrow indeed her resources, but they shut out too all profane intrusion into the pure and lofty sphere of her own meditations. All her poetry introduces us but to one mind and one nature; but it must be a rich and spacious one which from its own treasury can bring forth matter "new and strange," profound and true, in so great a profusion. A lofty spirit shines through all her lines. Her muse has a sort of proud virgin carriage. No eyes dare gaze on her disrespectfully. Clear air hangs about her. She writes as from the unsullied ideal of a girl of fifteen, and with the same sort of freshness and intellectual eagerness. She puts aside the shortcomings of the world, half in ignorance, half in disdain; its basenesses and pettinesses lie under her unconscious feet, and her clear eyes, fixed on the morning, have no wandering glances for the lower shadows. The vice and wickedness of the world she sees; but scans it from afar, as one standing on the mountains; and the sin which comes to her with the force of reality is not that which consists in grovelling in the fens below, but in false steps and shortcomings in climbing the heights. As you read, you see (though this applies more to her early poems) that her mind has been nurtured on books rather than on things; and what she gives us of living and fresh is from the life and freshness of her own nature. Direct and brief expressions of personal feeling or conviction are best adapted to her genius. Perhaps she has written finer things than her sonnets; yet most of her readers turn oftenest to these; and they have now and then a perfect grace and harmony, unspoiled by those small jars which too often grate upon us in reading her longer poems. We will instance one which, of all, is perhaps the best known, and therefore the best for our purpose. Custom cannot stale the infinite variety of good poetry:

"When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new,
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,

Not reason's subtle count. Not melody
 Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew ;
 Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
 Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress-trees
 To the clear moon ! nor yet the spheric laws
 Self-chanted,—nor the angels' sweet all-hails,
 Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
 Speak Thou, availing Christ !—and fill this pause."

A passionate tenderness finds a voice in the Portuguese sonnets. Nay, so passionate and so tender are they, that one half shrinks from the perusal of them, and reads with some such feeling as one opens the love-letters of those long dead, and can scarcely reconcile oneself to an intrusion into the innermost secrets of another heart.

Her earlier great poems are celestial dramas. In some respects she has not improved on them. The *Drama of Exile*, looked at simply for the diction, is a far more finished poem than *Aurora Leigh*. It is briefer, simpler, completer. In its matter it is far inferior; but a fervid imagination, without the experience which furnishes it with materials out of actual life, is very apt to seize on this sort of subject. There is a tempting boundlessness of field; nothing cramps the play of the fancy. And Mrs. Browning's mind, especially in its younger and less experienced time, was exactly calculated to find fascination in a subject like that of "The Seraphim." It is a stimulating mental exercise to endeavour to understand how Angels look upon the universe, and feel and express themselves with reference to the mysteries of man's creation and destiny. But there must necessarily be so much of mere hypothesis and unbased fancy in these speculations; they touch so remotely the living interests of men; the ideas and affections they deal with are so floating and unattached,—that they can never form the subject-matter of great and permanent works of art. It is useless to attempt to conceal from ourselves that we know nothing whatever of Gabriel, Michael, or Lucifer; and it is only by re-creating for ourselves certain more or less disproportioned human figures to which we give these names that it is possible to take any interest in them. It is the anthropomorphism and overwhelming human element in Milton's *Paradise Lost* from which it derives its power over us. Nevertheless there is a sort of poetic rejoicing in soaring in such wide and untried regions; and Mrs. Browning's ardent, strong-winged, contemplative imagination was just the one to try its earlier flights in these bright but distant fields of air. Still with her, as with all others, it is when she touches closest on human sympathies that we lend our readiest ear, and are willing, not unwisely, to think her poetry at its best. Eminently beautiful, though not without a certain vagueness in the idea, is that chorus of Eden

spirits, whose sounds pursue Adam and Eve as they fly from Paradise:

“Harken, O harken ! let your souls behind you
 Turn, gently moved !
 Our voices feel along the Dread to find you,
 O lost, beloved !
 Through the thick-shielded and strong-marshalled angels,
 They press and pierce :
 Our requiems follow fast on our evangels,—
 Voice throbs in verse !
 We are but orphan spirits left in Eden
 A time ago.
 God gave us golden cups, and we were bidden
 To feed you so.
 But now our right hand hath no cup remaining,
 No work to do,
 The mystic hydromel is spilt and staining
 The whole earth through.
 Most ineradicable stains for showing
 (Not interfused !)
 That brighter colours were the world’s foregoing,
 Than shall be used.
 Harken, O harken ! ye shall harken surely,
 For years and years,
 The noise beside you, dripping coldly, purely,
 Of spirits’ tears !
 The yearning to a beautiful denied you,
 Shall strain your powers ;
 Ideal sweetnesses shall over-glide you,
 Resumed from ours !
 In all your music, our pathetic minor
 Your ears shall cross ;
 And all good gifts shall mind you of diviner,
 With sense of loss.
 We shall be near you in your poet-languors
 And wild extremes,
 What time ye vex the desert with vain angers,
 Or mock with dreams.
 And when upon you, weary after roaming,
 Death’s seal is put,
 By the foregone ye shall discern the coming
 Through eyelids shut.”

More human and more lovely in their deep yet restrained pathos are the concluding lines of the “Song of the Morning Star to Lucifer;” words that are like the verbal reflection of the pale shining of the planet in heaven, and afford as complete an instance as one could desire of that sort of harmony between the thing and the expression, against the frequent breach of which in *Aurora Leigh* we have protested :

“Thine angel glory sinks
 Down from me, down from me,—
 My beauty falls, methinks,
 Down from thee, down from thee !

O my light-bearer,
 O my path-preparer,
 Gone from me, gone from me !
 Ah, ah, Heosphoros !

I cannot kindle underneath the brow
 Of this new angel here, who is not Thou :
 All things are altered, since that time ago,—
 And if I shine at eve, I shall not know !
 I am strange—I am slow.

Ah, ah, Heosphoros !

Henceforward, human eyes of lovers be
 The only sweetest sight that I shall see,
 With tears between the looks raised up to me.
 Ah, ah !

When, having wept all night, at break of day,
 Above the folded hills they shall survey
 My light, a little trembling, in the grey.
 Ah, ah !

And gazing on me, such shall comprehend,
 Through all my piteous pomp at morn or even,
 And melancholy leaning out of heaven,
 That love, their own divine, may change or end,
 That love may close in loss !
 Ah, ah, Heosphoros !"

It was natural that Mrs. Browning, as her powers developed themselves, and her experiences widened, should leave this school of poetry behind her. It was natural, too, that she should desire to go beyond the more detached and simpler subject-matters of her shorter poems, and attempt the higher task of giving a shape of verse to the more complex phenomena of life and society. Her present flight is an ambitious one. If we rightly understand her, she tells us that *Aurora Leigh* is her attempt in a poem "unscrupulously epic" to "represent the age" in which she lives. She admits that to most men their own age, being too close, is as ill-discerned, as would be the lineaments of that colossal statue into which Xerxes proposed to carve Mount Athos to the peasants "gathering brushwood in his ear." But, she says,

"Poets should
 Exert a double vision ; should have eyes
 To see near things as comprehensively
 As if afar they took their point of sight,
 And distant things as intimately deep
 As if they touched them."

She tells us, that if there is any room for poets in the world, their sole work is to represent their own times. And she seems to think that in a single poem a poet can condense a sort of distillation of his age ; and this she has attempted in *Aurora Leigh*. Such, at least, is what we gather from the poem itself.

Now there is no doubt that every great poet must more or less give expression to the times in which he lives. No man can be a great poet whose power and knowledge are not derived from an insight into the actual life which surrounds him; and it is impossible that the conditions under which he has lived, and the things which he has most familiarly known, should not leave their impress upon him, and through him, upon his work. As Wordsworth's poetry is haunted by the influences of the lakes and mountains; as the nature of the Scottish peasant underlies the genius of Burns; as a self-willed worldly spirit clings to the highest flights of Byron; as Milton cannot shake off the Puritan, and even Shakespeare has some flavour of the courtier,—so it is idle to suppose every poet and every man does not carry the impress of the less close but more universal influences of the social conditions which surround him. It does not follow, however, that he is the greatest poet who most fully and most immediately reproduces these influences in the gross; still less that it is the highest effort of the poet consciously to devote himself to this task. Man is greater and more interesting than the life he lives, and it is greater to paint him simply under the conditions of his own nature than under any restricted conditions of circumstances; it is profounder and more lasting to use the special surroundings in which men exist (and without using which they cannot be painted at all) to body forth the men themselves than to attempt to reproduce an abstract whole of men and their lives as they live at a given time,—a higher task to use the age to show a man than to use men to show an age. When it was said of the greatest poet that he was of no age, it was no idle compliment; it was not meant that he wrote of things abstract and disconnected from the realities of every age; but that he pierced to those deeper realities which underlie all the ages of men, which are what the root and springing sap of the tree are to the fleeting generations of its leaves. He used the special as a body for the universal. It is true, a poet may legitimately take a lower flight than this; he may choose to embody the leading ideas and characteristics of the period of time in which he lives; and this, no doubt, is a higher artistic effort than to attempt to embody those of any other particular age,—if for no other reason, because he is dealing with things more real, more familiar, and in all probability of a deeper interest. It does not follow, however, even if this be his direct object, that his events and his characters must be chosen from those which immediately surround him. He may select in the past, or invent for himself, the framework of his poem of modern ideas; or he may deal with the ideas of the past for the sake of some bearing they have, either by contrast or analogy, on the ideas of the present. Kingsley's *Saint's Tra-*

gedy, and Tennyson's *Princess*, are cases in point. Mrs. Browning, however, holds,—and the idea is a common one at the present day,—that it is higher effort to represent modern ideas in their actual modern dress. Perhaps it is. Certainly it is a much more difficult one. Perhaps the poet ought to be able to see his own times at the same moment with the eyes of one removed from them and one near to them; but we know no poet who has ever done so. It is obvious enough to cite Homer; but even granting that “Wolff’s an atheist,” it is not easy to believe that “the tale of Troy divine” was written in the actual times it deals with. The Homeric poems give us our knowledge of the Homeric age; but whether they are a true description of the times of Achilles, or a story cast in those times, and an incidentally true delineation of the manners and thoughts of a later time in which they were written, is, to say the least of it, an open question. Even the satirist paints his times, not as they are, but in their relation to a special preconceived idea of his own. No doubt it is easy to clothe some of the simpler elements of the present life in the dress of the time; but the deeper and more searching the knowledge of a poet of the great and fundamental characteristics of the life which surrounds him, the more difficult and intricate a task does it become to reproduce these things in their actual context with the thousand crossing and entangled details through which he has pierced to and gathered up their real significance. His instinct,—and we think it is a true one,—is, to take what he has gained quite away from these complications; and crystallize it in some new form, in which it may shine in fuller clearness and simplicity.

However this may be, Mrs. Browning has undertaken to build a poem purely from modern materials. She has produced a work which, in completeness of form and artistic execution, falls far short of many of her previous efforts; but which in matter far surpasses the best of them. A wider experience, a profounder philosophy, a more real and human knowledge, attempt to find a voice in language more removed than that of any of her other poems from the adequacy of genuine simplicity, and are couched in a semi-dramatic form, which is one the author’s genius least qualifies her to deal successfully with. As is natural, nay, inevitable, from the conformation of Mrs. Browning’s mind, her poem deals primarily with ideas of her own; and all the narrative and dramatic elements in the book are but the constituent materials in the erection of an edifice of thought. We cannot help thinking, that where this is the case, care should be taken that these elements should preserve the same secondary place in the poem that they do in the matter. Mrs. Browning has unfortunately given a most undue prominence to the least valuable

and most defective part of her work. Unpossessed, as we have before said, of that pliancy and mobility of mind which qualifies a poet to deal with details of external life, she selects a poem to which such details are indispensable, and even then overlays her matter with a mass of them totally unnecessary. Minuteness of incident receives the utmost redundancy of expression; and the real thread of her meaning runs through the whole like a golden wire strung thick with beads, and obscured from all but special research. Perhaps one reader in a thousand can master Mrs. Browning's poem at a single reading; though, indeed, some parts of it are so contrived as that it shall be impossible to understand them on a first perusal (as in that behaviour and those allusions of Romney, in his interview with Aurora, which result from his blindness, of which we are ignorant). The poem is worth reading once, twice, thrice, oftener, till you do understand the full force and significance of all it contains: but it is a long poem, a very long poem; and we fear Mrs. Browning would not be pleased with a statistical return of those who have received from it only confused impressions and a brief excitement of the imagination and feelings. It would have been a greater, a simpler, a truer, and a more valuable poem, if it had been compressed within one-fourth of its present limits. Nor is its author unwise only in her excess of detail and exuberance of secondary matter. It was necessary that she should deal with human beings; but it was not necessary that she should display them by dramatic forms, and so conduct her story as to lay bare the most prominent defect of her poetic genius in its most undisguised nakedness.

There are many persons in the poem who are made to express themselves in the first person; but characters, except in brief description, there are none,—nothing but vague hazy embodiments given to certain contrasted sets of ideas. They do not deceive us for an instant. We never think of them as individuals who have, or ever have had, life, as we do of Agamemnon, or Hamlet, or Cuddie Headrigg; we see them at once to be only some other person's notion of a person;—phantoms which may have had flesh-and-blood antecedents, but now walk only in books, and whose vaporous unsubstantial forms betray them to be but reveries of the poet, simulating speech and motion. Aurora Leigh, the poetess, tells her own story; and yet even with her you never feel that you know her personally, or have pierced beyond one or two of the marked and prominent characteristics of her nature. You are conscious that she is but the representative of the real poet behind; and that she comes forward only to give a voice to the inner convictions, the intellectual questionings and problems, and the heart's solutions of the artist who employs her. The poetess, the philanthropist, the woman of fashion, and

the vagrant child, all express themselves in exactly the same language, use the same tropes, the same recondite imagery, and are on the same high level of intellectual cultivation and vigorous thought. The child of brutal parents, kept pure by the instincts of her own nature, but owing her only intellectual discipline to stray half-torn volumes, picked up from wandering pedlars, does not scruple to talk of "madrepores," and invariably employs more recondite forms of expression than would be used by one woman in a hundred of the educated classes of England.

The characters were meant to be distinct, nay, were no doubt conceived as distinct; but in passing through the author's mind, they have retained so much of her, and lost so much of what is distinctive, that they seem only like shadows of herself in various attitudes and different lights. In actually describing what she has seen, however, whether in nature or in human character, Mrs. Browning is often very successful. Lord Howe is well touched :

"Let me draw Lord Howe;

A born aristocrat, bred radical,
And educated socialist, who still
Goes floating, on traditions of his kind,
Across the theoretic flood from France,—
Though, like a drenched Noah on a rotten deck,
Scarce safer for his place there. He, at least,
Will never land on Ararat, he knows,
To recommence the world on the old plan :
Indeed, he thinks, said world had better end :
He sympathises rather with the fish
Outside, than with the drowned paired beasts within
Who cannot couple again or multiply :
And that's the sort of Noah he is, Lord Howe.
He never could be any thing complete,
Except a loyal, upright gentleman,
A liberal landlord, graceful diner-out,
And entertainer more than hospitable,
Whom authors dine with and forget the port.
Whatever he believes, and it is much,
But no-wise certain . . now here and now there, . .
He still has sympathies beyond his creed,
Diverting him from action. In the House,
No party counts upon him, and all praise
All like his books too, (he has written books)
Which, good to lie beside a bishop's chair,
So oft outreach themselves with jets of fire
At which the foremost of the progressists
May warm audacious hands in passing by,
—Of stature over-tall, lounging for ease;
Light hair, that seems to carry a wind in it,
And eyes that, when they look on you, will lean
Their whole weight half in indolence, and half
In wishing you unmitigated good,
Until you know not if to flinch from him
Or thank him.—'Tis Lord Howe."

Marian, too, the daughter of the people, is admirably described,—rather, we should say, admirably conceived; and the fine and most truthful and delicate conception glimmers through the brief description. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Browning will not rely on description; and when Marian comes to speak for herself we are utterly thrown out, and a nondescript confused image of a somewhat affected young woman, of vast powers of poetical expression, usurps the place of that true idea we in vain attempt to hold steadily before us. Thus she paints the personal appearance of Marian:

“No wise beautiful
Was Marian Erle. She was not white nor brown,
But could look either, like a mist that changed
According to being shone on more or less.
The hair, too, ran its opulence of curls
In doubt ’twixt dark and bright, nor left you clear
To name the colour. Too much hair perhaps
(I’ll name a fault here) for so small a head,
Which seemed to droop on that side and on this,
As a full-blown rose uneasy with its weight,
Though not a breath should trouble it. Again,
The dimple in the cheek had better gone
With redder, fuller rounds: and somewhat large
The mouth was, though the milky little teeth
Dissolved it to so infantine a smile!
For soon it smiled at me; the eyes smiled too,
But ’twas as if remembering they had wept,
And knowing they should, some day, weep again.”

It seems strange, that one who can both observe and describe so accurately, should stand always at arm’s length from other minds, and should be powerless to paint people as they appear to themselves, or to make them paint themselves as they appear to others. The only trace of dramatic power occurs now and then in some brief flash, which is, indeed, only the shining of a spark of accurate observation, and makes the surrounding dimness more noticeable; as when, in Marian’s letter, she says:

“I’m poor at writing at the best,—and yet
I tried to make my *gs* the way you showed.”

Aurora Leigh is the daughter of an English gentleman and an Italian mother, born in Italy, early orphaned, and brought back to be educated in England by a maiden-aunt. Under all the repressions and exactions of a young lady’s education more recondite than we have elsewhere heard of, she leads an inner life of her own, familiar with nature and the books of her dead father’s collecting; and at the age of twenty years, walking in the dewy garden on the morning of her birthday, she crowns herself with an ivy-wreath—a poet by anticipation. Mrs. Brown-

ing describes the child let loose in the world of books in some lines replete with that wealth of thought, and that rich and vivid imagination, which, with all its shortcomings and sins against true keeping, make *Aurora Leigh* a great poem. But our space for quotation is limited, and we turn rather to those lovely verses in which she describes the young poetic girl rejoicing in the external beauty around her :

" I flattered all the beauteous country round,
As poets use . . the skies, the clouds, the fields,
The happy violets hiding from the roads
The primroses run down to, carrying gold,—
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
Impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths
'Twixt dripping ash-boughs,—hedgerows all alive
With birds and gnats and large white butterflies
Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
And palpitated forth upon the wind,—
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage-chimneys smoking from the woods,
And cottage-gardens smelling every where,
Confused with smell of orchards. 'See,' I said,
'And see! is God not with us on the earth?
And shall we put Him down by aught we do?
Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile
Save poverty and wickedness? behold!'
And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair."

Standing with her ivy-wreath on her head, and her arms raised to bind it on, she is startled by her cousin Romney Leigh. Romney is a philanthropist, as she is a poet. The physical distress and pain of the universe, the misery of his fellow-men, have weighed so deeply on his spirit, that, in the violence of a sort of despair, he has dedicated his whole life and being to the effort of lightening their toil, and satisfying at least the cravings of the ill-fed multitude for the supply of their bodily wants. He comes to ask her to be his wife. He has found a volume of her poems. He warns her against playing with art, which he assumes is all a woman can do, and bids her choose the nobler work, to seek some cure for the social strait; he asks her to help him with love and fellowship through bitter duties. She turns on him sharply enough with the retort, that she who, he says, is not competent to stand alone, or to sing even like a blackbird, can never be competent to uphold him and to love. "Any thing does for a wife," she tells him. And when he replies, that though her sex is weak in art, it is strong for life and duty, and still urges their common task, she retorts upon him, that he loves a cause and not a woman, and wants not a mistress but a helpmate,—to bear about

with him a wife, a sister, like the apostle. Like a man, she says, he talks of woman as only the complement of his own sex ; but

“ That every creature, female as the male,
Stands single in responsible act and thought,
As also in birth and death.”

That the work proposed must be not only *his* best, but *her* best work, the best she was ordained to, before she can love and work with him. That she too has her vocation ; and though the world were twice as wretched, no less necessary work than his, nay, more so ; for that his best success would be but failure, if man,—all his physical wants supplied, and the best socialistic union and plenty prevailing,—should not have the poet to keep open the pathways to and from the unseen world which surrounds them. Nay, she tells him he cannot attain his own poor limits of material ease without the poet's aid :

“ It takes a sail
To move a body ; it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses, even to a clearer stage ;
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
The dust of the actual. Ah, your Fouriers failed,
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within.”

For herself, she says, perhaps she is not worthy of work like this, perhaps a woman's soul aspires and not creates ; yet she will try out these perhapses, and, at any rate, will love her art, and not wish it lower to suit her own stature. So they part ; yet a shadow passes over her, as if it were hard to refuse even the mere potentiality of love. But when her somewhat grim and straightlaced aunt declares she loves Romney, in spite of her refusal, she indignantly repudiates the charge, and is naturally confirmed in her feelings by finding that Romney had motives of generosity for marrying her, and might possibly, therefore, not be prompted by love alone, or even, if so, might oppress her with too resistless an obligation. Aurora's aunt dies, and she and Romney go out on their several paths into the world. After years, and at the end of the book, they meet again in Italy. She is somewhat worn with her work, supporting herself with one hand, and labouring for her art with the other. She has tasted the emptiness of reputation, the disgusts of shallow applause and false criticism, the painful sense of her own shortcomings. She has bent the whole force of her energy and life to one great task, and accomplished it ; but still her ideal lies unreached before her. She thinks the artist may be childless like the man ; and when she gathers fame, though it be the love of all, her woman's heart is troubled with the absence of the love of one. Thus wearied, she goes to her native Italy to rest. Romney's failure has been

more complete. A Lady Waldemar,—drawn in colours more coarse and repulsive than there seems occasion for, and whose character seems to be somewhat sacrificed to Mrs. Browning's taste for high-pressure writing,—falls in love with him. He, on the other hand, has resolved to marry the Marian of whom we have spoken, with the view of establishing a sort of matrimonial suspension-bridge over the gulf which separates English classes. Lady Waldemar spirits Marian away on the very wedding-day, and she is decoyed into some den of infamy in France, where she falls a victim to violence. All Romney's schemes for the reconstruction of the world fail. He turns Leigh Hall into a phalanstery, and brings all the country about his ears. The very wretches he had brought in "cursed him for his tyrannous constraint, in forcing crooked creatures to live straight;" and they and the scandalised peasantry unite together and burn the Hall down, Romney himself losing his eyesight by the malice of one whom he was saving. In France, Aurora has found Marian; and has taken her and her boy, the offspring of her misery, with her to Italy. Thither comes Romney too, who has learned her miserable history, to redeem his old obligations, and make her his wife. He finds Aurora; and has a long conversation with her, in which they confess and compare their several failures and shortcomings. Their colloquy is full of noble poetry; and wants but compression, and the greater closeness, strength, and simplicity, which compression gives, to make it entirely worthy of the great powers of the author. The blind Romney, whose aspiring reconstructive schemes God has defeated, and put himself aside like a broken tool, confesses the truth of the words Aurora had spoken on that June-day which parted their youth. He sees now that his ends were too low, that his despair of the world, and his harassing desire to reconstruct it, as if he alone could do it and were needful to success, betrayed a want of faith, and merited the lesson of humility he had received. He speaks with bitter scorn of his presumptuous endeavour

"to stand and claim to have a life
Beyond the bounds of the individual man,
And raze all personal cloisters of the soul
To build up public stores and magazines,
As if God's creatures otherwise were lost,
The builder surely saved by any means!
To think,—I have a pattern on my nail,
And I will carve the world new after it,
And solve so, these hard social questions,—nay,
Impossible social questions,—since their roots
Strike deep in Evil's own existence here,
Which God permits because the question's hard
To abolish evil nor attain free-will.
Ay, hard to God, but not to Romney Leigh!

For Romney has a pattern on his nail,
 (Whatever may be lacking on the Mount)
 And not being overnice to separate
 What's element from what's convention, hastes
 By line on line, to draw you out a world,
 Without your help indeed, unless you take
 His yoke upon you and will learn of him,—
 So much he has to teach ; so good a world !
 The same the whole creation's groaning for !
 No rich nor poor, no gain nor loss nor stint,
 No potage in it able to exclude
 A brother's birthright, and no right of birth,
 The potage,—both secured to every man ;
 And perfect virtue dealt out like the rest,
 Gratuitously, with the soup at six,
 To whoso does not seek it."

And it needs Aurora to remind him that

"If he strained too wide,
 It was not to take honour, but give help ;
 The gesture was heroic. If his hand
 Accomplished nothing . . (well, it is not proved)
 That empty hand thrown impotently out
 Were sooner caught, I think, by One in heaven,
 Than many a hand that reaped a harvest in
 And keeps the scythe's glow on it."

She too confesses,

"We both were wrong that June-day,—both as wrong
 As an east wind had been. I who talked of art,
 And you who grieved for all men's griefs . . what then ?
 We surely made too small a part for God
 In these things. What we are, imports us more
 Than what we eat ; and life, you've granted me,
 Develops from within. But innermost
 Of the inmost, most interior of the interne,
 God claims his own, Divine humanity
 Renewing nature,—or the piercingest verse,
 Prest in by subtlest poet, still must keep
 As much upon the outside of a man,
 As the very bowl in which he dips his beard.
 —And then, . . the rest. I cannot surely speak.
 Perhaps I doubt more than you doubted then,
 If I, the poet's veritable charge,
 Have borne upon my forehead. If I have,
 It might feel somewhat liker to a crown,
 The foolish green one even.—Ah, I think,
 And chiefly when the sun shines, that I've failed.
 But what then, Romney ? Though we fail indeed,
 You . . I . . a score of such weak workers, . . He
 Fails never. If He cannot work by us,
 He will work over us. Does He want a man,
 Much less a woman, think you ? Every time
 The star winks there, so many souls are born,
 Who all shall work too. Let our own be calm :
 We should be ashamed to sit beneath those stars,
 Impatient that we're nothing."

Aurora has supposed Romney married to Lady Waldemar; and as he amazingly vindicates himself from the charge, as involving an incredible degradation, and reminds her of the claim that Marian Erle has on him, she herself appears between them, and the poem deepens to the pathos of her renunciation of him; for her love for him (if it was not always worship rather than love) is lost in her passion for her child; and thence the strain rebounds and scales the highest heaven of joy as the secret of Aurora's heart is wrung from her by the sudden knowledge of Romney's blindness, and her passionate and capacious nature finds in his love its full contentment. The barriers of her pride fall away, and she learns the error of her life,—that she had striven to be an artist instead of a woman, rather than been content to be a simple woman, and let her art spring from that true basis; and the truth, which is the deepest moral of the work, overwhelms her with its sudden conviction, that great as is art, greater is the human life of the artist; and greatest, love, which is the centre of that life and of all life—

“ Art symbolises heaven, but Love is God
And makes heaven.”

As the theme deepens, and the faulty artist forgets herself in the true poet, the verse runs smooth and clear; the startling, jarring metaphors are subdued to the element in which they move, and the verse is no unfit medium for the lofty matter. Our brief argument of the poem is not for the purpose of conveying any adequate idea of its varied contents; but only preserves the sequence of incident and follows the main clue of thought sufficiently to enable us to quote some of the later passages, which give the best idea of the best parts of the work:

“ ‘ Ah!—not married.’ ”

‘ You mistake,’ he said;
‘ I’m married. Is not Marian Erle my wife?
As God sees things, I have a wife and child;
And I, as I’m a man who honours God,
Am here to claim them as my child and wife.’

I felt it hard to breathe, much less to speak.
Nor word of mine was needed. Some one else
Was there for answering. ‘ Romney,’ she began,
‘ My great good angel, Romney.’

Then at first,
I knew that Marian Erle was beautiful.
She stood there, still and pallid as a saint,
Dilated like a saint in ecstasy,
As if the floating moonshine interposed
Betwixt her foot and the earth, and raised her up
To float upon it. ‘ I had left my child,

Who sleeps,' she said, 'and, having drawn this way,
I heard you speaking, . . friend!—Confirm me now.
You take this Marian, such as wicked men
Have made her, for your honourable wife?'

The thrilling, solemn, proud, pathetic voice.
He stretched his arms out toward the thrilling voice,
As if to draw it on to his embrace.
—'I take her as God made her, and as men
Must fail to unmake her, for my honoured wife.'

She never raised her eyes, nor took a step,
But stood there in her place, and spoke again.
—'You take this Marian's child, which is her shame
In sight of men and women, for your child,
Of whom you will not ever feel ashamed?'

The thrilling, tender, proud, pathetic voice.
He stepped on toward it, still with outstretched arms,
As if to quench upon his breast that voice.
—'May God so father me, as I do him,
And so forsake me as I let him feel
He's orphaned haply. Here I take the child
To share my cup, to slumber on my knee,
To play his loudest gambol at my foot,
To hold my finger in the public ways,
Till none shall need inquire, 'Whose child is this,'
The gesture saying so tenderly, 'My own.'"

She appeals to Aurora; and she too gives her verdict:

"That Romney Leigh is honoured in his choice,
Who choseth Marian for his honoured wife."

"Her broad wild woodland eyes shot out a light;
Her smile was wonderful for rapture. 'Thanks,
My great Aurora.' Forward then she sprang,
And dropping her impassioned spaniel head
With all its brown abandonment of curls
On Romney's feet, we heard the kisses drawn
Through sobs upon the foot, upon the ground—
'O Romney! O my angel! O unchanged
Though, since we've parted, I have past the grave!
But Death itself could only better thee,
Not change thee!—Thee I do not thank at all:
I but thank God who made thee what thou art,
So wholly godlike.'

When he tried in vain
To raise her to his embrace, escaping thence
As any leaping fawn from a huntsman's grasp,
She bounded off and 'lighted beyond reach,
Before him, with a staglike majesty
Of soft, serene defiance,—as she knew
He could not touch her, so was tolerant
He had cared to try. She stood there with her great
Drowned eyes, and dripping cheeks, and strange sweet smile
That lived through all, as if one held a light

Across a waste of waters,—shook her head
 To keep some thoughts down deeper in her soul,—
 Then, white and tranquil as a summer-cloud
 Which, having rained itself to a tardy peace,
 Stands still in heaven as if it ruled the day,
 Spoke out again."

She renounces him on the grounds we have indicated; and we move on to where, after learning Romney's never-failing love and the greatness of his calamity, the floodgates of Aurora's passion are broken down:

"No matter: let the truth
 Stand high; Aurora must be humble: no,
 My love's not pity merely. Obviously
 I'm not a generous woman, never was,
 Or else, of old, I had not looked so near
 To weights and measures, grudging you the power
 To give, as first I scorned your power to judge
 For me, Aurora: I would have no gifts
 Forsooth, but God's—and I would use *them*, too,
 According to my pleasure and my choice,
 As he and I were equals,—you, below,
 Excluded from that level of interchange
 Admitting benefaction. You were wrong
 In much? you said so. I was wrong in most.
 Oh, most! You only thought to rescue men
 By half-means, half-way, seeing half their wants,
 While thinking nothing of your personal gain.
 But I who saw the human nature broad,
 At both sides, comprehending, too, the soul's,
 And all the high necessities of Art,
 Betrayed the thing I saw, and wronged my own life
 For which I pleaded. Passioned to exalt
 The artist's instinct in me at the cost
 Of putting down the woman's,—I forgot
 No perfect artist is developed here
 From any imperfect woman. Flower from root,
 And spiritual from natural, grade by grade
 In all our life. A handful of the earth
 To make God's image! the despised poor earth,
 The healthy odorous earth,—I missed, with it,
 The divine breath that blows the nostrils out
 To ineffable inflatus: ay, the breath
 Which love is. Art is much, but love is more.
 O Art, my Art, thou'rt much, but Love is more!
 Art symbolises heaven, but Love is God
 And makes heaven. I, Aurora, fell from mine:
 I would not be a woman like the rest,
 A simple woman who believes in love,
 And owns the right of love because she loves,
 And, hearing she's beloved, is satisfied
 With what contents God: I must analyse,
 Confront, and question: just as if a fly
 Refused to warm itself in any sun
 Till such was *in Leone*: I must fret
 Forsooth, because the month was only May;

Be faithless of the kind of proffered love,
 And captious, lest it miss my dignity,
 And scornful, that my lover sought a wife
 To use . . . to use! O Romney, O my love,
 I am changed since then, changed wholly,—for indeed,
 If now you'd stoop so low to take my love,
 And use it roughly, without stint or spare,
 As men use common things with more behind,
 (And, in this, ever would be more behind)
 To any mean and ordinary end,—
 The joy would set me like a star, in heaven,
 So high up, I should shine because of height
 And not of virtue. Yet in one respect,
 Just one, beloved, I am in nowise changed:
 I love you, loved you . . . loved you first and last,
 And love you on for ever. Now I know
 I loved you always, Romney. She who died
 Knew that, and said so; Lady Waldemar
 Knows that; . . . and Marian: I had known the same
 Except that I was prouder than I knew,
 And not so honest. Ay, and, as I live
 I should have died so, crushing in my hand
 This rose of love, the wasp inside and all,—
 Ignoring ever to my soul and you
 Both rose and pain,—except for this great loss,
 This great despair,—to stand before your face
 And know I cannot win a look of yours.
 You think, perhaps, I am not changed from pride,
 And that I chiefly bear to say such words,
 Because you cannot shame me with your eyes?
 O calm, grand eyes, extinguished in a storm,
 Blown out like lights o'er melancholy seas,
 Though shrieked for by the shipwrecked,—O my Dark,
 My Cloud,—to go before me every day
 While I go ever toward the wilderness,—
 I would that you could see me bare to the soul!—
 If this be pity, 'tis so for myself,
 And not for Romney: *he* can stand alone;
 A man like *him* is never overcome:
 No woman like me, counts him pitiable
 While saints applaud him. He mistook the world:
 But I mistook my own heart,—and that slip
 Was fatal. Romney,—will you leave me here?
 So wrong, so proud, so weak, so unconsolated,
 So mere a woman!—and I love you so,—
 I love you, Romney.'

Could I see his face,
 I wept so? Did I drop against his breast,
 Or did his arms constrain me? Were my cheeks
 Hot, overflowed, with my tears, or his?
 And which of our two large explosive hearts
 So shook me? That, I know not. There were words
 That broke in utterance . . . melted, in the fire;
 Embrace, that was convulsion, . . . then a kiss . . .
 As long and silent as the ecstatic night.—
 And deep, deep, shuddering breaths, which meant beyond
 Whatever could be told by word or kiss."

She learns how he had ever loved her, since he,

"A boy still, had been told the tale
Of how a fairy-bride from Italy,
With smells of oleanders in her hair,
Was coming through the vines to touch his hand;"

and how the very strength of his devotion, and the greatness of his worship, had made him feel, too, that she must be made part of his "dedication to the human need," and "prove he kept back nothing, not his soul." And again the tide of joy rolls up, and gives a fuller voice than any other poet has ever done to the intensity of love's rapture in a woman's heart:

"But oh, the night! oh, bitter-sweet! oh, sweet!
O dark, O moon and stars, O ecstasy
Of darkness! O great mystery of love,—
In which absorbed, loss, anguish, treason's self
Enlarges rapture,—as a pebble dropt
In some full wine-cup, over-brims the wine!
While we two sate together, leaned that night
So close, my very garments crept and thrilled
With strange electric life; and both my cheeks
Grew red, then pale, with touches from my hair
In which his breath was; while the golden moon
Was hung before our faces as the badge
Of some sublime inherited despair,
Since ever to be seen by only one,—
A voice said, low and rapid as a sigh,
Yet breaking, I felt conscious, from a smile,—
'Thank God, who made me blind, to make me see!
Shine on, Aurora, dearest light of souls,
Which rul'st for evermore both day and night!
I am happy.'

I flung closer to his breast,
As sword that, after battle, flings to sheath;
And, in that hurtle of united souls,
The mystic motions which in common moods
Are shut beyond our sense, broke in on us,
And, as we sate, we felt the old earth spin,
And all the starry turbulence of worlds
Swing round us in their audient circles, till
If that some golden moon were overhead
Or if beneath our feet, we did not know."

He accepts the limits that have been assigned him through his calamity, and bids the artist assume her true functions, nor cease from her labour on the earth; and together they turn their faces to the East, to await God's great coming day of final restoration.

A noble poem, and every where throughout it the poet shows greater than her work. Indeed, given a poem of certain excellence, and the degree in which it shows defectiveness in the interpretive faculty (in which we have described Mrs. Browning

as wanting) is but a measure of the higher order of personal qualities necessarily present in the poet; who by that very defectiveness is thrown back more than another on the resources of his own mind and nature. Mrs. Browning is conscientiously devoted to her art; it is no by-work to her, but the deliberately undertaken business of her life. There is no reason why she should not gain a much higher degree of artistic unity and simplicity than she now possesses. The fountains of her genius show an unflinching freshness and force; and high as *Aurora Leigh* stands, its author may live to look back on it as only a stepping-stone to the highest things of which she is capable.

ART. II.—SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS.

First, Second, and Third Reports from the Select Committee on Transportation; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed, 27th May 1856, 20th June 1856, and 11th July 1856.

Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire into the Provisions and Operation of the Act 16 and 17 Vict. cap. 99, intituled "An Act to substitute in certain cases other Punishment in lieu of Transportation;" and to report thereon to the House; together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed, 25th July 1856.

Report from the Select Committee on Transportation; together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed, 3d August 1838.

England and Wales: Tables showing the Number of Criminal Offenders committed for trial, or bailed for appearance at the Assizes and Sessions in each County, in the year 1855, and the Results of the Proceedings. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.

The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration. By Earl Grey. 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1853.

The London Prisons: to which is added, a Description of the chief Provincial Prisons. By Hepworth Dixon. London: Jackson and Walford, 1850.

John Howard, and the Prison World of Europe. From Original and Authentic Documents. By Hepworth Dixon. Second Edition. London: Jackson and Walford, 1850.

Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners, and the Prevention of Crime.

By Joseph Kingsmill, M.A., Chaplain of Pentonville Prison, London.
Third Edition. London : Longman and Co., 1854.

On the Present Aspect of Serious Crime in England, and the Means used for its Punishment and Repression by Government. By the Rev. Joseph Kingsmill, M.A. London : Longman and Co.

Revelations of Prison Life ; with an Inquiry into Prison Discipline and Secondary Punishments. By George Laval Chesterton, Twenty-five years Governor of the House of Correction at Cold-bath Fields. 2 vols. Second Edition, revised. London : Hurst and Blackett, 1856.

A Tract on Tickets of Leave. By C. B. Adderley, M.P. London : J. W. Parker and Son, 1857.

What is to be done with our Criminals? A Letter to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, by Charles Pearson, Esq., City Solicitor. Together with Mr. Pearson's Speech on the same Subject in the House of Commons, May 15th, 1849. London : Arthur Hall and Virtue, 1857.

PUBLIC attention is at length fairly roused to the necessity of revising our code and administration of Secondary Punishments. We should rejoice at this new-born interest in a most important question, if we did not fear that it was evanescent, the effect of a passing panic, and likely to decline as that gradually dies away. In the majority of recent discussions on this subject, large considerations of policy are altogether ignored ; or are alluded to only to be contemptuously dismissed as the harmless amusement of a few speculative recluses and *doctrinaire* reformers. To stave-off the evil during our day and generation, and to leave to the morrow the things of the morrow, is proclaimed as the true wisdom of practical men. The greatest of social problems is viewed through the distorting medium of merely personal apprehensions. All attempts calmly to ascertain the facts of the case are denounced as efforts to bewilder the common sense of the country. "We know," it is said, "that life and property are daily less secure ; and we are not to be imposed on by statistics. This is no time for fine theories. Offenders must be dealt with in a summary manner. Banishment is our only resource." If conscience can "make cowards of us all," cowardice seems to have the power of retaliating by paralysing conscience. With the subsidence of the present panic, which even now shows symptoms of decline, these counsels born of it will cease. We shall be glad if they make way for any thing more worthy than the old indifference.

In the mean time, we are far from thinking that this alarm

has been altogether groundless. But we believe that it has been much exaggerated. A *cacoethes scribendi* seized on our respectable citizens. A man whose house had been attempted, or whose person subjected to the gentle embrace of the garotter, became forthwith a distinguished character, and "felt it a duty" to write to the *Times*. In this way many cases which ordinarily would have been passed over in silence, were elaborately paraded before the public. Outrages which, in a less excited state of popular feeling, would have been consigned to the obscurity of the police-reports, were dwelt on in terrified leading-articles. Desperate men announced the warlike preparations which they had made in their domestic establishments,—so that every Englishman's house seemed, in a new sense, to have become his castle; and proclaimed their intention of committing murder, *pro aris et focis*, on the first opportunity. Others, of a more scientific turn, described wonderful machines of their own device, which appeared to rival the art of Vulcan, and to surpass the sagacity and moral discrimination of a Bow-street officer. They were warranted by their enthusiastic authors to catch and hold fast every burglar, or other feloniously disposed person; while they would in no case interfere with visitors of friendly intentions.

But while the popular apprehensions were, in our opinion, largely factitious, they were, it is probable, not wholly so. To what extent they were well-founded, a reference to the Criminal Tables may help us to determine. We do not rely too implicitly on these documents. The number of *persons* committed is not an infallible index to the number of *crimes* committed. The popular impressions and the official returns must be allowed each to qualify the conclusions we should draw from either alone; though, of course, the definite statements of the one carry with them more authority than the vague alarms of the other, which are like the spirit that passed before the face of Eliphaz, and caused his hair to stand on end,—the more terrible that no man can "discern the form" thereof.

In 1854 the number of committals was 29,359; while in 1855 it was 25,972, showing a decrease of 11·5 per cent in the latter year.* But cases of malicious stabbing and wounding had increased 88 per cent, and manslaughter 14 per cent. While the aggregate of violent offences against property had diminished,

* The returns for 1855 require a twofold correction to make comparison of them with former years equitable, owing to the operation of the Criminal Justice Act (which received the royal assent in August 1855), and the extension of the Winter Assize Act to twenty other counties besides York and Lancaster. We must add 522 to the number of commitments in 1855, making a total of 26,494,—still a large reduction on the preceding twelve months. (See Criminal Tables for 1855, p. iii.)

there was an increase of robberies and burglaries, both to the amount of 7·7 per cent. Sir George Grey tells us that serious offences in 1856 (for which the returns are not yet published) show a decrease of 25 per cent on the previous year. "Burglary and other violent offences," he adds, "are comprised in this general aggregate; and it is also worthy of note, that the crime of robbery, including as it does garotting, which is only one of the various modes resorted to for effecting robbery, has slightly decreased in 1856 as compared with 1855."* But this statement is too loose to bear much stress. To say that serious offences have diminished, and burglaries are serious offences, is not to say that burglaries have diminished. The decrease of robberies in general, is compatible with an increase of robbery by garotting; and moreover, this decrease in 1856 is only upon a considerable increase in 1855. Nothing is said of violent offences against the person, which are almost universally believed to have been perpetrated in great excess during the last twelve months. Such a belief can hardly have been *altogether* a mistake. There must have been *some* substance to throw so great a shadow. This opinion is not out of harmony with the conclusion, that during the last half-century crimes of violence have on the whole steadily diminished; since it will be allowed that special causes may temporarily counteract a general tendency, as in the ebbing tide, while the great mass of waters retires, a wave may here and there advance beyond the line from which all the while the sea is receding. That such incidental causes have been in operation lately, a very little reflection will make probable. The reduction of our regular forces, which, during the war, had to be recruited from a class inferior to that from which they are ordinarily supplied; the recall of those regiments of the militia which had volunteered for stations abroad; and the disbanding, together with them, of such as had remained on home-service, and of the foreign legions,—must be taken into account. There is no unfairness in attributing to the worst of the men, thus let loose upon society, in many cases without employment, an appreciable share of the outrages which, in the absence of any thing like proof, have been set down to the ticket-of-leave men.

In the mean time, be the popular feeling extravagant or not, the Government, urged on by it, or wisely taking advantage of it, has produced its plans. Before proceeding to consider them in detail, it may not be without use to review the main features of previous systems of secondary punishment and convict discipline. In order wisely to "look before," it is necessary carefully to "look after." The probabilities of the future can only be estimated from the certainties of the past.

* Speech in the House of Commons, Feb. 9th, 1857. *Times* Report.

The recognition of the importance of the several questions relative to the treatment of crime is of comparatively recent date. With a qualification afterwards to be made, it may be said to have been brought about by the exertions of Howard to purify our prisons. The squalid filth of the common gaols in his day made them scenes of pestilence, and infection spread from the prisoner in the dock to the crowds in court. Physical uncleanness and disease were, as they always are, the sign and accompaniment of a yet more fearful moral corruption, the details of which may very well be passed over lightly. Cruel gaolers did not scruple to use the thumb-screw and other instruments of torture on such of their prisoners as had offended them,—on some who had given no reasonable ground of offence. Subterranean dungeons, the floors of which were covered with water,—in one instance to the depth of two or three feet,—were the only abode of many unfortunate captives. Rats made their meals on the living bodies of their human co-tenants of these loathsome dens. Often there was neither religious nor medical provision for the wretches whom crime or misfortune had immured therein. In some instances, surgeons refused attendance *because* of the frightful diseases which made havoc in the prisons to which they were attached. Men and women, debtors and the vilest offenders, the convicted and the unconvicted, were indiscriminately associated. The bad became hardened; the yet innocent lost their innocence; profligacy and licentiousness abounded. The circumstance which drew Howard's attention to these enormities is well known. As high-sheriff of the county of Bedford in 1773, he had been struck by seeing that several persons whom the jury had acquitted were re-committed for the non-payment of certain gaol-fees, which were, in many cases, the sole remuneration of the keepers. Innocent men, who had been in custody before trial, were detained after it as debtors for board and lodging, and for such board and lodging! He remonstrated. The magistrates sympathised with him in the abstract, which is as far as official sympathy generally goes; but required a precedent for levying rates on the county in lieu of these extortions. He travelled into other districts in search of precedents, and inquired into the several modes of prison-administration there prevalent. The result is well known. The veil was raised from many a chamber of horrors. The national conscience, not over-tender in those days, was touched. The work of amendment was begun in earnest. Like all great reformers, Howard, as Mr. Dixon points out, was the instrument of an awakening spirit of mercy and justice, which, had he failed, would probably have found some other organ. Montesquieu's celebrated sixth book had been published five-and-twenty years before Howard began his philanthropic labours. Beccaria's treatise, of which

he was an attentive student, appeared a few years later. Blackstone, Paley, Eden, and Bentham, were his contemporaries.* In 1701-2, the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge had visited and reported on "Newgate and other gaols in and about London." In 1728-29, there was a parliamentary commission of inquiry into the state of the gaols of the kingdom. "When the first part of their report was made in Parliament," says Mr. Dixon, in whose biography will be found ample warrant in detail for our general statements, "the feelings of surprise and disgust which the horrible disclosures excited were such that the House at once ordered the arrest of the warders, tipstaffs, and others officers of the gaols reported upon, and passed a strong resolution, praying his Majesty to cause his Attorney-general, without delay, and in the most effectual manner, to prosecute them for the high crimes and misdemeanours with which they stood charged."† With all this, nothing really remedial was done. The time was ripe for reform, but the man was yet wanting.

From what has been said, and from much more that has been left unsaid, the conclusion is inevitable, that convict-discipline was unknown in the days of Howard's earlier toils, or resolved itself only into hard usage and safe detention,—bolts and bars, and the cat-o'-nine-tails. As little, when almost all offences, from shoplifting to murder, were capital, was there any scope for a just scheme of secondary punishments; or, except in very few instances, any enlightened or sound views of their application. This is not to be wondered at. In matters political, correct theory follows correct practice, rather than leads it; just as great poems precede formal arts of poetry. We grope our way to the truth; and having tried almost all wrong methods, are happy if we can blunder at last into the right one. Every error, distinctly perceived to be such, diminishes the chances of future mistake. If the history of secondary punishments were more generally studied, one-half at least of the crude suggestions of pamphleteers and newspaper-correspondents would never have seen the light. They are (often unconsciously) reproductions of devices which we thought had been dead and buried long ago, for public opinion had tried and sentenced them. We fancy that they are dead; and that their apparent resurrection is no real revival, but only some cunning galvanic trick.

The first instinctive feeling which all men have in the presence of moral evil, is the impulse to destroy or otherwise to disable it; to put it out of existence, or out of reach of opportunities of harm. This feeling, sound in itself, requires a large experience and humanity for its proper application. Our forefathers exem-

* *Life of Howard*, pp. 221-227.

† *Ibid.*, p. 13.

plified it in the simplest form of taking the life, or sequestering the person of the malefactor; dealing with him bodily, instead of with the bad passions and dense ignorance which for the time characterised him; aiming, in short, to expel him from society, rather than to assist him in getting rid of his criminal tendencies. We, perhaps, have rushed into an opposite extreme, and rely too exclusively on reformatory agencies; losing ourselves in the "wilderling mazes" and no-thoroughfares of a spurious philanthropy, instead of striking into the straight and open path of justice. To hang as many as they could, and, where practicable, to transport the rest, was the "wisdom of our ancestors." To scruple at the introduction of any penal element into punishment at all is our more amiable weakness; a weakness, however, which shows itself as yet more in theory than in conduct.

We have spoken of the state of the prisons in Howard's days. He saw the beginning of our penal colonisation of Australia. Transportation, as a modern English institution, dates, indeed, from a much earlier period, from the reign of James I., who, by a questionable extension of the Act 39 Eliz. cap. 4, ordered the treasurer and council of the colony of Virginia "to send a hundred dissolute persons to Virginia, whom the knight-marshal would deliver to them for that purpose." This, however, was simply exile, without the additional infliction of servitude. By a statute of Charles II.'s reign, the judges are empowered to "execute, or transport to America for life, the moss-troopers of Cumberland and Northumberland." Readers of Mr. Macaulay know the fate which awaited the unhappy Monmouth's unhappier adherents,—sold as slaves to the plantations. In the reign of George I. acts were passed permitting the transportation of felons with benefit of clergy to the American colonies, and giving "to the person who contracted to transport them, to his heirs, successors, and assigns, a property and interest in the services of such offenders for the period of their sentences."* On their arrival they were sold by auction. With the outbreak of the American war, in 1775, this resource ceased to be available. Government was left with a number of criminals on its hands, whom it was at a loss to dispose of. Humane recommendations were made. "It was suggested by some to ship the convicts of England off to the western coast of Africa, there to be turned loose among the negroes."† But the main controversy lay between the advocates of a penal and corrective discipline at home, and of transportation to Australia. There were symptoms at first of a desire really to sift the comparative merits of these two schemes. In the mean

* Report of Sir W. Molesworth's Committee (1838), p. iii. See also *Political Dictionary*, article "Transportation."

† Chapters on Prisons, p. 130.

time the hulks were established,—at first as prisons for hard labour, afterwards as places of provisional detention for persons under sentence of transportation. Howard's inspection was the means of correcting many abuses, which we cannot say had crept into them, for they were coeval with their origin, but which at any rate he found there; and he seems to have looked on the system with some degree of favour. His continental travels, more especially his experience of the penal institutions of Holland, had convinced him that it was practicable for a nation to deal even with its worst criminals at home; and he regarded the establishment of the hulks as a step in the right direction. A further step, soon, unfortunately, to be retraced, was the passing of the Act, 19 Geo. III. cap. 74, for building two penitentiaries in England. At the urgent entreaties of Sir William Blackstone and others, Howard consented to become supervisor of the proposed prisons, in conjunction with two colleagues; but the death of one of them, and the querulous opposition of the other, led to his retirement, and the abandonment of the whole project. The advocates of transportation henceforth had it all their own way. The necessary orders in council were issued; and in 1788, more than seven hundred convicts, male and female, were disembarked near the spot where the city of Sydney now stands. In 1803, criminals were first received into Van Diemen's Land. In 1826, the free settlers of Norfolk Island, with their assigned servants, were removed thence, and the place converted into a penal settlement for convicts *reconvicted*.

The system which was in operation in the Australian colonies until 1842 may be briefly described. Immediately on the arrival of a convict-ship, the majority of its human cargo were allotted as servants to private individuals, without regard to the nature of the offences for which they had been sentenced, their term of punishment, or their general character,—with an eye solely to their probable capabilities as workmen. Their future fate depended entirely on the disposition of the masters into whose hands they fell, who, with certain nominal restrictions, were virtually absolute. Many of the worst men speedily attained a position of comfort not inferior to that of free labourers in the corresponding employments at home. Others, who were assigned to harsh and tyrannical masters,—the Legrees and Tom Gordons of the colony,—were subjected to a worse than American bondage. Thus the great essentials of penal discipline,—certainty of punishment, and proportion of punishments to deserts,—were utterly set at naught. The custom of employing assigned convicts, male and female, as domestic servants, was prevalent; but it was so fearfully depraving to the families, especially to the young children, of the settlers, that, in 1838, Lord Glenelg was compelled wholly to

prohibit it.* The minority of convicts, for whom private service could not be obtained, were employed upon the public works. They were distributed into six classes, and subjected to varying degrees of hardship and privation, according to conduct. To complete this imperfect outline of the system, we must add, that "a convict, transported for seven years, obtained at the end of four years; for 14 years, at the end of six years; and for life, at the end of eight years, as a matter of course, unless his conduct had been very bad, a ticket-of-leave, enabling him, under certain regulations, to work on his own account."† These men, worthy or unworthy of them, often rose to positions of trust and influence. But they were obliged to report themselves annually to the authorities of their district; and, being still under sentence, could not sue for wages withheld, or other debts,—a disability which was occasionally taken advantage of. After a further period a free pardon was granted, and the ticket-of-leave man became an "emancipist." Those who gained their liberty by the expiration of their whole term were named "expirees."

We maintain that this system of punishment has failed as regards all the purposes at which punishment should aim. Colonel Collins's work on New South Wales gives the experience of the first fourteen years of its operation.‡ He was a government *employé*, and his testimony is unwilling where he saw it to be adverse; though its real bearing was often unperceived by himself. The facts brought to light by Sir William Molesworth's Committee in 1838 carry the history down to the time of their inquiries, and assuredly do not present matters in a more favourable light. They reveal results which it was needful should be made known; but that they have been given once is enough. It is desirable that they should be recorded in an accessible form, and then that there should be as little access to the record as possible. The *Mysteries of Paris* are healthier and more cheerful reading than some parts of this evidence. We confine ourselves to the following extracts from the report of the committee:

"In old communities, where there is a comparative want of employment, and profits are low, the amount of crime is not a perfectly sure test of the moral state of society, as the general uneasiness of the population gives birth to innumerable offences against property; but in those new communities, where there is a pressing demand for labour, and great facilities for acquiring wealth, crimes so numerous and so atrocious as those, perpetrated in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, truly indicate the depth of their moral depravity. It is difficult,

* See the evidence of Dr. Ullathorne, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Russell, before Sir W. Molesworth's Committee, qu. 225, 226, 403-407, 527-545.

† Report of Sir W. Molesworth's Committee, p. xvii.

‡ See the extracts in Bentham's *Panopticon versus New South Wales*.

indeed, to form an adequate conception of the frightful degree of crime which the above tables* express; suffice it to say, that they show that, in proportion to the respective population of the two countries, the number of convictions for highway-robbery (including bush-ranging) in New South Wales, exceeds the total number of convictions for all offences in England; that rapes, murders, and attempts at murders, are as common in the former, as petty larcenies in the latter country. In short, in order to give an idea of the amount of crime in New South Wales, let it be supposed that the 17,000 offenders who last year (1837) were tried and convicted in this country for various offences, before the several courts of assize and quarter-sessions, had all of them been condemned for capital crimes; that 7,000 of them had been executed, and the remainder transported for life; that in addition, 120,000 other offenders had been convicted of the minor offences of forgery, sheep-stealing and the like, then in proportion to their respective populations, the state of crime and punishment in England and her Australian colonies would have been precisely the same.

The catalogue of convictions in New South Wales, by no means, however, exhausts the catalogue of crimes committed; for Judge Burton, in his charge to the grand jury of Sydney (to which document your Committee have already referred), after giving a vivid description of 'the crimes of violence, the murders, the manslaughters and drunken revels, the perjuries, the false witnesses from motives of revenge or reward, which in the proceedings before him had been brought to light,' after mentioning several cases of atrocious crimes, as characteristic of the general want of principle in the colony; after referring to the 'mass of offences, which were summarily disposed of by the magistrates, and the several police-offices throughout the colony,' spoke of the 'numerous undiscovered crimes, which every man, who heard him, or to whom the report of his words should come, would at once admit to have occurred within his own circle of knowledge;' and then he said, 'the picture presented to men's minds would be one of the most painful reflection; it would appear to one, who could look down upon that community, as if the main business of them all were the commission of crime, and the punishment of it; as if the whole colony were in motion towards the several courts of justice; and the most painful reflection of all must be, that so many capital sentences, and the execution of them, had not had the effect of preventing crime by way of example.' (pp. xxvii. xxviii.)

This last remark was not a mere rhetorical exaggeration of the judge's. Sir Francis Forbes, then chief-justice of Australia, mentioned "the case of several men at Norfolk Island cutting the heads of their fellow-prisoners with a hoe while at work, with a certainty of being detected, and with a certainty of being executed; and, according to him, they acted in this manner apparently without malice, and with very slight excitement, stating they knew they should be hanged, but it was better than being

* Given at pp. xxv. xxvi. of the Report.

where they were" (p. xv.). Dr. Ullathorne, the Catholic vicar-general of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, thus relates his interview with the prisoners under sentence of death for mutiny and murder in Norfolk Island in 1834 :

"On my arrival at Norfolk Island I immediately proceeded, although it was late at night, to the gaol; the commandant having intimated to me that only five days could be allowed for preparation, and he furnished me with a list of the 13 who were to die, the rest having been reprieved; I proceeded therefore to the gaol, and upon entering the gaol I witnessed such a scene as I never witnessed in my life before. The men were originally confined in three cells; they were subsequently assembled together; they were not aware that any of them were reprieved. I found so little had they expected the assistance of a clergyman, that when they saw me they at once gave up a plot for escape, which they had very ingeniously planned; and which might, I think, have succeeded, so far as their getting into the bush. I said a few words to induce them to resignation; and I then stated the names of those who were to die; and it is a remarkable fact, that as I mentioned the names of those men who were to die, they one after the other, as their names were pronounced, dropped upon their knees and thanked God that they were to be delivered from that horrible place, whilst the others remained standing mute; it was the most horrible scene I ever witnessed. Those who were condemned to death appeared to be rejoiced." (p. xvi.)

The same witness mentions another circumstance, at which, sad as it is, it is almost impossible to repress a smile. In mercantile parlance, "a good man" is one to whom a tradesman may safely give credit; one who is solvent, in short.* The public opinion of the convicts had its own abusive employment of the same phrase. "When a prisoner," says Dr. Ullathorne, "has been conversing with me respecting another individual, he has designated him as a good man. I suspected that he did not mean what he said; and on asking an explanation, he has apologised, and said, that it was the habitual language of the place, and that a bad man was called a good man; and that a man who was ready to perform his duty was generally called a bad man. There is quite a vocabulary of terms of that kind, which seems to have been invented to adapt themselves to the complete subversion of the human heart which I found subsisting." (p. xvi.)

In the penal settlements of Van Diemen's Land things were even worse than in Norfolk Island. The men of whom this is said were, it is true, the incorrigible among the convicts, those under punishment for aggravated crimes perpetrated after trans-

* "*Shylock*. Antonio is a good man. . . . My meaning in saying that he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition. . . . The man is notwithstanding sufficient. Three thousand ducats: I think I may take his bond." *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 2.

portation. That the system, however, did not work more favourably in its other parts, is evident from the conclusion which the committee derived from the evidence taken before them, "that assigned convicts conduct themselves better than ticket-of-leave men, and ticket-of-leave men than emancipists or expirees. . . . Thus a convict is best behaved, while at the penal settlements, and his conduct deteriorates in proportion as he obtains more and more freedom ; and is worst, when he has obtained liberty by the expiration of his sentence." (Report, p. xxii.) Three-fourths of the crime of the colony is said to have been due to the expirees. Such was the reformatory influence of the system, the moral benefit, on which so much eloquence is lavished now-a-days, of change of scene and associations to the criminal. Alas, *Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*, is as true of convicts as of other persons. Granting that the material prosperity of Australia was for a time developed by the importation of slave-labour, we cannot consider this a good. Wealth and depravity growing together, increasing in a uniform ratio, constitute, perhaps, the most thoroughly hopeless social state that can be conceived. There were many of the conditions of success now so strongly insisted on. There was a non-criminal community, into which emancipists might have been absorbed ; but into which unfortunately they were not absorbed. They constituted a distinct order, politically powerful, though socially tabooed ; and a stigma remained even on their children. One of the witnesses before the recent Committee of the Lords, Mr. M. H. Marsh, a settler in New South Wales, who evidently has a hankering after transportation, though he allows that its revival is out of the question, says, "When the children of convicts begin to grow up and to have political influence, one of the great objections to the introduction of convicts is, that they keep up a class-distinction." Many of those sons of convicts were the most strenuous against the system of convicts, supposing that it had the effect of keeping them as a separate class from others, at least so they thought.*

All this, it may be said, is an old tale ; but it points a permanent moral. It shows the impossibility of amalgamating a large ex-convict class with a body of free settlers and residents. You may bring them into the closest contact, connect them by the nearest social relationships, still they will not coalesce. They remain what Mr. Disraeli calls "two nations." To adopt a scientific metaphor, they combine physically, not chemically. The degree to which the free population of New South Wales had been corrupted by the convict-system, is not to be judged of by their reluctance to forget the antecedents of the offenders,—

* Report of the Select Committee of the Lords (1856), question 21.

which smacks rather of moral pharisaism than of moral purity; it is shown by their reluctance to part with convict-labour, even after the exposures of Sir William Molesworth's Committee. Familiarity with evil deadens the mind to its horrors. The attempt to renew transportation would probably excite a rebellion now. A witness before the Lords last year attributes this change in the popular feeling to pride. He thinks his compatriots have become "too large" for the system. If it be so, it is a pride which is closely allied to self-respect and public spirit, and we should be sorry to see it diminished.

Among the recommendations of the Committee of 1838, these two stood first: (1) "That Transportation to New South Wales, and to the settled districts of Van Diemen's Land, should be discontinued as soon as practicable;" and (2) "That crimes now punishable by Transportation should in future be punished by confinement with hard labour, at home or abroad, for periods varying from two to fifteen years." By the advice of Lord John Russell, who had been a member of the committee, and who had since become Secretary for the Colonies, an order in council was issued in 1840, abolishing transportation to New South Wales. It was his intention to provide additional means for the detention and punishment of convicts at home. But the House of Commons was not so wise as the minister. They refused to sanction his plan, and the old system was resumed. New South Wales, however, was no longer available. No additional outlet had been discovered. Convicts were therefore thrust in more than redoubled numbers upon Van Diemen's Land. Between the years 1840-1845 inclusive, more than 17,000 criminals were sent out to that colony, which has not yet recovered from the pauperism and vice thereby generated. The present governor, Sir Henry Young, who, as a servant of the crown, and as a stranger in the settlement, is not likely to sympathise too much with popular grievances and clamour, yet maintains that the mother-country is bound to defray some part of the enormous expenditure necessitated by her *impolicy*.* On the formation of Sir Robert Peel's ministry, in 1841, Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley) was appointed to the Colonial Office. No wisdom, we believe, could have solved the problem with which it fell to him to deal. The disproportion of convicts to the free population in Van Diemen's Land (the causes of which have just been indicated) rendered recurrence to the old method of assignment impracticable, under any modifications whatsoever. There were no prisons for separate confinement. It was inevitable to try the opposite plan of association. On the arrival of the offenders, the worst of them were sent off to Norfolk Island;

* First Report of the Commons Committee (1856), question 496.

the others were divided into (what were called) "probationary gangs," to be employed on the public works. Laudable efforts were made to appeal to the hopes as well as the fears of the men,—to hold out positive encouragements to good conduct, as well as deterrents from bad; but they were unavailing. To begin by throwing criminals together, without any preparatory individual discipline, is to begin by a process of deterioration;—it is to plunge them yet deeper in guilt before making an effort to raise them out of it. The difficulty was enhanced by the insufficient number, for effectual supervision, of the officers in charge of the convicts; by their unsuitable character, in many instances; and by the inadequate provision of buildings for separation at night. Good conduct in the probation-gang was to be rewarded by the granting of the "probation-pass;" and this might be followed by additional liberty with a ticket-of-leave. Into the details of these arrangements we need not enter.* There was very little good conduct to be rewarded. The almost inevitable failure of the first probationary stage insured the failure of all the rest; moreover the demand for labour in the colony was so slight, and the supply so great, that "it was rather a misfortune for a convict to be set at large."† Thus the proposed inducements to amendment became null, or even had an unhappy effect; the moral evils of the old system were repeated, with aggravated virulence, under the new one, and without any of those economical advantages which appeared for a time to accompany the former. Under these circumstances, it was resolved to suspend transportation to Van Diemen's Land for a year or two. But with obstinate perseverance in the wrong path, inquiries were set on foot as to the possibility of founding a new penal settlement in North Australia. Before any steps could be taken in this matter, Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues had resigned.

Under the government of Lord John Russell other and wiser measures were adopted. The system of assignment without a preliminary term of probation had failed. The system of probation in gangs had failed also. It remained to try what would be the effect of preceding actual transportation by a period of *separate cellular confinement at home*. A certain number of convicts were therefore subjected to the discipline of Pentonville Prison before being sent out. The conduct of these men—who, however, were carefully selected—generally proved good; but they were, according to the testimony of Mr. Marsh,

* They are very minutely stated in Lord Stanley's despatch to Sir John Franklin, Nov. 25, 1842. See Papers on Convict Discipline, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 3d April 1843.

† Mr. Waddington's evidence before the Commons, First Report, question 283.

"more stupid, and also more helpless," than "the old convicts."* This was not an unnatural result of long seclusion; but at the same time, the moral advantages of it, when accompanied by proper training, and relieved by industrial employment, are obvious. It gives opportunity for reflection,—nay, almost compels it; and with reflection, conscience, if it be not really dead, but only sleeping, will generally awaken. Its benumbing physical and intellectual effects might, it was thought, be counteracted, if it were followed by a term of hard labour in association, which would lose much of its corrupting influence on men thus sobered and prepared. It might even form a useful test of the reality of any apparent reformation,—a good trial of strength. It was therefore determined that offenders under sentence of transportation, instead of being immediately conveyed to the colonies, should pass through a period of penal servitude; of which not less than six, nor more than eighteen, months was to be spent in separate confinement, and the remainder on the public works in England, or in Gibraltar or Bermuda. The duration of the latter part of the punishment was dependent, partly on the length of the prisoner's sentence, partly on his general behaviour,—of which a daily record was kept,—and on his industry, as tested by a system of task-work. At its expiration, he was transported, with a ticket-of-leave. He was not, however, released from detention by the colonial authorities till he had formed an engagement with some settler for a year's service. A portion of his wages was withheld for repayment to the Government. If under a sentence of seven years, he was required to refund 7*l.* 10*s.*, if of twenty years, or life, 25*l.*,—at the rate of 5*l.* a-year. When this was done, he might obtain a conditional pardon, if his conduct had been good, in the former case for a year and a half, in the latter for five years. The ticket-of-leave man received what might remain of his wages after the deductions specified, with clothes and rations. Arrangements were made for sending out the wives and families of convicts, as soon as either party could guarantee the payment of half their passage-money.†

Lord Grey eulogises this scheme, of which he was the principal author and promoter, in the most unqualified manner. In its home-portion we believe it is not undeserving of his praise; and in all its parts it was no doubt a great improvement on any thing that had preceded it. But if it worked well, it did not convince the colonists that it worked well. The negotiations with New South Wales for the renewal of transportation in this amended form failed. The Anti-Convict League continued

* Evidence before the Lords (1856), ques. 36.

† See Lord Grey's *Colonial Policy*, vol. ii. pp. 23-28.

their agitation against it in Van Diemen's Land, *where it was tried*, till they enforced its relinquishment. The Cape of Good Hope was roused into something like rebellion by the attempt to introduce it there. Only Western Australia, from whatever motive, would have any thing to say to it. There had previously been no transportation thither. She, therefore, knew not what she asked. She could receive at most six or seven hundred convicts yearly; while on an average between three and four thousand offenders were sentenced to transportation, in regard to two-thirds of whom it had been the practice to carry out the sentence.* Since this could no longer be done, it was necessary to devise some other mode of punishment. In this posture of affairs, the Act 16 and 17 Victoria, cap. 99, now in force, was passed. It came into operation on the 1st of September 1853. We will briefly state its provisions, with the amendments which the Government propose to introduce.

It abolishes transportation for any term under fourteen years, substituting in all such cases a specified period of penal servitude. Where longer sentences are necessary, it is left to the discretion of the judges to award either transportation or servitude. The following scale of penal equivalents will show the nature of the changes effected by this measure more clearly than any other mode of stating them:

- | | | |
|---|-----|---|
| 1. Penal servitude for four years | = { | Transportation for not less than seven years (<i>abolished</i>). |
| 2. Penal servitude for not less than four, and not more than six years | = { | Transportation for not less than seven, nor more than ten years (<i>abolished</i>). |
| 3. Penal servitude for not less than six, and not more than eight years | = { | Transportation for not less than ten, nor more than fifteen years (<i>discretionary</i>). |
| 4. Penal servitude for not less than six, and not more than ten years | = { | Transportation for more than fifteen years (<i>discretionary</i>). |
| 5. Penal servitude for life | = | Transportation for life (<i>discretionary</i>). |

The regulations according to which the act is administered are in outline these: Convicts must pass nine months in solitary confinement (more than this was found to have an injurious effect mentally and physically), after which they are transferred to the public works. Good behaviour during detention is rewarded by badges and distinctions of dress, by increased gratuities set down to the prisoner's credit, by permission to write and receive letters and to have visitors more frequently, and

* In the five years, 1848-52, the number sentenced to transportation was 16,229, and the number actually transported 10,963. (Mr. Waddington's evidence, First Report of the Commons Committee, 1856, ques. 16. See also Appendix, No. 1 A.)

by slight indulgences as regards food. The punishments of misconduct are, in addition to forfeiture of these privileges, the usual ones of restriction to a bread-and-water diet, the dark cell, and the lash; which, however, is seldom resorted to, only in extreme cases, and when every thing else has failed. Both in the public works and in separate confinement, there is sufficient provision for the secular and religious instruction of the convicts. The beneficial operation of these rules is shown by the fact,—as to which all the administrators of the system agree,—that the prisoners generally leave the works improved in direct proportion to the length of the time of their detention. Their conduct, on the whole, is pronounced by Colonel Jebb to be very satisfactory; but since the penal-servitude men have learned that under no circumstances will any portion of their sentence be remitted, it has perceptibly deteriorated, and the value of their labour diminished. Sir George Grey, therefore, proposes to make the terms of penal servitude equal to the terms of transportation for which they were substituted; providing, at the same time, that a third or fourth of such terms may be remitted in case of exemplary behaviour and industry. This increases the minimum of confinement that must be undergone beyond the limit now legal; but it holds out the incentive of hope, which was wanting before. The abolition of transportation for a shorter period than fourteen years having reduced the number of offenders capable of being sent abroad below the demands of Western Australia, and rendered it impossible to comply with the condition of selection on which alone she had consented to receive them, it is proposed that any prisoner sentenced to penal servitude may be transported. Special sentences of transportation, therefore, will no longer be necessary, and they are to be done away with; the discretion which the judges had before being transferred to the executive, who have greater opportunities of estimating the fitness of men for colonial labour than can be gained by a mere glance at them as they stand in the dock. The practical hiatus in the scale of punishments between the ordinary term of two years' imprisonment and the shortest period of penal servitude, is to be filled up by empowering the judges to award penal servitude for any period longer than two years. The advantage of this is twofold. It will allow of a nicer adaptation of penalties to varying degrees of guilt, and will subject a larger number of offenders to the discipline of the convict-prisons, in lieu of the faulty system still in force in the great majority of county and borough gaols. Criminals whom it is determined to transport will undergo a preliminary confinement here, though for a much shorter period than at present. Sir George Grey speaks of "a few months" as the limit of it. But instead of

entering the colony with tickets-of-leave, they will obtain them only after a second term of imprisonment and labour there. "Those that obtained their ticket-of-leave after arriving in the colony," according to Captain Henderson, comptroller-general of convicts in Western Australia, "as a general rule, did better than those who came direct from England as ticket-of-leave men." The latter are "more liable to get into trouble than those who have had some little drilling in the colony. They come out with very exaggerated notions, which you cannot avoid; but after they have been some little time in prison in the colony, they learn from those around them what they may expect."* The establishment at Swan River is as efficient, as regards supervision, he states, as any in England; though the industrial training received here is of the greatest value, and ought not to be dispensed with.

There is much force in all this; but we doubt whether any considerable benefit can be looked for from only a few months' labour on the public works at home, with a long sea-voyage interposed between it and its renewal on the other side of the water. Convict-ships are, it is true, greatly improved. They are no longer the floating hells they once were. Still the men on board are inevitably thrown much together; they are unemployed; the surveillance over them must be at best but lax. We are disposed to think it would be expedient to retain the period of detention at home now usual, — about two years; and *add* to this such a term of confinement and labour in the colony as may be needful to efficient drilling there. A measure of this kind seems requisite also to equalise the punishment of those on whom the same sentence of penal servitude will be passed, which will be very unequal according as it is carried out in England or in Western Australia. At present, seven years' transportation is regarded by criminals as a much lighter infliction than four years' penal servitude at home. This latter period is to be lengthened. Transportation ought therefore to be made correspondingly more severe. When we add, that the hulks are to be abolished, and that the power of granting tickets-of-leave is to be retained, until the relative merits of conditional and unconditional discharge in case of remission of sentence can be more completely tested, we have stated all the positive proposals of the Government.

So much clamour has been raised against the giving of licenses to be at large, and such enormous evils have been attributed to it, that it is needful to say a few words in correction of prevalent misapprehensions. When the Act 16 and 17 Vict. cap. 99, was passed, the Government had a balance in hand of

* Report of the Lords Committee (1856), question 876.

9,550 convicts, sentenced to transportation chiefly for the periods of seven and ten years; of whom the vast majority, for want of any colonial outlet, were obliged to be kept at home. In accordance with the ordinary practice in the case of men so detained, they would have been released unconditionally on the expiration of half the term of their punishment. To diminish the danger which might be apprehended from their wholesale return to society unreformed, it was thought well to encourage them to good conduct in prison, by holding out to the seven-years men the prospect of discharge after three years instead of three years and a half; to the ten-years men, after four instead of after five years' confinement. This provision has been censured, as offering an inducement to hypocrisy. The late Baron Alderson made some ingenious but highly fanciful remarks upon it in December last, at the opening of the winter assize at Liverpool; in return for which the grand jury innocently voted him their thanks. "The offender," he said, "turns up the white of his eyes, and pretends to be a converted sinner. The chaplain considers himself complimented on the effect of his administration, and he recommends him to be set free. A pardon is given, which is nothing but an incentive; and then you have the results, in the great number of these people who are not really reformed, but only pretend to be so for the purpose of escaping punishment."* Every syllable of this statement, uttered apparently without the least misgiving, and received in simple faith, is directly, though no doubt unintentionally, false; and had been contradicted, by anticipation, in the evidence of the Directors of Convict Prisons and others, published in the Reports of the Select Committee of the House of Commons more than six months before.† The chaplain has nothing whatever to do with the time of the prisoner's release; professions of religion (truthful or insincere) are not the "open sesame" which will unlock the prison-gates. Remission of sentence can be procured only by industry and obedience to prison-rules, without reference to the motives of the prisoner, which it is impossible that any man can certainly know. An *opposite* procedure would, to use the words of Colonel Jebb, "be open to the objection of holding out a bonus to hypocrisy, which, under present circumstances, is not one of the sins of prisoners."‡ If our judges choose to assume, in addition to their proper official duties, the functions of moral and political censorship, they are bound at least to inform themselves accurately of the social phenomena and the administrative

* Report in the *Times*, Dec. 10, 1856.

† See in particular the testimony of Colonel Jebb, Captain Whitty, and Mr. Thwaites, First Report, questions 972, 973, 1076, 2860, 2864.

‡ First Report, 1076.

rules on which they comment, and not to mislead the public mind by the dissemination of old delusions long ago authoritatively contradicted. The deference popularly and (on the whole) rightly entertained for whatever falls from the judicial bench, even on other than points of law, renders it needful that they should speak only that which they know, and not carelessly give their sanction to lying rumour. The ticket-of-leave men are released only a little earlier than in any case they must have been; but under circumstances which give some presumption that they are better qualified for freedom than those who have not earned a similar remission of sentence, or than they themselves would have been if they had had no opportunity of earning it. Moreover all control over them is not abandoned when they go into the world. On the back of their tickets they read that "the power of revoking or altering the license of a convict will most certainly be exercised in case of his misconduct. . . . To produce a forfeiture of license, it is by no means necessary that he should be convicted of any new offence. If he associates with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle and dissolute life, or has no visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, &c., it will be assumed that he is about to relapse into crime, and he will be at once apprehended, and re-committed to prison under his original sentence."* This condition, however, has not been acted upon. Sir George Grey has distinctly refused to authorise the recommittal to prison of any ticket-of-leave men for the suspicious circumstances above enumerated. He requires that they shall be convicted of some legal offence. This relaxing of the check kept over them does not, of course, place them in the position of men who have received a free pardon, or worked out their whole time. A delinquency punishable with a week's imprisonment, perpetrated by a seven-years man immediately after his discharge with license, would return him to the public works for the remaining four years of his term. It may be that to send convicts back to penal servitude merely for suspicious circumstances, would be leaving too great a discretion in the hands of the police. But if the practice is not conformed to the regulations, the regulations ought to be conformed to the practice. To hold out a threat which there is no intention to execute, is to bring the entire system into contempt. The laxity which criminals experience in one part of its administration, they will speculate on finding in another; and may thus even be encouraged to believe that small offences will be overlooked, or simply punished in the ordinary manner, without bringing upon them that unexpired portion of their original sentence which it is intended should hang *in terrorem* over their heads. In all, 16 per cent

* First Report, p. 62.

of those to whom tickets have been granted have, up to this time, had their licenses revoked. The number of *ordinary* recommitments is 31 or 32 per cent. Many licensed convicts (the phrase, we admit, is ambiguous) no doubt escape identification as such on trial, and commit several crimes before they are apprehended. But the same remark applies to other criminals. The only thing which renders the favourable comparison suggested by the percentage of recommitments just given at all unreliable is, that, allowing for the average period of impunity on which habitual offenders may reckon, many of the men at large on license have probably not yet reached the end of their tether. There is therefore ground for thinking that the known percentage of relapses among them will continue to increase with the progress of time; though to what extent can only be matter of arbitrary conjecture. All we can positively state yet is, that there is no pretence for alleging that the system has failed; though it would be premature to assert that it has succeeded. Under these circumstances, ministers have, perhaps, adopted the wisest course in leaving the question between conditional and absolute remission of sentence open, to be decided by further experience.

Good so far as it goes, it will be observed that the measure which has been described goes a very little way. It rather declines to deal with the problem of secondary punishments, and is a postponement of it to a more favourable season, than successfully copes with it. Its provisions, like those of the act it is intended to amend and supersede, are confined entirely to convicts guilty of what are called serious offences, who will incur sentences of two years' penal servitude or more. Yet these form a very small proportion of the entire number of persons who annually pass through our gaols,—less, there is reason to believe, than 20 per cent. But the crimes committed by them strike the imagination more; and at the same time their numbers are more manageable. It is therefore natural that experiments in convict-discipline should be begun upon them; but that any measures which are confined to this class can ever prove extensively useful, or produce a perceptible change in the moral condition of the country, he must be sanguine indeed who will allow himself to hope. And this shows the futility of any reliance upon transportation as a means of relieving ourselves from the presence of the worst class of criminals. We are merely lopping away the branches, while we suffer the trunk to stand deeply rooted as ever in the earth; cutting off the hydra's heads without searing the wound; and they grow again more rapidly than we can strike them down. The comparatively few whom, if it were likely that transportation could ever become practicable again on a considerable scale, we should be able to send away, would hardly af-

fect the amount or character of crimes at home. With a reserve of from eighty to ninety thousand minor delinquents, every year qualifying themselves to graduate in the higher ranks of guilt, the subtraction from our population of two or three thousand more serious offenders, though not, of course, without its effect, would yet make less difference than is commonly imagined. A considerable proportion, moreover, of the worst crimes are not the work of habitual malefactors, but of persons betrayed by sudden passion into guilt; and who, if retained in this country, would probably not relapse into wrong courses. Crimes of violence against the person, when unaccompanied by robbery, are to a very large extent due to this class. But discussion as to transportation might as well be postponed till some probability appears that any colony will be found willing to receive English offenders. What Western Australia has done, it is frequently urged, others of our dependencies may do. But the case of Western Australia is peculiar. The habit of granting public lands at almost nominal prices, introduced there a class of settlers who had neither capital, skill, nor energy; and free labour was therefore almost repelled from the colony, which, of course, languished and declined. The importation of convicts made labour cheaper, and in so far tended to develop the resources of the country. It also necessitated a large expenditure on the part of the home government; and it is this expenditure which, as Mr. Elliott and other witnesses more than hint, attaches the settlers of Western Australia to transportation.* If a wiser policy with regard to the crown-lands had originally been adopted,—if a reasonably high upset-price had been fixed upon them, and they had been disposed of by competition,—they would have come into the hands of a higher class of holders, with capital at their disposal; free labour would have been attracted thither by the prospect of an adequate reward; and these two elements of material prosperity being thus secured, the need of convicts would probably not have been felt, nor the demand for them made. The colony would have been self-supporting. It is doubtful how far the rapid growth in wealth and population of New South Wales even is really due to the system of transportation, to which it is generally attributed. For a long time it did not prosper under it. The change for the better in its condition was contemporary with a change in the mode of disposing of the crown-lands, substituting sale by auction at a minimum price, at first of 12s. and afterwards of 1*l.* an acre, instead of disposal by grant at 5s.† This put estates into the possession of those

* See First Report of the Commons Committee, qu. 377-385, 1354, 4095.

† Lord Grey's *Colonial Policy*, vol. i. p. 311.]

who were necessarily capitalists, at least to a certain amount; and who could use and develop the resources of the soil, instead of letting them run to waste. If transportation is adopted, convicts must be sent either to penal settlements,—where they, with the requisite staff of officers, will be the sole population, as was the case on Norfolk Island,—or to colonies where there is an independent free population. In the latter case, the colony must either be prosperous or declining. If it be prosperous, it does not need convict-labour; it can secure free labour. If depressed, convicts must be sent out in large numbers, and employed on merely nominal wages, their labour must be virtually slave-labour, to do any good. Constituting themselves in such a place the great bulk of the working-class, there will be no reputable society into which they can be absorbed on their emancipation. The employment of them will have a tendency to make all manual toil infamous, and to form a class corresponding to the “white trash” in the slave states of America. To prevent such a result, and the demoralisation which experience shows must ensue when the convicts form more than a certain small proportion of all the inhabitants of a colony, Sir Archibald Alison suggests, that for every offender sent out there should be three or four free emigrants gratuitously forwarded. What kind of *labourers* does he think would require to have their expenses paid for them? Only those who have done ill at home, and who would (allowing for exceptional cases of blameless misfortune) do equally ill abroad. Further, what kind of *men* does he think would go out in this way, as the *confrères* of convicts? Only those morally not much above the level of such offenders. There is an honourable *esprit-de-corps* among the better part of the working-classes, which would resent the degradation of their order, and which at home is often, we regret to say, a bar to the restoration to an honest life of those who are desirous of returning to it. Moreover, a colony which requires convict-labour, because it cannot hold out adequate inducements for free, is not very likely to be able to deal with the three or four free immigrants whom it is proposed to send with every offender.* But these convicts, it is said, might be employed in public works of various kinds,

* Western Australia itself affords an instructive illustration of this truth. “The Government promised,” says Mr. Elliott, “to send free labourers to any colony which would receive convicts. . . . In Western Australia, . . . several of the free people, healthy and of good character, long remained chargeable to the public; the consequence is, that the Government has been obliged for a time somewhat to slacken the speed of the free emigration; we could not take people of good character and strong bodily health from this country and send them to the antipodes that they might become paupers.” (First Report of the Commons Committee, qu. 342.) “In 1854, no less than 2,500*l.*, in round numbers, was expended in the support of emigrants who had become burdensome to the public.” (Ibid. qu. 355.)

which are needful, but which the colonists have not means of executing for themselves. We doubt whether it is the duty of the home government to lay upon the tax-payers in England the expense of bridges, railroads, prisons, &c., at the other side of the globe.* Further, the question arises, What is to become of transports when their sentence is expired? If the works which they have formed have stimulated trade to such an extent that there is demand for their service as free men, they will degrade the working-class in the manner that has been indicated. If there be not such demand, they will of course sink into pauperism, and revert to crime as a means of subsistence. These remarks apply with still greater force to the case of mere penal settlements, where government officials are the sole free population. What is to be done in such places as these with offenders whose time is out? There seems no alternative but to send them home again, as they are now sent from Bermuda and Gibraltar. But our object was to get rid of them: instead of this, we shall have them again worse and more dangerous than they were at first; for the discipline of a convict-establishment abroad cannot be so efficient as at home. The want of publicity, and of that system of graduated responsibility, of check and counter-check, which exists in England, renders abuses almost inevitable in the management of convicts transported abroad. The distance of the home government, and the difficulty of procuring reliable information as to what occurs in a remote settlement, place an amount of discretionary power in the hands of subordinate officials with which it is in every respect undesirable that they should be intrusted. They become virtually absolute. Moreover fit men will not exile themselves to assume functions so little attractive as the charge of convicts, except under inducements which it is impossible to hold out on a

* Sir George Grey states that he is not able to meet the demands of the Admiralty for convict-labourers in our own dockyards, &c. Up to May 1856, 3,500 convicts had been sent to Western Australia, at an expense of 400,000*l*. "These men," says Colonel Jebb, "were selected as being the best of our men; they were selected for good conduct; and I have no doubt that 2,500 of those men would have returned, in this country, to an honest life. I therefore look upon it that you have paid 400,000*l*. up to this period for getting rid of 1000 men." (First Report, qu. 1347.) "The colony," says Mr. Elliot, "has gained nothing but the large Government expenditure; . . . the convicts have not prospered, and they have not reformed. If this be the case in Western Australia, where we really had some great advantages, for we had a free community already existing, an admirable climate, and roads ready formed, it will be for the Committee to judge hereafter what the prospects of success would be in an entirely new territory." (Third Report, qu. 4095.) That any apparent prosperity in Western Australia was really due to Government expenditure is clear from the fact, that while there was a great increase, between 1849 and 1854, in the value of imports, there was but slight increase in that of exports; the latter being, of course, the true index of the material well-being of a community. See First Report, qu. 347, 348.

sufficiently extensive scale. Again, it should be kept in mind, as Jeremy Bentham long ago pointed out, that transportation involves a serious injustice, unless means be taken for bringing to England, on the expiration of his sentence, every convict who may wish to return. A sentence of expatriation for a limited term of years must not be converted into banishment for life, as it often practically is. Here again we see a moral difficulty in the way of the mere "getting-rid-of-the-convicts" policy, which may be disregarded, but cannot be fairly overcome. We want by transportation to relieve ourselves of our *worst* criminals. Free colonies (if they will consent to receive any) will consent to receive only our *best*. The proposed amendments in the act of 1853, to which we have so often adverted, are intended to give the opportunity of selecting the least dangerous offenders for removal to Western Australia, and for keeping the most desperate characters, the incorrigibles, at home. But apart from these considerations, to the dogmatic assertion, We must transport our criminals, the question, *Whither?* is a sufficient answer. The Falkland Islands, indeed, of which it is the fashion to say so much now, would probably afford means for employing convicts usefully, while under punishment, in the formation of a dry dock, and the repair of vessels which may touch there, after rounding Cape Horn, as well as in the fisheries with which they abound. But these occupations of all others would present the greatest facilities for escape. And it is difficult to see what could be done with the men after discharge. There is no probability of a large free population ever being collected in the islands. The only kind of farming for which their soil and products are adapted is the breeding and grazing of cattle, which requires the employment of but few men. The islands do not produce wheat; neither coals nor minerals are to be found in them. Under these circumstances, when the suggested docks are once completed, and the fences for the preservation of the tussac grass erected, it would be difficult to find work for any considerable number of convicts, or means of disposing of them when they regain their liberty. It is suggested by some that grants of land should be made them; that they should be set up in the world as graziers.* We have not yet heard the proposition that ought, in consistency, to be subjoined to this—that their farms shall be well stocked at the public expense. We need not waste words in arguing against any such scheme. If transportation is to be a punishment at all, it must be a terror to evil-doers, and not an advantage to them. Every practicable facility, indeed, should be allowed for providing discharged offenders with the means of honest subsistence; but it should be, so far as the procuring

* See Captain Sullivan's Evidence before the Lords, especially qu. 500-502.

of it is independent of their own exertions, a bare subsistence, on which the honest labourer, however humble his own lot, can look without envy. Apart, however, from the moral objections of various kinds which attach to the suggestion just mentioned, the economical ones, which have been developed in respect to the too cheap disposal of the crown-lands in Australia, apply to it in all their force. Taking every thing into account, we believe that the Committee of the Lords came to a wise decision when they resolved, "That according to the evidence before this Committee, it would not be desirable to send convicted prisoners to the Falkland Islands." Of the countless other localities which have been named, by those who knew little about them, to those who knew less,—the Gulf of Carpentaria, Northern Australia, Hudson's Bay Territory, Vancouver's Island, &c.,—we need say nothing, because, by common consent, they are altogether out of the question. Political considerations and peculiarities of soil,—one or the other, or both,—present insuperable obstacles to converting them into penal colonies.

We have now reviewed the main features of recent convict-systems, and discussed the expediency or feasibility of proposed legislation. The conclusion which we derive from the facts to which our attention has been called is, that transportation has had a fair, a too patient trial; that it has altogether failed; that this failure, though aggravated occasionally by incidental causes, was yet inherent in the nature of the punishment itself, from which no permanent good to our dependencies, or real relief to ourselves, or opportunity of reform to the convicts, can ever be expected. Further, if all this be questioned, the indisputable fact still remains, that we have no colony at once fitted and willing to receive the sweepings of our gaols. The alternative to which we are compelled, therefore, is, to keep our convicts at home, and make the best of them. Till we recognise this as inevitable, no good will be done. We regret that Ministers should have thought fit to amuse the public mind with hopes (which they themselves evidently do not share) of a renewal and extension of transportation. In this way they manage to put off for a time the necessity of grappling with a great social problem; but the difficulty will increase with delay. Without entering into details, for which we have no space, and which would be premature at present, we believe that the development and extended application of the system successfully pursued in our convict-prisons, and its adoption in all places of confinement in the kingdom, is a step which it is very desirable, and will be soon found needful, to take. Sir G. Grey's proposal to legalise sentences of penal servitude for terms of two years and more, is an advance in the direction indi-

cated; but it is only a very slight advance. More than 70,000 criminals are annually sentenced to less than six months' confinement. They are imprisoned in our county and borough gaols, where they are supported and yet further demoralised at the public expense. The terms of detention now usual are too short to allow of any effectual reformatory influences, if such could exist in provincial prisons as at present administered. By the establishment of industrial prisons of various kinds in the several districts of the kingdom, the great mass of English offenders might be made to defray the cost of their own maintenance while in custody, and perhaps something more. This is no mere hypothesis. Though a result never yet accomplished in England, it has been achieved elsewhere. "In the gaols of Massachusetts, in the United States," says Mr. Pearson, "the prisoners, out of the produce of their industry, maintained themselves and their keepers, paid for their diet, clothing, and bedding, for the repairs of the prison, and the salary of every officer, from the governor down to the lowest turnkey; and by the sale of surplus productions they were enabled to present each prisoner, on his discharge, with four dollars and a new suit of clothes—to create a sinking-fund to liquidate the cost of constructing the building, and to subscribe a considerable sum to that excellent institution, the Boston Prison Discipline Society."* Effects scarcely less successful have been realised in Belgium and France; in the Spanish prison of Valencia, under Colonel Montesinos; and at Munich, by M. Obermaier.

Hard labour during detention would, as we have on another occasion urged, have both a deterring and reforming effect, in addition to its economical advantages. No doubt a considerable outlay would be requisite at first; but it would be money well invested. No doubt it would be difficult to find fit officers for as many industrial prisons as would be needed if the system were all at once introduced; but by trying the experiment (if it can be so named, after its proved success in the United States and on the Continent) in one or two districts, and extending it as its usefulness became manifest, a training school would be formed for future officers, the number of whom might be proportioned to the demand for them. Whether the prisons should be mainly agricultural, or in any cases fitted up rather for manufactures and the practice of mechanical arts, is a question which need not be entered on now. The general principle once granted, that convicts must be kept at home, and made self-supporting, experience will gradually show the best means of securing these ends. We should have, we believe, comparatively few recommitments. Prisoners on their discharge would still have obstacles to

* Letter to the Lord Mayor, pp. 35, 36.

contend with, but to a degree much less than at present. They would be fitter for work, and more inclined to it, than now is ordinarily the case; and this being known, they would meet with readier employment. The formation of patronage-societies would no doubt be a useful aid to many discharged offenders, and, by affording timely assistance, might prevent relapses into crime otherwise inevitable. But though a valuable appendage, such societies do not form a part of a judicious scheme of secondary punishments, and are therefore beyond the scope of our subject; our remarks on which we conclude with the following forcible reflections of Mr. Pearson :

“If the honest millions, as they pass through life, can, and do, during what is recognised as the producing age, not only provide for their own wants, but create a large surplus, by which the non-producing classes are supported and the institutions of society are maintained, it surely ought not to be endured that any portion of the same race, and of the producing age, . . . should be permitted to renounce their allegiance to the fundamental law of their existence, and declare in practice, that by the sweat of the face of other men, they will eat of earth's choicest fruits.

The only rational, merciful, and effectual corrective of such offenders against all laws, human and divine, is, I repeat, to classify and place them in secure prisons, surrounded by lofty and substantial walls, to subject them week by week to seventy, or, at least, sixty hours of useful and profitable work, to allow them sixty, or at most, seventy hours for food, rest, cleanliness, and their other bodily requirements; to give them twenty-eight hours with means and opportunities for mental, moral, and spiritual instruction, and for the public and private worship of God.* . . . If any Government having thus placed at its disposal annually the hundred millions of hours of confiscated labour, which 30,000 criminals would yield, cannot make the class not only self-supporting, but productive of a surplus for the future benefit of those who produce it, such a Government would be pronounced by men of business unfit to be at the head of a great manufacturing and commercial people.”†

* Of course we do not insist on the exact distribution of time which recommends itself to Mr. Pearson.

† Letter to the Lord Mayor, pp. 30, 31.

ART. III.—THE CLUBS OF LONDON.

Miscellanies: Prose and Verse. By W. M. Thackeray. Vol. I.

The Book of Snobs. London: Bradbury and Evans.

Handbook of London, Past and Present. By Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. London: John Murray.

Letters of Horace Walpole. Complete Edition. Edited by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. Vols. I. and II. London: Bentley.

WHY does not some great author write the "Mysteries of the Club-Houses; or, St. James's Street unveiled?" asks the great historiographer of the snobs. Considering the magnificent figure those palaces of Pall Mall make in our metropolis,—the celebrities, social, political, and literary, included in their thousands of members,—the associations which float about the older of them, as White's and Brookes's, Boodle's and Arthur's,—the stateliness of their decorations, the luxuriousness of their upholstery, the elaborateness of their kitchens,—it has always puzzled us why "the Clubs of London" have not been more written about. We only know of one book under that title;* and a very miserable book it is. The first volume is made up of threadbare stories of Brookes's, dully, pertly, inaccurately, and lengthily told; with irrelevant chapters on Irish bulls, the Irish peasantry, and fighting Fitzgerald. The second volume comprises a hundred-and-thirty pages of tedious personality about the sublime Society of the Beefsteaks; a chapter on the Hole-in-the-Wall Club at Norwich; another on "the King of Clubs," the least intolerable part of the book; and a collection of supplementary anecdotes,—the new ones not good, and the good ones not new. The Clubs of London deserve a historian of a very different kind from the Irish bookseller's hack; in which class, from internal evidence, we should rank the author of this trashy compilation.

Properly comprehended, the history of London Clubs is the history of London manners since the Restoration. Nay, tracing the Club to its antecedents, we fairly get back to Shakespeare's London, with what Ben Jonson's Tom Barber calls its four cardinal quarters of news—

"The Court, St. Paul's, Exchange, and Westminster Hall."

The Club now-a-days, in fact, is for your man-about-town what the staple of news, the ordinary, and the tobacco-office, together,

* The Clubs of London; with Anecdotes of their Members, Sketches of Character, and Conversations. In 2 vols. London: Colburn, 1828.

were for the gallant of the seventeenth century. Old Dekker, in his *Gull's Horn-Book*, was writing *The Book of Snobs* of his day. Just as The Snobographer describes old Jawkins in the coffee-room of "the No-Surrender," waving the Standard, swaggering, and haranguing ; or Spitfire, great upon foreign affairs, and oracular on the treasons of Lord Palmerston and the designs of Russia ; or Fawney, sidling along in his shiny boots, with his endless greasy simper, and his profound interest in every body's business ; or Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur growling together in a corner about sporting matters ; or Wiggle and Waggle, the lady-killers ; or Captain Shindy, throwing all the club into an uproar about the quality of his mutton-chop ;—so the Elizabethan humorist, in his chapter, "How a Gallant should behave himself in an Ordinary," depicts the Paul's captain bragging about the Portugal, Cadiz, or Island voyage, or vaunting his employments in Ireland and the Low Countries, and "publishing his languages" for the benefit of the untravelled listeners ; the courtier, with his politic discourse of great lords ; and the poet, "after a turn or two in the room, pulling out his gloves, with an epigram, satire, or sonnet fastened in one of them." Thackeray paints not more minutely the affectations and table-habits of our own Club coffee-rooms, than Dekker the humours of the Ordinary, the handling of the tobacco-box, "the whiff," "the ring," and all the other tricks of taking your right Trinidado ; the carving, the criticism, and the dicing,—till "the parings of fruit and cheese are in the voider ; cards and dice lie stinking in the fire ; the guests are all up ; the gilt rapiers ready to be hanged ; and the French lackey and the Irish footboy shrugging at the doors with their masters' hobby-horses, to ride to the new play."

Have any of our readers ever speculated on the etymology of the word "club," or asked themselves whether it points to the entertainment or the bill ? Do we arrive at it by way of the old 'prentice-cry of "Clubs ! Clubs !" —in allusion to the good-fellowship of those who "club" together to eat, drink, and be merry ; or, as that respectable authority, Skinner, maintains, through the Anglo-Saxon *clifian*, *cleofian* (our "cleave"), from the division of the reckoning among the guests round the table ? As *clifian* and its English equivalent include the correlative meanings "to stick together" and "to separate," we may perhaps be allowed to take either view, *pace etymologorum*.

We are not aware of any example earlier than the Restoration of the word being used in the sense of a social gathering. The first "club" we read of is an association, not of roystering Cavaliers, but of sober Puritans. This was the "Rota," or "Coffee Club," as Pepys calls it, which met in New Palace

Yard, "where they take water, the next house to the staires, at one Miles's; where was made purposely a large oval table, with a passage in the middle for Miles to deliver his coffee." Round this table, "in a room every evening as full as it could be crammed" (says Aubrey), sat Milton and Marvell, Cyriac Skinner, Harrington, Nevill, and their friends, discussing abstract political questions, like members of the Union at Oxford and Cambridge. Hither, in January 1660,—the same month in which Monk marched across the Tweed in defiance of the Rump,—came Pepys, and "heard very good discourse in answer to Mr. Harrington's answer, who said that the state of the Roman government was not a settled government; and so it was no wonder the balance of prosperity was in one hand and the command in another, it being therefore always in a posture of war: but it was carried by ballot that it was a steady government, though, it is true, by the voices it had been carried before that it was an unsteady government. So to-morrow it is to be proved by the opponents that the balance lay in one hand, and the government in another." The Clubs we hear of at that time were all political. Besides the Rota, there was the old Royalist club, "the Sealed Knot," which the year before the Restoration had organised a general insurrection in favour of the king. Unluckily, they had a spy among them—Sir Richard Willis—who had long fingered Cromwell's money as one of his private "intelligencers;" and the leaders, on his information, were arrested, and committed to prison. There was the "King Club," all the members of which were called "King." Then there were doubtless Rump Clubs by dozens; and on the other side the Calf's-Head Clubs, which continued into the next century. The flaming Jacobite who wrote the secret history* of this club in 1703, ascribes its institution to "Milton, and some other creatures of the Commonwealth." But he very likely confounded the Calf's-Head with the Rota. The Calf's-Head Club had no fixed house for meeting, but removed their quarters as they saw convenient. In 1695 their place of assemblage was in a blind alley about Moorfields, where, on the 30th of January in that year, Jerry White, Cromwell's old chaplain, said grace after the anniversary dinner. The cloth removed, a calf's-skull filled with wine was set on the table, and an "anthem" was sung while a brimmer went about to the pious memory of him that killed the tyrant.† "Some

* Harleian Miscellany, vol. viii.

† See "Toland's Invitation to Dismal to dine with the Calf's-Head Club," published among Swift's poems:

"While an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast 'Confusion to the race of kings.'"

persons that frequent the Black Boy in Newgate Street," says our historian ominously, "know this account to be true." Parties ran high when this was written: Defoe stood in the pillory that year for his pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*. The authorship of "A Calf's-Head Anthem" might have procured the same distinction for Mr. Benjamin Bridgewater, the laureate of the club. The specimens of these lyrics given in the secret history are sorry doggrel enough. In the best of them, alluding to the observance of the day by zealous Royalists as a solemn fast, Benjamin Bridgewater sings:

" They and we this day observing,
Differ only in one thing :
They are canting, whining, starving ;
We, rejoicing, drink and sing.
Advance the emblem of the action,
Set the calf's-head full of wine ;
Drinking ne'er was counted faction,
Men and gods adore the vine."

While the old party-hates lasted, and bloody retaliation was to be feared, according as Whig or Tory came uppermost, political clubs continued to flourish. Free speech was dangerous in mixed assemblies. Cromwell had introduced the detestable practice of employing paid spies. Spies continued to be employed—though probably they went unpaid—under Charles II. The history of the Popish plots, and the execution of Russell and Sidney, show how little protection was in law. Things were no better under James. Judges were disbenched, bishops sent to the Tower, fellows of colleges expelled, colonels and captains broke, and writers pilloried, for the utterance of opinions adverse to absolute power. The atrocities of Jeffreys, the horrors of the Bloody Assize, can never be forgotten. William was, happily, averse to blood-shedding; and no lives, except those of the men who participated in the assassination-plot, were forfeited for political offences in his reign. For most of the years during which Queen Anne sat on the throne men in high places were traitors at heart, and not likely to punish treason severely in others.

The non-renewal of the Licensing Act in 1694 had released the press from the last restraint of censorship;—indeed, the writers under Anne carried freedom to license. We should hardly have regretted the suppression, even by a licenser, of the detestable filth and profanity of such ribalds as Tom D'Urfey, Tom Brown, and Ned Ward. It is true, we have to thank them for some knowledge of the town; but he that walks under their guidance must pick his way through ordure. They have an unsavoury instinct for dirt; they will go a mile about to roll in it.

The comic writers of the Restoration are immoral enough ; but there is some grace in their most offensive productions. In the works of Brown and Ward all is unredeemed scurrility, obscenity, and blackguardism. There is no good without its accompanying evil. With increasing freedom of opinion and expression, came freer social intercourse. Politics, under Anne, had grown a smaller and less dangerous game than in the preceding century. The original political clubs, of the Commonwealth, the Protectorate, and the Restoration, plotted revolutions of government. The Parliamentary clubs, after the Revolution of 1688, manœuvred for changes of administration. The high-flying Tory, country gentleman and county member, drank the health of the king,—sometimes over the water-decanter,—and flustered himself with bumpers in honour of Dr. Sacheverell and the Church of England, with true-blue spirits of his own kidney, at the October Club. The two hundred squires who, under this name, met at the Bell Tavern, in King Street, Westminster, gave infinite trouble to the Tory administration which came into office under the leadership of Harley, St. John, and Harcourt, in 1710. The administration were for proceeding moderately with their rivals, and for gradually replacing opponents by partisans. The October Club were for immediately impeaching every leader of the Whig party, and for turning out, without a day's grace, every placeman who did not wear their colours and shout their cries. Swift was employed to talk over those of the Club who were amenable to reason ;* but there were many red-hot "tantivies," for whose tipsy loyalty and hiccupping Anglicanism the October Club was not thorough-going enough. They seceded from the original body, and formed the "March Club,"—more Jacobite, more Anglican, more rampant in its hatred of the Whigs, than the society from which it branched.

The Whig leaders, on their part, had their Club in Shire Lane, at the house of a famous mutton-pieman, one Christopher Katt ; from whom the club, and the pies that formed a standing dish at the club-suppers, both took their name of "Kit-Kat." The portraits of the members were all painted for old Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, and secretary of the club, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, on canvases of a uniform size, 36 inches by 28, since known among portrait-painters as "kit-kat" size.† It is hard to believe, as we pick our way along the narrow and filthy path-

* There are allusions to such negotiations in more than one passage of the *Journal* for 1711.

† These pictures, forty-two in number, were left by Tonson, at his death, in 1736, to his great-nephew, who died in 1767 ; from whom they passed to his brother's house at Water-Oakley, near Windsor, and subsequently to the house of Mr. Baker, in Hertingfordbury, where, we believe, they still remain.

way of Shire Lane, that in this blind alley, some hundred-and-fifty years ago, used to meet many of the finest gentlemen and choicest wits of the days of Queen Anne and the first George. Inside one of those frowsy and low-ceiled rooms,—now tenanted by abandoned women, or devoted to the sale of greengroceries and small coal,—Halifax has conversed and Somers unbent, Addison mellowed over a bottle, Congreve flashed his wit, Vanbrugh let loose his easy humour, Garth talked and rhymed. The Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, Marlborough, and Newcastle; the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Sir Robert Walpole, Granville, Maynwaring, Stepney, and Walsh,*—all belonged to the Kit-Kat. The Club was literary and gallant, as well as political. The members subscribed four hundred guineas for the encouragement of good comedies, in 1709. Its toasting-glasses, each inscribed with a verse to some "toast"† or reigning beauty of the time, were long famous. The beauties have returned to dust, the glasses are long since shivered; but the verses remain. Among those they celebrate are the four shining daughters of the Duke of Marlborough,—Lady Godolphin, Lady Sunderland, Lady Bridgewater, and Lady Monthermer; Swift's friends, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Barton, the lovely and witty niece of Sir Isaac Newton; the Duchess of Bolton, Mrs. Brudenell, Lady Carlisle, Mrs. Di Kirk, and Lady Wharton.‡ Dr. B. (whoever he may be) celebrates the majestic Bolton:

"Flat contradictions wage in Bolton war,
Yet her the toasters as a goddess prize;
Her Whiggish tongue does zealously declare
For freedom, but for slavery her eyes."

Lord Halifax, as of right, devotes his diamond more than once to Mrs. Barton:

"Beauty and wit strove, each in vain,
To vanquish Bacchus and his train;
But Barton, with successful charms,
From both their quivers drew her arms.
The roving god his sway resigns,
And awfully submits his vines."

Mr. Maynwaring neatly insinuates his compliment to Marlborough under cover of this quatrain to his eldest daughter:

* We take this list from the article "Kit-Kat Club," in Mr. Cunningham's *Handbook to London*, the name of which we have prefixed to this article. To this most accurate and amusing work we have throughout this article resorted so freely, that special acknowledgment of our obligations would be tedious. There is no book extant giving so compendiously a history of the capital and its manners.

† The expression dates from the time of the Kit-Kat.

‡ Nichol's *Select Collection of Poems*, vol. v., 1782. See, too, Lord Halifax's *Poems*.

"Godolphin's easy and unpractised air
Gains without art, and governs without care.
Her conquering race with various fates surprise;
Who 'scape *their* arms are captive to *her* eyes."

The society of Queen Anne's reign groups itself principally under the heads of coffee-house, club, and tavern. The two first were closely allied, but the coffee-house was the elder institution. "The black and bitter drink called coffee," as Pepys describes it, was introduced into England by Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant, in 1657.* His friends flocked in such numbers to taste the new decoction, that he was compelled, in self-defence, to allow his servant, Pasqua Rosee, a Ragusan,—in partnership with one Bowman, coachman to Mr. Edwards's brother-in-law,—to set up the first coffee-house opened in London. It stood in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, and bore the sign of Pasqua's own head. Before 1715, the number of coffee-houses in London was reckoned at two thousand. Every profession, trade, class, party, had its favourite coffee-house. The lawyers discussed law or literature, criticised the last new play, or retailed the freshest Westminster-Hall "bite" at Nando's or the Grecian, both close on the purlieus of the Temple. Here the young bloods of the Inns of Court paraded their Indian gowns and laced caps of a morning, and swaggered in their laced coats and Mechlin ruffles at night, after the theatre. The cits met to discuss the rise and fall of stocks, and to settle the rate of insurances at Garraway's or Jonathan's; the parsons exchanged university gossip, or commented on Dr. Sacheverell's last sermon at Truby's or at Child's in St. Paul's Churchyard; the soldiers mustered to grumble over their grievances at Old or Young Man's, near Charing Cross; the St. James's and the Smyrna were the head-quarters of the Whig politicians, while the Tories frequented the Cocoa-Tree or Ozinda's, all in St. James's Street; Scotchmen had their house of call at Forrest's, Frenchmen at Giles's or old Slaughter's in St. Martin's Lane; the gamesters shook their elbows in White's, and the Chocolate-houses, round Covent Garden; the *virtuosi* honoured the neighbourhood of Gresham College; and the leading wits gathered at Will's, Button's, or Tom's, in Great Russell Street, where after the theatre, was playing at piquet and the best of conversation till midnight. At all these places, except a few of the most aristocratic coffee or chocolate-houses of the West End, smoking was allowed. A penny was laid down at the bar on entering, and the price of a dish of tea or coffee seems to have been twopence: this charge covered newspapers and lights. The established frequenters of the house had their

* D'Israeli (*Curiosities of Literature*) says 1652.

regular seats, and special attention from the fair lady at the bar and the tea or coffee boys. Mr. Ironside designs to begin his exact character of all the politicians who frequent any of the coffee-houses from St. James's to the 'Change by "that cluster of wise-heads, as they are found sitting every evening from the left side of the Smyrna to the door." Dryden's winter-chair by the fire, and his summer-chair on the balcony, at Will's, should be remembered by all who pass under the windows of No. 1, Bow Street, on the west side. One loves to picture the glorious old man on his throne, under a bright summer sunset, with the brilliant young wits about him, proud of the honour of dipping a finger and thumb into his snuffbox. It was at Button's, on the south side of Russell Street, about two doors from Covent Garden, "over against Tom's," that Ambrose Phillips hung up the birch-rod meant for the chastisement of Alexander Pope. This house was Addison's headquarters, as Will's had been John Dryden's. Here Captain Steele set up the Lion's Head, to receive contributions for the *Guardian*. To these coffee-houses men of all classes, who had either leisure or money, resorted to spend both; and in them politics, play, scandal, criticism, and business, went on hand in hand. The transition from coffee-house to club was easy. Thus Tom's (one of the haunts of the wits), a coffee-house till 1764, in that year, by a guinea subscription* among nearly seven hundred of the nobility, foreign ministers, gentry, and geniuses of the age, became the card-room and place of meeting for the subscribers exclusively. In the same way, doubtless, White's and the Cocoa-Tree changed their character from chocolate-house to club, the former about 1736, the latter several years later. When once a house had customers enough of standing and good repute, and acquainted with each other, it was quite worth while,—considering the characters who, on the strength of assurance, tolerable manners, and a laced coat, often got a footing in these houses while they continued open to the public,—to purchase the power of excluding all but subscribers. When M'Lean and Plunket, two dashing highwaymen, were taken in 1750, Horace Walpole writes, "M'Lean had a lodging in St. James's Street, over against White's, and another at Chelsea; Plunket one in Jermyn Street; and their faces are as known about St. James's as any gentleman's who lives in that quarter, who perhaps goes upon the road too." We all remember the figure of the highwayman, in Hogarth's gambling scene at White's, with the pistols peeping out of his pocket, waiting by the fireside till the

* William Till, *Descriptive Particulars of English Coronation-Medals* (quoted by Mr. Cunningham).

heaviest winner takes his departure, in order to "recoup" himself of his losings.* The conversion of chocolate-house into club was, moreover, the best protection against foul play. Wherever there is public gambling, there will be rooks as well as pigeons. The "knights of the industry" in that day were masters of their craft. "Considering," says Puckle, "the combinations of gamesters; their tricks to make their bubbles drunk, very drunk, and then to put upon them the doctors, the fulloms, loaded dice, flats, bars, cuts, high-slipped, low-slipped, chain dice,† &c.; that besides false dice, there are several sorts of false boxes; that, supposing both box and dice fair, gamesters have the top-peep, eclipse, thumbing, &c.;‡ that by long practice, sharpers can, from conveniences in pockets, caps, sleeves, rolls of stockings, &c., change cards and dice with a *deceptio visus* as nimbly as jugglers water from cup to cup;— how strangely infatuated are men, who, simply committing their gains to mere chance, throw away their estates, and entail want upon their issue!" But however bad might be the gambling under Queen Anne and George I. in the public chocolate-houses of St. James's Street or Covent Garden,—we shall see it grow infinitely worse during the sober reign of George III. in the aristocratic clubs, where the exclusion of professional black-legs seems only to have made the stakes higher and the players more desperate. Steele, who had no doubt bled but too freely, devoted many numbers of the *Tatler* to the exposure of these chocolate-house sharpers, and ran no slight risk of assassination from some of the Aces and Cutters he showed up. But Honest Dick was known to be a master of his weapon, and a true Irishman in his defiance of danger; so he carried home his skinful of claret unpinked from many a heavy bout at Button's with Addison, Brett, and Budgell, to poor Mrs. Steele in Bury Street.

To understand the large part which club and coffee-house filled in the life of those days, we have but to refer to those delightful essays which have helped to make the times of Queen Anne almost as familiar to us as our own. Who does not remember the Ugly Club; the Everlasting Club; the Club of She Rumps (bless them!); the Parish Clerks' and Lawyers' Clubs; and above all, the Spectator's own Club,—with that most lovable personage of all fiction, dear, honest, simple, kindly Sir Roger de Coverley, for its central figure? Steele and Addison were

* "Ha'n't I seen your face at White's?" asks Aimwell of Gibbet in the *Beaux Stratagem*. "Ay, and at Will's too," is the highwayman's answer.

† All slang names of various kinds of loaded or "faked" dice, made to throw particular combinations of numbers only.

‡ Different modes of "securing" the dice in the box, so as to make them fall at the caster's will.

confirmed club-men, tavern-haunters, and coffee-house gossips. Mrs. Steele, it is to be feared, had but little of her Dick's company at any time. The tavern in Kensington is still standing to which Addison used to steal away from the grandeur of Holland House, and the society of his countess, to enjoy a solitary bottle and muse over old times. It was just after Queen Anne's accession that Swift made acquaintance with the leaders of the wits at Button's. Ambrose Phillips has told the story of the strange clergyman whom the frequenters of the coffee-house had observed for some days. He knew no one, no one knew him. He would lay his hat down on a table, and walk up and down at a brisk pace for half-an-hour without speaking to any one, or seeming to pay attention to any thing that was going forward. Then he would snatch up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk off, without having opened his lips. The frequenters of the room had christened him "the mad parson." One evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times upon a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country. At last Swift advanced towards this bucolic gentleman as if intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what the dumb parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman; and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you know any good weather in the world?" After staring a little at the singularity of Swift's manner and the oddity of the question, the gentleman answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say: I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well."*

There was surely something in this *début* ominous of Swift's terrible ending,—“dead at the top,” as he said, comparing himself to the blasted tree. In his *Journal to Stella*, we see the upward progress of Swift, from the coffee-house and tavern to dinners with my Lord-Treasurer, and suppers with Mr. Secretary, where he chooses his own company. By 1711 he had grown cool to his old Whig friends Steele and Addison,—much to his regret as far as the latter was concerned,—and was a stranger at the St. James's, always a Whig house. “I think I have altered for the better,” he writes to Stella in May of that year. In fact, he was now the foremost pamphleteer and most trusted counsellor of the Tory administration. But Whig or Tory, he was always “clubable.” “I went in the evening to

* Sheridan's Life of Swift.

see Mr. Harley," he writes, May 5, 1711; "and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back; and there was the old Saturday Club,—Lord-Keeper, Lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley, and I." This was the same club to which he refers in January 1713: "I dined with Lord-Treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping day. It is always on Saturday; and we do indeed usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor Lord Rivers, Lord-Keeper, and Lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesey, Lord-Steward, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and, indeed, many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it." In this same year, he was intrusted with the duty of framing the rules of the Brothers' Club. On the 21st June 1711, he informs Stella, "I went at noon to see Mr. Secretary at his office, and there was Lord-Treasurer; so I killed two birds, and we were glad to see one another, and so forth, &c. And the Secretary and I dined at Sir William Wyndham's, who married Lady Catherine Seymour, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my absence they had erected a club, and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest and add to against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday. We are yet but twelve. Lord-Keeper and Lord-Treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. Secretary, though their sons are of it: and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the Duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our club is, to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we began, no other club in this town will be worth talking of." Afterwards, however, he prefers to call "the Brothers" a society, and not a club. The journal about this time is very full of brothers Arran and Dupplin, Masham and Ormond, Bathurst and Harcourt, Orrery and Jack Hill, and other Tory magnates of the society. Swift was now in the heyday of his influence.* "I was at court and

* Dr. Kennet's *Diary* gives us an amusing picture of Swift's self-importance: "1713. Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from every body but me. When I came to the antechamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother the Duke of Ormond to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in gaol, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my Lord-Treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of 200*l.* per annum as

church to-day, as I was this day se'nnight," he tells Stella. "I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room; and am so proud, I make all the lords come up to me. One passes half-an-hour pleasant enough." No doubt of that. Very pleasant, too, he found it, entertaining his "brothers" at the Thatched House Tavern,* at the cost of seven good guineas;—he has almost a mind to send Stella the bill. "We were but eleven to-day," he writes to her (February 1712). "We are now, in all, nine lords and ten commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby, to be a member; but I opposed it so warmly that it was waved. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys; and we want but two to make up our number. I stayed till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The Duke of Ormond's treat last week cost 20*l.*, though it was only four dishes, and four without a dessert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord-Treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant; and the wine was not reckoned neither, for that is always brought by him that is president." Afterwards they shifted their dinners from the Thatched House to the Star and Garter "on the Pall Mall." One day President Arbuthnot gives the society a dinner dressed in the queen's kitchen, mighty fine. "We eat it in Ozinda's coffee-house, just by St. James's. We were never merrier or better company, and did not part till after eleven." In May, we hear "how fifteen of our society dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parson's Green last Thursday. I never saw any thing so fine and romantic." Beside political "squibbing" one object of the Brothers was, to buy over pens and partisans for the ministry. "Our society

minister of the English Church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq. going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my Lord-Treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant to be sent abroad; and took out his pocket-book, and wrote down several things, as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch; and, telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said 'he was too fast.' 'How can I help it,' says the doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which 'he must have them all subscribe; for,' says he, 'the author *shall not* begin to print till *I* have a thousand guineas for him. Lord-Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him. Both went off just before prayers."

* "I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let 'The Prophecy' be published for fear of angering the Queen about the Duchess of Somerset: so I went to the printer to stop them." *Journal*, Dec. 24.—*Ibid.* Dec. 26: "I entertained our society at the Thatched House Tavern. The printer had not received my letter, and so brought us a dozen copies of 'The Prophecy'; but I ordered him to part with no more. It is an admirable good one, and people are mad for it."

does not meet now, as usual; for which I am blamed"—he writes in 1713—"but till Lord-Treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it; and he gives us nothing but promises." "We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven to consult about doing *some good*. I proposed another message to Lord-Treasurer by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person; and they are to urge it as well as they can." Was this certain person an author in distress, or a Whig pamphleteer to be bought over? Perhaps both characters may have concurred. Corruption in those days too often did the work of charity. They were strange times, when Harrison the secretary of embassy who brought over the Barrier Treaty from Utrecht,—“my own creature,” as Swift calls him,—with a salary of 1000*l.* a-year, of which not a farthing was paid him, confessed to Swift he had not a penny in his pocket to pay for the coach which the doctor found waiting for him, “and intended to borrow the money some way or other.” This Harrison was a *protégé* of Swift’s, who describes him, in 1710, as “a young fellow we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university; a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good-nature.” He was then governor to one of the Duke of Queensberry’s sons, at forty pounds a-year; which was all he had to live on. Swift interfered between him and the thoughtless extravagance of the men-about-town with whom he associated, set him up “as a new Tatler,” corrected his first essays, found him a printer, and in 1711 procured him the appointment of secretary at the Hague, when Mr. St. John made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. Less than two years had elapsed,—on the 11th of February 1713, Swift, returning from a dinner with the Brothers at Jack Hill’s (at which Swift gave the club an account of sixty guineas he had collected to give away to two authors the next day, and at which the Lord-Treasurer promised him 100*l.* to reward some others), found on his table a letter to tell him poor little Harrison was ill, and desired to see him. He went in the morning, found him suffering from fever and inflammation in the lungs, harassed and penniless; got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order on the Treasury for 100*l.* of his arrears of salary, and removed him to Knightsbridge for the air. In his journal of the 14th he writes: “I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door. My mind misgave me. I knocked; and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour

before. Think what grief this is to me ! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord-Treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I would not dine with Lord-Treasurer, nor any where else ; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loss ever grieved me so much : poor creature !”

Only the day before he had been to see “a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper,* in a nasty garret, very sick ;” and had given him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke. Mr. Thackeray, in his *Lectures on the English Humorists*, deals savagely with Swift. He talks of his bitterness, scorn, rage, and subsequent misanthropy. It would be well, when we read that lecture, to remember such acts of Swift’s as these to Harrison and Diaper, or as this deed without a name from the journal of March 30, 1713 : “I was naming some time ago to a certain person another certain person that was very deserving and poor and sickly ; and the other, that first certain person, gave me 100*l.* to give the other, which I have not yet done. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it ; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise.”

Surely the man who would thus enjoy in anticipation a kind action done to an entire stranger had more goodness in his nature than Mr. Thackeray allows to Swift.

The printer regularly attended the dinners of “the Brothers.”† At one dinner we learn how the Chancellor of the Exchequer sent Mr. Adisworth, the author of the *Examiner*, twenty guineas.

One of the best-beloved of “the Brothers” was Colonel—or, as he was commonly called, “Duke”—Disney : “a fellow of abundance of humour,” says Swift, writing to Stella in 1713 ; “an old battered rake, but very honest : not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid-of-honour, who is a little old, ‘that since she could not get a

* “The author of the *Sea Eclogues*, poems of mermen, resembling pastorals and shepherds ; and they are very pretty ; and the thought is new . . . I think to recommend him to our society to-morrow. P— on him ! I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise ; but when they do rise, I would encourage them ; but they tread on our heels, and thrust us off the stage.” *Journal to Stella*, March 2, 1713.

† “There was printed a Grub-Street speech of Lord Nottingham, and he was such an owl to complain of it in the House of Lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at Court that Walpole (a great Whig member) said that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies : and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him.” *Journal to Stella*, Dec. 18, 1711.

“To-day I published ‘The Fable of Midas,’ a poem printed on a loose half-sheet of paper. I know not how it will take ; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night.” *Journal to Stella*, Feb. 14, 1711-12.

husband, the queen should give her brevet to act as a married woman." The journal to Stella closes in June 1713, leaving Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at Chester, on his way to Holyhead. Next year he was again in London, and had formed, with Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, the "Scriblerus Club," to which the world owes those most humorous fragments of satire on human learning which go under the name of the erudite Martinus,—*The Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of the Parish*, written in ridicule of Burnet's *History of his own Times*, and perhaps the germs of *Gulliver*. The dispersion of the club prevented the completion of Scriblerus, and robbed the world of much notable humour.

So completely during the first quarter of the last century had society organised itself into clubs, that the *Spectator* tells us of "Street Clubs" formed by the inhabitants of the same street. The social qualities of the Street Club were considered as an element in determining the desirableness of lodgings. It is true, that the streets were so unsafe, that the nearer home a man's club lay, the better for his clothes and his purse. Even riders in coaches were not safe from mounted footpads, and from the danger of upsets in the huge ruts and pits which intersected the streets. The passenger who could not afford a coach, had to pick his way, after dark, along the dimly-lighted ill-paved thoroughfares, seamed by filthy open kennels, besprinkled from projecting spouts, bordered by gaping cellars, guarded by feeble old watchmen, and beset with daring street-robbers. But there were worse terrors of the night than the chances of a splashing or a sprain,—risks beyond those of an interrogatory by the watch, or of a "stand and deliver" from a footpad. As Gay sings in his *Trivia* :

"Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scattered pence the flying Nicker flings,
And with the copper-shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds and mischiefs, done
Where from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hooped within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus, to save his country, died."

It was no imaginary danger that convoked the lusty escort which attended Sir Roger de Coverley from his lodgings in Norfolk Street to the playhouse, and back again from the play-

house to his lodgings. Imagine, in these days of prompt policemen, rapid cabs, and unceremonious broughams, the good knight solemnly rolling towards Covent Garden in Captain Sentry's antediluvian coach, the fore-wheels new mended, with Mr. Spectator on his left, the captain before him, his Steinkirk sword by his side, and in the rear Sir Roger's faithful butler at the head of a troop of stalwart footmen, armed with "good oaken plants." Sir Roger, we are told, had thought himself fallen into the hands of the Mohocks but the night before. These Mohocks must not be omitted from any record of London Clubs. They were a society formed by young rakehells of the town,—successors to the "Muns" and "Tityre-tus" of the Restoration—when "a man could not go from the Rose Tavern to the Piazza once, but he must venture his life twice"—and the "Hectors" and "Scourers," who inherited the follies of the wild bloods in King Charles's merry days. The Hawkabites were a society of the same kidney; as were "the Pinkindindies" in Dublin. The *Spectator* tells us that the president of this nocturnal club was called "the Emperor of the Mohocks," and wore as his badge of office "a crescent, in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead." The avowed design of the institution was mischief; and the only qualification required in its members was, an outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures. After drinking themselves mad, these pleasant fellows would sally forth, knock down, stab, cut, and carbonado all peaceful passengers they could overtake. They had special barbarities, with peculiar names for them. "Tipping the lion" was squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with the fingers.* "Dancing-masters" were those "who taught their scholars to cut capers by running swords through their legs." "The Tumblers" amused themselves by setting women on their heads, and worse indecencies. "The Sweaters" worked in parties of half-a-dozen, surrounding their victims with the points of their swords; which done, the Sweater towards whom the patient was so rude as to turn his back pricked him in "that part whereon schoolboys are punished;" and as he veered round from the smart, each Sweater repeated this pinking operation. "After this jig has gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants, who carry with them instruments for that purpose—('oaken towels,' we presume)—and so discharged."†

* It is plain "gouging" is not of Transatlantic invention.

† Swift half-doubted of the danger, yet went in some apprehension of these gentlemen. He writes, just at the date of these *Spectators*, "Here is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub-Street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie ;

A royal proclamation against the Mohocks was issued on the 18th of March 1712. This blackguardism was not short-lived. It had originated with the Restoration. It continued till nearly the end of George I.'s reign. Smollett attributes the peculiar profaneness and profligacy of that period to the demoralisation produced by the South-Sea bubble. The successors of the Mohocks added blasphemy to riot. In 1721 an order in council was issued "for the suppression of blaspheming clubs." Peculiarly distinguished among these clubs for the rampancy of its debauchery and the daring of its wickedness was "the Hell-fire Club," of which the Duke of Wharton (Pope's duke)* was one of the leading spirits. So high did the tide of profaneness run at this time, that a bill was brought into the House of Lords for its suppression. It was in the debate on this bill that the Earl of Peterborough declared, that though he was for a Parliamentary king, he was against a Parliamentary religion; and that the Duke of Wharton pulled an old family Bible out of his pocket, in order to controvert certain arguments delivered from the episcopal bench.

Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough,—the friend of Pope, the and I begin to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late; and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already." *Journal to Stella*, March 12, 1712.

* "Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies.
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
Here shine a Tully and a Wilmot too;
That turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores:
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the beast appeared, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart.
Grown all to all; from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still to covet general praise,
His life to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade.
A fool, with more of thought than half mankind;
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves,
A rebel to the very thing he loves,—
He dies, an outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still, flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear that knaves should call him fool."

Mordanto* of Swift, that most meteoric of commanders and versatile of men,—in conjunction with Rich, the celebrated harlequin and patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, founded, in 1735, the sublime Society of Beefsteaks. We ought, perhaps, to apologise to the Society for introducing their name into an article on London Clubs, for they disclaim the appellation of “club.” But however heretical it may appear, we cannot consent to dis sever the Society from that earlier Beefsteak Club to which honest Dick Estcourt, the greatest mimic—and one of the pleasantest companions as well as kindest hearts—of his time, was *provedore*. Steele loved him; and has recorded his death, as only a kindred spirit could, in a *Spectator*, which leaves one in doubt whether one loves the writer or the subject of it best. Honest Downes, the prompter, calls Estcourt *histrionatus*. “He has the honour (nature endowing him with an easy, free, unaffected mode of elocution) in comedy always to *lætificate* his audience, especially the quality.” *Lætificate* is a good phrase. No doubt he *lætified* the customers, who were his companions too, at the Rummer, in Covent Garden, which he opened about a year before his death; thereby, as Tom Davies sagely remarks, “enlarging his acquaintance, while he shortened his days.” In his peculiarly *lætifying* character of *provedore* to the Beefsteak Club, “composed of the chief wits and greatest men of the nation,” Tom Davies describes Estcourt as wearing their badge, which was a small gridiron of gold, hung about his neck with a green-silk ribbon. The Duke of Marlborough did not disdain to eat many a steak in Dick Estcourt’s pleasant company, and was probably a member of the club. To the Beefsteak Club facetious Dr. King dedicates his *Art of Cookery*, written (1709) in imitation of Horace’s *Art of Poetry*. In this poem he has celebrated Dick Estcourt and the steaks, and Brawn, cook at the Rummer, in a style equally creditable to host, club, cook, and poet:

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- * “Mordanto fills the trump of fame;
 The Christian world his deeds proclaim;
 And prints are crowded with his name.
 In journeys he outrides the post;
 Sits up till midnight with his host;
 Talks politics, and gives the toast.
 A skeleton in outward figure;
 His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
 Would halt behind him, were it bigger.
 So wonderful his expedition,
 When you have not the least suspicion,
 He’s with you, like an apparition:
 Shines in all climates like a star;
 In senates bold, and fierce in war:
 A land-commandant and a tar.”

"He that of honour, wit, and mirth partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beefsteaks;
His name may be to future times enrolled
In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron's fram'd of gold."

The original Beefsteak Club has one especial distinction. So far as we know, it is the only London Club that ever enrolled a lady on its list. Peg Woffington, perhaps in tribute to the perfect grace with which she wore the breeches in Sir Harry Wildair, was an honorary member of the Beefsteak Club. We have already said, that we feel disposed to suspect a connection between the Society of Steaks and this, the original Beefsteak Club.* Even the Society's motto, "Steaks and liberty," we can scarcely call original: beef and liberty have always gone hand in hand. There was a political club in hot opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, in 1733-4, called the "Rumpsteak" or "Liberty" Club. The Society of Steaks, however, consider themselves as autochthons of Covent Garden, and refer their own rise to the date 1735, three years after the theatre had been opened by John Rich. That ingenious actor and manager, in 1732, had left for Covent Garden the playhouse in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, with his pockets replenished by the success of the *Beggars' Opera*, which had "made Gay rich and Rich gay," in the season of 1727. Rich introduced pantomime into this country, and was himself the greatest of Harlequins, which part he performed under the name of "Lun." Garrick says of him, in one of his prologues,

"When Lun appeared, with matchless art and whim,
He gave the power of speech to every limb;
Though masked and mute, conveyed his true intent,
And told in frolic gestures what he meant."

Rich was in the habit of arranging the comic business, and constructing the models of tricks, for his pantomimes, in his private room at the theatre. Lord Peterborough, as an appreciator of all forms of talent, was an acquaintance of his, and used to visit him at his work. Who shall say that he did not invent some of Rich's most wonderful tricks and transformations; perhaps, old as he then was, devise for Harlequin some peculiarly daring leap, or altogether original "animation business"? One Saturday, while Lord Peterborough was on such a visit, Rich's dinner-hour, two o'clock, arrived. Harlequins must be early diners. Rich began to lay his cloth, and to set on the gridiron for his own meal. Who was ever proof against the seductive

* To this connection we attribute what we must otherwise class as an inaccuracy, in Mr. Cunningham's article "Beefsteak Club," p. 451, where he inserts under that head two extracts, one from the *Connoisseur* for 1754, the other from a letter of Churchill to Wilkes, which both refer undoubtedly to the Society of Beefsteaks.

fragrance of a rumpsteak? Can we wonder that the sympathetic earl should have been tempted; that Harlequin by a wave of his wand should have converted "steak for one" into "steak for two," and called up a bottle of sound port from that magic bin, of which his own sword may have been whilom one of the laths? We all know the exquisite charm of such impromptus. So heartily did the earl enjoy Harlequin's steak and company, that an engagement was made for a similar entertainment the next Saturday, when the earl undertook to bring a friend or two. And so grew up the Saturday dinner of the sublime Society of Steaks.* Rich's gridiron luckily escaped, when Handel's original scores, the choice cellar of the Society, and its archives of good things said and sung, perished in the fire which laid Covent Garden low in 1808. Encircled with its motto, "Beef and liberty," that sacred gridiron—on which was broiled that father of all steaks, whereon dined the greatest of harlequins and the most dazzling of captains, on that memorable Saturday in 1735—still hangs from the ceiling of the Society's dining-room. This was at the top of Covent Garden Theatre till the catastrophe of 1808. The Society then migrated to the Bedford in the Piazza, and finally removed to their present *sanctum*, within the walls of the Lyceum theatre. In this room, described by Mr. Cunningham "as a little Escorial† in itself, with doors, wainscoting, and roof of good old English oak, ornamented with gridirons as thick as Henry VII.'s chapel with the portcullis of the founder," feed the sublime Society, every Saturday, from November till the end of June, on steaks—nothing but steaks. Such steaks! You eat them hot from the gridiron; and through a grating, itself a gridiron, you see the cooks plying their office. Over the grating you may read,

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

The liquors are limited in quality to port and punch, in quantity unlimited. The club-button bears the club-blazon,—a gridiron *fumant*, *odorant*. Song, give-and-take jest,—not always of the smoothest,—and fun,—the more rampant the welcomer,—follow the feast of steaks. There must have been something native to the heart of John Bull in "the Steaks;" for the Society still flourishes. The simple strength of the

* Edwards, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, ascribes the origin of the "Steaks" to Lambert, the scene-painter of Covent Garden; our account, we believe, is more consonant with the "Steaks" tradition. Perhaps Lambert was of the first party. Nothing can be more probable than that the scene-painter should have been closeted with the manager on such a business as the bringing out of a pantomime.

† Which gloomy palace, our readers will remember, is said to have been built on the model of St. Lawrence's gridiron.

sole viand, the soundness of the solitary wine, the unaffected heartiness of the post-prandial mirth, are all English. Bubb Doddington, Aaron Hill, Hoadley, the author of the *Suspicious Husband*, Leonidas Glover, The Colmans, Garrick, John Beard, the singer, its jolly president in 1784, are among the early celebrities of the Society. It was to "the Steaks" that Wilkes sent a copy of his infamous *Essay on Woman* (first printed for private circulation); for which Lord Sandwich—Jemmy Twitcher,—himself a member of the Society—moved in the House of Lords that Wilkes should be taken into custody. This was surely fouler treason, as the act of one brother of the Steaks against another, than even the trick of "dirty Kidgel," the clergyman, who, as a friend of the author, got a copy of the essay from the printer, and then felt it his duty to denounce the publication. But in this matter Jemmy Twitcher out-Sandwiched himself; for Walpole tells us he was himself expelled for blasphemy by the Steaks the same year he assailed Wilkes for the *Essay on Woman*. The grossness and blasphemy of the poem disgusted the Society; and Wilkes never dined there after 1763. When he went to France, however, he was made an honorary member. Churchill was introduced into the Society by his friend Wilkes: but his irregularities were too much for even that not most regular of companies; and his desertion of his wife created such a storm against him, that he soon found he must choose between resignation and expulsion. He resigned; but never forgave Lord Sandwich, to whom he attributed his forced retirement. Churchill's satire is not perfect enough in form to keep it alive, in spite of fleeting topics and temporary notorieties; but the lines in which he holds Sandwich up to scorn are not unworthy of Pope's most vigorous successor.* Garrick was an honoured member of the Steaks. Perhaps the hat and sword now among the *insignia* of the club were the identical ones he wore that night, when, announced for "Ranger" at Drury Lane, he lingered at the club so long, that the pit began to growl and the gallery to ring with the ominous call of, "Manager, manager!" Garrick had been sent for to Covent Garden, where the Steaks then dined. Carriages blocked up Russell Street, and detained

* "From his youth upwards to the present day,
When vices more than years have made him gray;
When riotous excess with wasteful hand
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand;
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,—
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought sin with greediness, and courted shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame."

him at the crossing. When he reached the theatre, he found Dr. Ford, one of the patentees, walking up and down in anxiety. As Garrick came panting in, "I think, David," said Ford, "considering the stake you and I have in this house, you might pay more attention to its business." "True, my good friend," returned Garrick; "but I was thinking of my steak in the other house." The number of the Steaks was increased from twenty-four to twenty-five in 1785, to admit the Prince of Wales. Arthur Murphy, the dramatist and translator of Tacitus, John Kemble, the Dukes of Clarence and of Sussex, were leading figures in their day. The Duke of Norfolk, equally celebrated for the girth of his paunch and the latitude of his political opinions, was the Silenus of the Beefsteak Bacchanalia. He used to eat his dish of fish in the Piazza Tavern hard by, before falling to on his meal of steaks, his consumption of which did not belie the promise of his appearance. Charles Morris was the laureate-lyrist of the Steaks. Two volumes of his songs were published in 1840. They are good specimens of their not particularly valuable class, mingling after-dinner hilarity with vinous sentiment,—the one about as genuine as the other,—in a sufficiently fluent style. The *Reasons for Drinking* is the best of his songs.* One or two of the stanzas have even a ring of genuine feeling. Besides the functions of bard, Captain Morris in his time discharged the high and onerous duty of punch-maker at the sideboard. Lord Brougham, among other parts well filled in his versatile life, was an excellent member of the sublime Society of Steaks, and a most gleeful gladiator in its wit-combats. William Linley (Sheridan's "brother Hozy") was for many years a butt of the Club. Dick Wilson, Eldon's port-wine-loving secretary, deserves to be mentioned, as a member, for the singularity of his fortunes. He was first steward and solicitor, and afterwards residuary legatee, of Lord Chedworth. He is said to have owed the favour of this eccentric nobleman to the legal acumen he displayed at a Richmond water-party. A pleasant lawn, under a spreading beech-tree, in one of Mr. Cambridge's meadows, was selected for the dinner; but on pulling to the shore, behold a board in the tree proclaiming, "All persons landing and dining here will be prosecuted according to law!" Dick Wilson contended that the prohibition clearly applied only to the joint act of "landing and dining" at the particular spot. If the party landed a few yards lower down, and then dined under the tree, only one member of the condition would be

* Captain Morris lived to nearly ninety, and appeared for the last time at the Steaks in 1835, when the Society presented him with a handsome silver bowl, and he acknowledged the honour in a kindly stave—his last chirrup, poor old boy!

broken; which would be no legal infringement, as the prohibition—being of two acts, linked by a copulative—was not severable. This astute argument carried the day. The party dined under Mr. Cambridge's beech-tree, and it is presumed were not "prosecuted according to law." At all events, Lord Chedworth, who was one of the diners, was so charmed with Dick's ready application of his law to practice, that he engaged him in the management of his large and accumulating property, of which, as we have said, Dick was ultimately left residuary legatee. His landed estates Lord Chedworth bequeathed to his apothecary. The will was disputed; but the sanity of the testator was maintained, even in the face of such gifts to his lawyer and his doctor. The will was of a piece with the oddity of the testator's life. Under the burden of an unjust accusation, Lord Chedworth had secluded himself from society, and spent his days in a small house in Ipswich market-place, in the study of law and Shakespeare. He used to frequent the Ipswich theatre; and at his death, several of the poor actors, to their delight and surprise, found themselves remembered in his will. "Old Walsh," commonly called "the Gentle Shepherd," claims notice, not only as one of the most venerable Beefsteakers of the first quarter of this century, and the established quintain for the Society to crack its jokes upon, but as one of the latest examples of a rise in the world no longer possible by the same ladder. He began life as a servant of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, and accompanied his natural son, Philip Stanhope, on the grand tour, as valet. After this, he was made a queen's messenger, and subsequently a Commissioner of customs. Patronage was patronage in those days; "plush" had a career before it barred in these degenerate times, when not even the great man's butler dare lift his hopes beyond an office-keeper's berth. Queen's messengers now-a-days are captains or colonels in her Majesty's service; Commissionerships of customs are the reward of long and distinguished public service; or, if they are occasionally given "on carpet consideration," it is to the sons, and not the valets, of cabinet-ministers. The Society of Beefsteaks—as a type of manners which, however "English," yet seem to be rapidly passing away—has occupied, perhaps, too much of our space. We do not propose to draw aside the curtain that shrouds its contemporary Saturnalia. We have named Lord Brougham, for he is beyond reach of carping or cavil. But for the rest, ex-chancellors, senators, and cabinet-ministers might object to being exhibited as first-rate hands at brewing punch, or as great in an after-dinner ditty; particularly if they happen at this moment to be driving four-in-hand reputations for

seriousness and solidity among the humbler gigs of Vanity Fair, to the credit of themselves, and the edification of their quondam associates.*

When Wilkes was attached by the Peers for breach of privilege, on account of the reflections on Warburton in his *Essay on Woman*, political clubs were in full swing. Brookes's, it is true, was in its infancy, having been founded that year under its original name of Almack's. The Opposition Club met in Albemarle Street, at the house that was Lord Waldegrave's.† The Ministerial Club was the Cocoa-Tree in St. James's Street,—the Tory chocolate-house of Queen Anne's day, by this time transformed into a club, as White's had been thirty years before.

We do not know the exact date at which the Cocoa-Tree was converted into a club. The change had probably taken place before 1746, when the Cocoa-Tree was the head-quarters of the Jacobite‡ party in parliament. For their confabulations and toasts a public chocolate-house would clearly have been no place,—particularly while Jacobite heads were grinning over Temple Bar. We may peep into the Cocoa-Tree over Gibbon's fat shoulders, on Nov. 24, 1762, "when George III. was young,"—the very day before the meeting of the parliament which approved the peace of Fontainebleau. By that peace we obtained Canada from France, and Florida from Spain. To win the ministerial majority of 319 to 65, Pitt is said to have bribed with as free a hand as ever Sir Robert Walpole did. Places in the royal household were needlessly multiplied, pensions lavishly granted, and 25,000*l.* in 100*l.*-notes was distributed to members of the House of Commons in one day.§ A good many of these 100*l.*-notes probably found their way to the Cocoa-Tree. The press was bribed, like the parliament, through the base instrumentality of Smollett, Mallet, Francis Home, and Murphy. Whether Gibbon was as accessible to the influence of

* Some three years after the Society of Steaks, was founded the Society of Dilettanti, the nominal qualification for which (according to Walpole) was the having been in Italy, the real one—"being drunk." The Dilettanti, however, belongs rather to the publishing Societies, such as the Roxburghe, the Camden, and the Percy, than to the Clubs proper. It would be well if all the Clubs, having a past, would follow the example of the Dilettanti in publishing historical notices founded on their archives. Those of the Dilettanti will, we are informed, form the subject of an article in a forthcoming number of the *Edinburgh Review*. This of itself renders any further notice of that Society here superfluous.

† H. Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, 1764.

‡ "The Duke has given Brigadier Mordaunt the Pretender's coach, on condition he rode up to London in it. 'That I will, sir,' said he; 'and drive till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa-Tree.'" H. Walpole to George Montague, June 24, 1746.

§ Almon's *Anecdotes of the Life of the Earl of Chatham*. Wrexall's *Memoirs of his own Time*.

bank-notes as to the attractions of place, we are not informed. At all events, he was in Mallet's suspicious company only two days after the date of the following entry in his journal :

" Nov. 24. I dined at the Cocoa-Tree with ***, who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real humour, good sense, and even knowledge, than half those who laugh at him. We went thence to the play (*The Spanish Friar*) ; and when it was over, returned to the Cocoa-Tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men of the kingdom in point of fashion and fortune supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present we are full of king's counsellors and lords-of-the-bedchamber ; who, having jumped into the ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones."

At the Cocoa-Tree, in 1780, was made the celebrated cast at hazard ; "the difference of which," writes Walpole to Mann, "amounted to an hundred and four-score thousand pounds." Mr. O'Byrne, an Irish gamester, had won 100,000*l.* of a young Mr. Harvey, of Chigwell, just started from a midshipman into an estate by his elder brother's death. O'Byrne said, "You can never pay me." "I can," said the youth ; "my estate will sell for the debt." "No," said O'B., "I will win ten thousand ; you shall throw for the odd ninety." They did ; and Harvey won. This was magnanimous on both sides. The Cocoa-Tree stood near the site of the present Conservative Club.

Let us turn aside for a moment from the pompous company at the Cocoa-Tree, with the ribbons and stars on their laced coats, and Pitt's hundred-pound notes in their pockets, to a humble hostelry,—the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho. Here,—while Smollett, Mallet, and Murphy (bribed themselves) stooped to be the channels through which the ministers' guineas filtered to their humbler brethren of the venal press,—was formed a club, including a politician with whom purity was no pretence ; a painter of real originality in that age of flat imitation ; and an author by calling, who, though he accepted a pension, never forfeited his independence or prostituted his pen. Since Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay invited Lord Oxford to take part in the lucubrations of Scriblerus, no such knot of great and good men have ever gathered together for social converse, as met in the Turk's Head, for the first time, during the winter of 1763, under the auspices of Reynolds, Johnson, and Burke.* Johnson was

* There is a pleasant chapter on "The Club and its First Members" in Mr. Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, to which we are glad to acknowledge our obligations.

himself an eminently clubable* man. Fourteen years before, he had founded a club in Ivy Lane; in imitation of which, the members of the new society were originally limited to nine. Surly and self-important Hawkins—for whom the word "unclubable" was invented†—had been a member of the Ivy Lane Club, and so was invited to join. Topham Beauclerk, the best-natured man, with the most ill-natured wit,—the seeds of consumption already planted in his constitution by early excess, but the life and soul of every company he mixed with; Bennett Langton, six feet six inches in height, a hero-worshipper and mild enthusiast; and Chamier, then secretary in the War Office,—represented pleasure, fashion, and the West-end. Edmund Burke, just freed from his uncongenial service in Ireland under Single-speech Hamilton, took his place by equal right among politicians and professional penmen as the successful author of *The Vindication of Natural Society*, and the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, and as the unacknowledged compiler of *The Annual Register*. Burke introduced to the club Dr. Nugent, his father-in-law, an accomplished Roman Catholic physician. The nine were made up by Oliver Goldsmith, recently emerged from the more sordid misery of his early struggles, but still dodging the bailiffs. They clapped him on the shoulder only the year after the club was formed; when the sale of *The Vicar of Wakefield*—thanks to the good offices of Dr. Johnson—rescued him from their clutches.

The nine soon grew to twelve; and by successive accretions the club rose to thirty-five members in 1780, at which number it stood when Boswell published Johnson's *Life* in 1791. It numbers thirty-seven at the present time. The original hour of meeting was seven every Monday evening; when the members eat an inexpensive supper, followed by a late sitting and good conversation. In 1772, the day of meeting was changed to Friday, and the weekly suppers were commuted for fortnightly dinners during the sitting of parliament. As the social status of the club tended upwards, and towards St. Stephen's, its quarters were shifted westward. From Gerard Street,—on the death of the landlord of the Turk's Head, and the shutting up of the house in 1783,—the club migrated to Prince's in Sackville Street; thence to Baxter's, afterwards Thomas's, in Dover Street; in 1792, to Parsloe's, in St. James's Street; and in February 1799, to the Thatched House in the

* We owe him the word. He applied it to Boswell. The definition of "Club" in the Dictionary is pleasant: "A Society of good fellows, meeting together under certain conditions."

† The knight having refused to pay his portion of the reckoning for supper, because he usually ate no supper at home, Johnson observed, "Sir John, sir, is a very unclubable man."

same street. From the time of Garrick's death "the club" has been known as "the Literary Club." Since it assumed the epithet, Mr. Forster hints, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, it has gradually been losing the character. Perhaps it now numbers on its list more titled members, and fewer authors by profession, than its founders would have considered desirable. This opinion, however, is quite open to challenge. Such men as the Marquis of Lansdowne, the late Lord Ellesmere, Lords Brougham, Carlisle, Aberdeen, and Glenelg, hold their place in "the Literary Club" quite as much by virtue of their contributions to literature, or their enlightened support of it, as by right of their rank. At all events, the club still acknowledges literature as its foundation, and love of literature as the tie which binds together its members, whatever their rank and callings. Few clubs can show such a distinguished brotherhood of members as "the Literary." Of authors proper, from 1764 to this date, may be enumerated,—besides its original members, Johnson and Goldsmith,—Dyer and Percy, Gibbon and Sir William Jones, Colman, the two Wartons, Farmer, Steevens, Burney and Malone, Frere and George Ellis, Hallam, Milman, Mountstuart Elphinstone, and Lord Stanhope. Among men equally conspicuous in letters and in the senate, what names outshine those of Burke and Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, and Macaulay? Of statesmen and orators proper, the club claims Fox, Windham, Thomas Grenville, Lord Liverpool, Lords Lansdowne, Aberdeen, and Clarendon. Natural science is represented by Sir Joseph Banks in the last century, by Professor Owen in this. Social science can have no nobler representative than Adam Smith; albeit Boswell *did* think the club had lost caste by electing him. Mr. N. W. Senior is the political economist of the present club. Whewell must stand alone as the embodiment of omniscience, which before him was unrepresented. Scholars and soldiers may be equally proud of Rennel, Leake, and Mure. Besides the clergymen already enumerated as authors, the church has contributed a creditable list of bishops and inferior dignitaries: Shipley of St. Asaph, Barnard of Killaloe, Marley of Pomfret, Hinchcliffe of Peterborough, Douglas of Salisbury, Blomfield of London, Wilberforce of Oxford, Dean Vincent of Westminster, Archdeacon Burney, and Dr. Hawtrey, late master and present provost of Eton. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Charles Eastlake are its two chief pillars of art—slightly unequal. With them we may associate Sir William Chambers and Charles Wilkins. The presence of Drs. Nugent, Blagden, Fordyce, Warren, Vaughan, and Sir Henry Holland, is a proof that in the club medicine has from the first kept up its kinship with literature. The profession of the law

has given the society Lord Ashburton, Lord Stowell and Sir William Grant, Charles Austin and Pemberton Leigh. Lord Overstone may stand as the symbol of money; unless Sir George Cornwall Lewis is to be admitted to that honour by virtue of his Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Sir George would probably prefer his claims to club-membership as a scholar and political writer, to any that can be picked out of a Budget.

Take it all in all, the Literary Club has never degenerated from the high standard of intellectual gifts and personal qualities, which made those unpretending suppers at the Turk's Head an honour eagerly contended for by the wisest, wittiest, and noblest of the eighteenth century.* "I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to say," writes the Bishop of St. Asaph to Mr.—afterwards Sir William—Jones, "that the honour of being elected into the Turk's-Head Club is not inferior to that of being the representative of Westminster or Surrey. The electors are certainly more disinterested; and I should say they were much better judges of merit, if they had not rejected Lord Camden and chosen me." But our diminishing space warns us that we can afford no more room to this, the most venerable of literary clubs. Let us turn back from the literature to the play and politics of 1764. These deities had their temples; in which a devout night-and-day worship was offered, sometimes to one, but generally to both at once. We shall find some purely play-clubs of the later half of the last century; but scarcely one political club which was not a play-club at the same time. The demon of

* Lists of the club at different dates can be found both in the original, and in Croker's, edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson* and in Milman's *Life of Gibbon*. We subjoin the list at this date.

THE CLUB, JANUARY 1857.

Earl of Aberdeen.	Col. Leake.
Duke of Argyll.	Right Hon. J. Pemberton Leigh.
C. Austin, Esq.	Sir G. Cornwall Lewis.
Lord Brougham.	Dr. Blomfield (late Bishop of London).
Archdeacon Burney.	Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay.
Earl of Carlisle.	Col. Mure.
Earl of Clarendon.	Lord Overstone.
Lord Cranworth.	Professor Owen.
Right Hon. Sir David Dundas.	Bishop of Oxford.
Sir C. L. Eastlake.	Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Milman).
Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone.	N. W. Senior, Esq.
Earl of Ellesmere (deceased).	Augustus Stafford, Esq.
Lord Glenelg.	Earl Stanhope.
Sir Charles Edward Grey.	Sir George Staunton, Bart.
Hudson Gurney, Esq.	William Stirling, Esq.
H. Hallam, Esq.	M. Van de Weyer.
Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, Provost of Eton.	Lord Harry Vane.
Sir Henry Holland.	Rev. Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity.
Marquis of Lansdowne.	

play never had fuller swing on earth, probably, than from 1760 to the end of the century. His mother-church was White's. The correspondence of Horace Walpole, the four volumes of letters to George Selwyn, and the article of Mr. Cunningham on White's, are our principal authorities for the past of this the head-quarters of play. As a chocolate-house, White's was established in 1698, five doors from the bottom of the west side of St. James's Street. The house was kept by Mr. Arthur,* and was burnt down in 1733, when the King and the Prince of Wales were present for above an hour, the King encouraging the firemen by a tip of twenty guineas, and five to the guard, and the Prince following the parental example. Indeed it was a case of

"Proximus ardet
Ucalegon!"

Hogarth has introduced this fire in the sixth plate of the "Rake's Progress," where the scene is laid in a play-room at White's. The gamblers are so intent on their game, that neither the watchmen who are rushing in with the alarm of fire, nor the flames bursting through the wainscot, have attracted the least attention. Arthur, burnt out, retired to Gaunt's Coffee-house, next to the St. James's, where, in the *Daily Post* of May 3d, 1733, he humbly begs all noblemen and gentlemen that they will favour him with their company as usual. White's was from the first the fashionable chocolate-house of the court-end of the town. The *Tatler*, in his first number, informs his readers, that all accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's chocolate-house.

About 1736, the chocolate-house became a club: the principal members being the Duke of Devonshire; the Earls of Cholmondeley, Chesterfield, and Rockingham; Sir John Cope, Major-General Churchill, Bubb Doddington, and Colley Cibber.

Mr. Cunningham quotes from the original rules:

"That every member is to pay one guinea a-year towards having a good cook.

"That supper be upon the table at ten o'clock, and the bill at twelve.

"That every member who is in the room after two o'clock, and plays, is to pay half-a-crown."

The records of the club are nearly complete from 1736. It was essentially a gambling-house. It is difficult for us at this time to conceive the height to which the gambling passion ran in the days of our great-grandfathers; even five days a-week

* The same who has given his name to the club called Arthur's, still existing, not far from the site of the original White's.

were not enough for the members of White's. "As I passed over Richmond Green," writes Walpole, June 4th, 1749, "I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half-a-dozen more of the White's Club, sauntering at the door of a house which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and Sunday to play at whist." When Lord Sandwich was hunting with the Duke of Cumberland, in 1750, "As the latter," writes Walpole, "has taken a turn of gaming, Sandwich, to make his court and fortune, carries a box and dice in his pocket; and so they throw a main whenever the hounds are at fault, 'upon every green hill and under every green tree.'" It was in vain that the gambling-act, to prevent excessive and deceitful gambling, had been passed in 1745; in vain that young ladies about to marry insisted on their lovers forsaking White's, and the four ladies of the pack,—more fatal than any painted Jezebel of flesh and blood. The principal play was at faro and hazard. Whist was comparatively harmless. Professional gamblers, who lived by dice and cards, provided they were free from the imputation of cheating, procured admission to White's. The Mr. O'Byrne, whose great cast with young Harvey we have already mentioned, was of this class. Taaffe, another Irishman, seems to have been a perfect type of the Barry Lynden class of adventurers. He was the companion in a faro-bank of Lady Mary Wortley's Gil Blas of a son, at Paris, in 1751. They cheated a Jew, who would afterwards have cheated them of their unfair winnings. They paid themselves by breaking open his bureau, and taking jewels and money. For this they were imprisoned in *Fors l'Evêque* and the *Châtelet*. "The Speaker," writes Walpole (Nov. 22, 1751), "was railing at gaming and White's, apropos of these two prisoners. Lord Coke, to whom the conversation was addressed, replied, 'Sir, all I can say is, that they are both of them members of the House of Commons, and neither of them of White's.'"

Into this vortex of gambling were drawn the best hearts and largest brains of the century. The parts of Lord Edgumbe, the wit of George Selwyn, the amiability of Lord Carlisle, the splendid talents of Charles Fox, were alike impotent to save from the *Mælstrom*. Lord Carlisle,—in a letter endorsed by George Selwyn, "after the loss of the 10,000*l.*,"—writes in an agony of self-reproach, "I have undone myself; and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly. . . . I never lost so much in five times as I have done to-night, and am in debt to the house for the whole." A day or two after, he writes, "Lady Carlisle is very well. You may be sure I shall prevent this man from setting ruin like a bulldog at her. She is very nearly made familiar

with it; and if it is not made to fly at her, she will approach it with as little fear as any one I know." Lord Carlisle's life, for many years, was a constant struggle between the temptations of the gaming-table and the warnings of conscience and affection. At moments he hung on the verge of suicide. His letters to Selwyn,—who had both good sense and good feeling, though neither could keep him from the dice-box,—are a most afflicting revelation of the hell to which the gambler with an unseared conscience and strong affections perforce condemns himself. The amounts won and lost were frightful. Lord Carlisle tells Selwyn of a set, in which a gentleman, at one point of the game, stood to win 50,000*l*. Sir John Bland, of Kippax Park, who shot himself in 1755, as we learn from Walpole, flirted away his whole fortune at hazard. "He t'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds." "Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas," so runs an entry in the betting-book at White's, "that Beau Nash outlives Cibber." Lord Mountford and Sir John Bland both blew their brains out in 1755: Cibber died two years after, and Nash survived till 1761. This Lord Mountford aimed at reducing even natural affection to the doctrine of chances. When asked, soon after his daughter's marriage, if she was with child, he replied, "Upon my word, I don't know; I have no bet upon it." Walpole says of him, "He himself, with all his judgment in bets, I think, would have betted any man in England against himself for self-murder." He had lost money; feared to be reduced to distress; asked immediately for the government of Virginia, or the Fox-hounds; and determined to throw the die, of life or death, on the answer he received from Court. The answer was unfavourable. He consulted several people,—indirectly at first, afterwards pretty directly,—on the easiest mode of finishing life; invited a dinner-party for the day after; supped at White's, and played at whist till one o'clock of the New-Year's morning. Lord Robert Bertie drank to him "a happy new year;" he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes. In the morning he sent for a lawyer and three witnesses; executed his will; made them read it twice over, paragraph by paragraph; asked the lawyer if that will would stand good though a man were to shoot himself. Being assured it would, he said, "Pray stay, while I step into the next room," went into the next room, and shot himself.

These madmen resorted to the wildest expedients for raising money. Ancestral oaks and parental constitutions were discounted in post-obits at frightful rates. Fox's best friends

were half-ruined in annuities, given by them as securities for him to the Jews. Five hundred thousand a-year of such annuities, of Fox and his society, were advertised to be sold, at one time. Walpole wonders what Fox will do when he has sold the estates of all his friends. The Damers* and Foleys† were as bad as the Foxes. Lord Coleraine and his two brothers,‡ their father having bequeathed to his widow all they had left him (1600*l.* a-year), wheedled the poor old lady out of every farthing, leaving her a beggar, dependent on a friend for subsistence. Soon after, these precious sons told their mother she must come to town on business: "It was," says Walpole, "to show her to the Jews, and convince them hers was a good life, unless she is starved." "You must not suppose," he adds, "that such actions are disapproved; for the second brother is going minister to Brussels, that he may not go to jail, whither he ought to go." The fantastic luxury of these spendthrifts equalled their gambling folly. In 1751, seven young men of fashion, headed by St. Leger, gave a dinner at White's, which for a time divided the talk of the town with the beautiful Gunnings. One dish was a tart of duke-cherries from a hot-house; only one glass was tasted out of each bottle of champagne. "The bill of fare is got into print," Walpole writes to Mann; "and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake." A younger son would give his half-sovereign daily for the bouquet he wore in his button-hole. A party of them, dining at the St. Alban's Tavern, had the street littered with straw to prevent noise. The clubs vied with each other in giving the town the most costly masquerades and ridottos. Gibbon speaks of one given by the members of Boodle's, in 1774, that cost 2000 guineas.

Walpole is a constant declaimer against the extravagance of the times. "What is England now?" he asks in 1773. "A sink of hideous wealth; filled by nabobs, and emptied by macaronis." These macaronis§ were the "curled darlings" of the day,—the members of the new club at Almack's,—the original Brookes's,—established in Pall Mall, on the site of the British Institution, in 1764. "The old club flourishes very much,"

* Walpole to Mann, 1776: "John Damer and his two brothers have contracted a debt,—one can scarcely expect to be believed out of England,—of 70,000*l.* . . . The young men of this age seem to make a law amongst themselves for declaring their fathers superannuated at fifty, and thus dispose of their estates as if already their own."

† "Can you believe that Lord Foley's two sons have borrowed money so extravagantly, that the interest they have contracted to pay amounts to 18,000*l.* a-year?" (Walpole to Mann, August 11, 1766.)

‡ One of these was Colonel Hanger, a well-known friend of the Regent's.

§ So called from their affectation of foreign tastes and fashions. They were celebrated for their long curls and eye-glasses.

writes Rigby to Selwyn, in 1765, "and the young one has been better attended than of late years; but the deep play is removed to Almack's,* where you will certainly follow it." Boodle's, or the "Savoir vivre," Club dates from a few years later; this too was a play-club. Brookes's is indissolubly connected with Fox,—the most notable figure among the gamblers, as he is among the statesmen, of his generation. Inoculated with the love of play by his father,—who gave the boy at fourteen a rouleau of guineas to throw away at the gaming-table at Spa,—cards and dice became a passion with that ardent nature, who, whether his ambition was to ruin himself or to save a nation, pursued that ambition with equal intensity. Before he was twenty-four he owed the Jews 100,000*l*. He never won a large stake except once—8000*l*. But no loss could ruffle him. Topham Beauclerk, calling upon him one morning, after a night of terrible ill-luck, found him quietly reading Herodotus. Beauclerk expressed surprise at his equanimity. "What would you have me do," said Fox, "when I have lost my last shilling?" Brookes's was founded by twenty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, including the Dukes of Roxburgh and Portland, the Earl of Strathmore, Mr., afterwards Lord, Crewe, and Mr. Fox. The present house was opened in 1778. Poor as its rooms now appear by the side of the splendid interiors of Pall Mall, Tommy Townshend, writing to Selwyn, describes the new house as fitted up with great magnificence. Lord Crewe, one of the founders, died in 1829, after sixty-five years' membership of Brookes's. What wit, what kindliness, what folly, what selfishness, what sudden turns of fortune, he must have witnessed in those years! Burke and Reynolds, Garrick and Hume, Gibbon and Sheridan, are among the celebrities of Brookes's; Selwyn divided his time between it and White's. Lord March "punted" here with the same sublime selfishness with which he backed the field at Newmarket, or settled the price of an opera-dancer. Of all the characters one makes acquaintance with in that curious correspondence of George Selwyn's, Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry,—the "Old Q," whom many now living can remember, with his fixed eye and cadaverous face, watching the flow of the human tide past his bow-

* "The gaming at Almack's, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our empire, or commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost 11,000*l* there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath—'Now if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions.' His cousin, Charles Fox, shines equally there and in the House of Commons. He was twenty-one yesterday se'nnight, and is already one of our best speakers. Yesterday he was made a Lord of the Admiralty." (Walpole to Mann, February 2d, 1770.)

window in Pall Mall,—is the only one utterly and irredeemably diabolical. He had as much regard for Selwyn as he could have for any one. But this regard is too slight to temper the impression which this man's letters leave on us, of the most frigid self-indulgent egotism, the most calculating worldliness, the stoniest insensibility* to all but the earthy and animal, the most systematic and unblushing debauchery, an unbelief in the virtue of man or woman, a contempt for knowledge and for public opinion that rises to the Mephistophelic. The rest of Selwyn's principal correspondents,—Gilly Williams, Hare, Fitzpatrick, the Townsends, Burgoyne, Storer, and above all, Lord Carlisle,—appear from these letters to have been kindly "clubable" men, and warm friends. When Lord Grantham is travelling in Spain, the club fixes a scheme for writing to him in rotation. Tickell's "Lines from the Hon. Charles Fox to the Hon. John Townshend cruising," pleasantly describe the delight with which Townshend would be welcomed back at Brookes's:

"Soon as to Brookes's thence thy footsteps bend,
What gratulations thy approach attend!
See Gibbon tap his box; auspicious sign,
That classic compliment and wit combine.
See Beauclerk's cheek a tinge of red surprise,
And friendship give what cruel health denies.
Important Townshend! what can thee withstand?
The lingering black-ball lags in Boothby's hand.
E'en Draper checks the sentimental sigh;
And Smith, without an oath, suspends the die."

Charles Fox was to give the supper at his own lodgings, then near the club:

"Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks,
And know, I've brought the best champagne from Brookes,—
From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit, and a distant bill;
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid."

Besides trusting the members of the club for wine and suppers, Brookes lent them money. But in spite of,—or should we not rather say, thanks to,—the hasty-credit and the distant-bill

* Wilberforce describes a dinner with the Duke of Queensberry, at his Richmond villa. "The party was very small and select: Pitt, Lord and Lady Chat-ham, the Duchess of Gordon, and George Selwyn,—who lived for society, and continued in it till he looked really like the wax-work figure of a corpse,—were amongst the guests. We dined early, that some of our party might be ready to attend the opera. The dinner was sumptuous; the views from the villa quite enchanting, and the Thames in all its glory; but the duke looked on with indifference. 'What is there,' he said, 'to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it: there it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same.'"

system, he died poor about 1782. The members of White's had the same loyal love for their smoky rooms as those of Brookes's had for their magnificent house. When Jack Mostyn was governor of Mahon, in 1771, he established a "White's" in the town, in lieu of old White's, "his darling pleasure." It was a whist-club, composed of officers of the garrison; and "what happens to be droll," says Henry St. John, writing to Selwyn, "the man at whose house we meet happens to be called White." White's, like Brookes's, has all along been conducted on the "farming" system. Mr. Raggett in the one establishment, Mr. Banderett in the other, is the owner of house, furniture, plate, and wine, supplying every thing to members at a rate approved by the committee, and subject generally to their approbation of his arrangements.

But the White of the St. James's Street house was a mythical personage. Mackreth was the original keeper of the club. He retired in 1763, in which year he recommends to George Selwyn's patronage his near relation and successor "the Cherubim." We afterwards hear of him speculating in the Alley; and in 1774, Lord Oxford returned him as member for his borough of Castle-Rising, with no less a colleague than Mr. Wedderburne! *Servus curru portature eodem.* Horace Walpole writes to Mann on this occasion, "This, I suppose, will offend the Scottish consul. . . . For my part, waiter for waiter; I see little difference; they are all equally ready to cry, 'coming, coming, sir!'" The truth is, that Walpole's mad nephew owed Mackreth money, and took this means of repaying him. But Bob's presence in the House of Commons was disagreeable to many of his old customers. Before the end of the year he was persuaded to be modest, and give up, or rather sell, his seat.

That the keeper of White's should have risen to be a member of parliament, was, after all, not so extraordinary. A waitership at one of the St. James's Street Clubs was the road to fortune.* Thomas Rumbold, originally a waiter at White's, got an appointment in India, and subsequently rose to be Sir Thomas, and governor of Madras. On his return, with immense wealth, a bill of pains and penalties was brought into the House by Dundas, with the view of stripping Sir Thomas of his ill-gotten gains. The bill was briskly pushed through the earlier stages; suddenly, the proceedings upon it were arrested by adjournment, and the measure fell to the ground. The rumour of the day attributed the nabob's escape to the corrupt assistance

* "One young gentleman who was getting an estate, but was so indiscreet as to step out of his way to rob a comrade, is convicted, and to be transported; in short, one of the waiters at Arthur's. George Selwyn says, 'What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in-Newgate!'" (Walpole to Montague, 1759.)

of Rigby; who, in 1782, found himself, by Lord North's resignation, deprived of his place in the Pay-Office, and called upon to refund a large amount of public moneys unaccounted for. In this strait, Rigby was believed to have had recourse to Rumbold. Their acquaintance had commenced in earlier days, under very different circumstances;* when Rigby was one of the boldest "punters" at White's, and Rumbold bowed to him for half-crowns. A compact is said to have been entered into between the nabob and the ex-Paymaster of the Forces, by which the latter was to receive a large sum of money, on condition of releasing the former from the impending pains and penalties. The truth of this report has been vehemently denied; but the circumstances are suspicious. The bill was dropped: Dundas, its introducer, was Rigby's intimate associate. Rigby's nephew and heir soon after married Rumbold's† daughter. Sir Thomas himself had married a daughter of Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle. The worthy bishop stood godfather to one of Rumbold's children; the other godfather was the Nabob of Arcot, and the child was christened "Mahomet." So, at least, Walpole informs Mann.

We have spoken already of the betting-books at White's and Brookes's. In these singular volumes, which still exist, may be found bets on all conceivable subjects;—bets on births, deaths, and marriages; on the length of a life, or the duration of a ministry; on a rascal's risk of the halter,‡ or a placeman's prospect of a coronet; on the chances of an election, or the sanity of the king; on the shock of an earthquake, or the last scandal at Ranelagh, or Madame Cornely's. A man dropped down at the door of White's; he was carried into the house. Was

* "I am just got home from a cock-match, where I have won forty pounds in ready money; and not having dined, am waiting till I hear the rattle of the coaches from the House of Commons, in order to dine at White's. . . . I held my resolution of not going to the ridotto till past three o'clock; when, finding nobody was willing to sit any longer but Boone, who was not able, I took, as I thought, the least of two evils, and so went there rather than to bed; but found it so infinitely dull, that I retired in half-an-hour. The next morning I heard there had been extreme deep play, and that Harry Furness went drunk from White's at six o'clock, and won the dear memorable sum of 1000 guineas. He won the chief part of Donegale and Bob Bertie." (Rigby to Selwyn, March 12, 1745.)

† The following epigram on Rumbold had great success:

"When Bob Mackreth served Arthur's crew,
'Rumbold,' he cried, 'come, black my shoe!'

And Rumbold answered, 'Yea, Bob!'
But now, returned from India's land,
He scorns to obey the proud command,
And boldly answers, 'Na—Bob!'

‡ "There is a man about town, a Sir William Burdett, a man of very good family, but most infamous character. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's (an Ms., which I may one day or other give you an account of), that the first baronet that will be hanged is this Sir William Burdett." (Walpole to Mann, 1768.)

he dead or not? The odds were immediately given and taken for and against. It was proposed to bleed him. Those who had taken the odds the man was dead protested that the use of a lancet would affect the fairness of the bet.* Walpole has a good story of a parson, who, coming into White's on the morning of the earthquake of 1750, and hearing bets laid whether the shock was caused by an earthquake, or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away in horror, protesting they were such an impious set, that he believed, "if the last trump were to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment."

One Mr. Blake betted 1500*l*. that a man could live twelve hours under water; hired a desperate fellow, and sunk him in a ship by way of experiment. Neither ship nor man reappeared. "Another man and ship are to be tried for their lives," adds Walpole,† who is our authority for this story, "instead of Mr. Blake, the assassin."

Play and pleasure have always predominated over politics at White's. At Brookes's, on the contrary, politics, from a very early period in the history of the club, held divided empire with play,—or rather the two went on in most harmonious alliance. How the men of that time managed to keep up their killing pace may well puzzle modern milksops. Gibbon tells Lord Sheffield (in Feb. 1772) of Fox preparing himself for the debate on the relief of the clergy from subscription to the Articles, by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard, at a cost of five hundred pounds an hour. We hear of his spending four-and-twenty hours without interruption in the House of Commons, the hazard-room at Brookes's, and at Newmarket, or on the road from one to the other; and of his being the hero of all three. And yet Fox lived to be fifty-eight, though we are told he had a bad constitution, and indulged in the habitual use of opium. Horace Walpole has left us a picture—which even Lord Holland, from his boyish recollections, is forced to admit has some truth to recommend it—of one of Fox's mornings, about 1783; when Fox, though the undoubted head of his party, was still what would now-a-days be called "a boy" of thirty-four. He lodged at this time in St. James's Street, close to his favourite club: "As soon as he rose, which was very late, he held a levee of his followers, and of the members of the gaming-club at Brookes's,—all his disciples. His bristly black person and shagged breast, quite open, and rarely purified by any ablu-

* It is true, Walpole calls this "a good story made on White's." "Lord Digby is very soon to be married to Miss Fielding. Thousands might have been won in this house (White's), on his Lordship not knowing that such a being existed." (Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, 1763.)

† Letter to Sir H. Mann, July 10, 1774.

tions, was wrapped in a foul linen nightgown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these cynic weeds, and with epicurean good-humour, did he dictate his politics; and in this school did the heir of the crown attend his lessons, and imbibe them." It was probably the influence of Fox's gifted and beautiful nature which so decidedly determined to Whiggery the principles of Brookes's. From Brookes's radiated that humour which riots in the *Rolliad*, and which has animated thousands of now-forgotten pasquinades in prose and verse. Tickell, Fitzpatrick, and Sheridan, with George Ellis and Canning,—neither of them as yet anti-Jacobin,—were the most brilliant captains in this light warfare. The *Anti-Jacobin* was but an imitation of the *Rolliad*. The imitation,—thanks to "the Rovers," "the Loves of the Triangles," and "the Needy Knife-Grinder,"—is still read while the original is forgotten. But we know of nothing in the *Anti-Jacobin* more humorous than the testimonials prefixed to the probationary Odes for the Laureateship in the *Rolliad*; and nothing better in the way of burlesque verse than the odes themselves.

Pitt's personal adherents mustered chiefly at Goostree's Club, in Pall Mall,* of which Pitt himself, in 1780-81, was a habitual frequenter. To this date, also, belong "the Independents;" a club of about forty members of the House of Commons, opponents of the Coalition ministry, whose principle of union was a resolution to take neither place, pension, nor peerage. In a few years, Wilberforce and Bankes were the only ones of the incorruptible forty who were not either peers, pensioners, or placemen. There was gambling at Goostree's, as at all the West-end clubs of this time. Wilberforce describes Pitt as playing with intense and characteristic eagerness. But he soon became sensible of the danger which lurked behind the fascination of cards and dice, and suddenly abandoned both for ever. When Wilberforce came up to London from the university, in 1780 (as he tells us in his memoranda), he belonged to five clubs—Miles and Evans's, Brookes's, Boodle's, White's, and Goostree's. "The first time I was at Brookes's," he adds, "scarcely knowing any one, I joined, from mere shyness, in play at the faro-table, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend, who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a

* On the site of the British Institution. The members were about twenty-five in number, and included Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden), Lords Euston, Chatham, Graham, Duncannon, Althorpe, Apsley, G. Cavendish, and Lennox; Messrs. Eliot, St. Andrew St. John, Bridgman (afterwards Lord Bradford), Morris Robinson (afterwards Lord Rokeby), R. Smith (afterwards Lord Carrington), W. Grenville (afterwards Lord Grenville), Pepper Arden (afterwards Lord Alvanley), Mr. Edwards, Mr. Marsham, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Bankes, Mr. Thomas Steele, General Smith, Mr. Windham. *Life of Wilberforce.*

victim decked out for sacrifice, called to me, 'What, Wilberforce, is that you?' Selwyn quite resented the interference; and turning to him, said, in his most expressive tone, 'O, sir, don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce; he could not be better employed.' Nothing could be more luxurious than the style of these clubs. Fox, Sheridan, Fitzherbert, and all your leading men, frequented them, and associated upon the easiest terms: you chatted, played at cards, or gambled, as you pleased." But what was the social influence of this club-life? Are we to set off the pleasant chat and unrestrained fun of club dinners and suppers against the mad excitement of drink and play that followed, with the train of resulting evils,—gout, paralysis, embarrassment, ruin, suicide; homes first forsaken, then made wretched, then left desolate? It is not pleasant to dwell on that terrible chain of cause and effect. How changed is all in St. James's Street since those fast and furious days! The dandies still muster in the bow-windows at White's to ogle the passers-by, and kill reputations; but the rattle of the dice-box is heard no more in the halls of Raggett; and the hazard-room has ceased to be. The play has subsided to a quiet whist-party of elderly gentlemen, at guinea points and five guineas on the rubber; hazard is not even mentioned in the rules and regulations of the club.

So, too, at Brookes's. How altered now from what it was when Mr. Thynne left the club in disgust, because he had only won 12,000 guineas in two months! The card-room is still lighted up by night during the season. Mr. Banderett, or his representative, still takes his stand by the shaded lamp behind the green curtain, at the desk, from which in old times the counters used to be dealt out,—ammunition for the terrible battle of the hazard-table. But the groom-porter's occupation is gone. Only the grim black-browed face of Charles Fox on the wall of the reception-room down-stairs recalls the history of the past. What merry suppers, rampant orgies, wild bets, colossal winnings and losings, party conclaves, and state secrets, the ears of those quiet neutral-tinted walls have tingled with in days gone by! The Fox club still meets at Brookes's; but that club, its doctrines and its traditions, are of the past. There is a public now more potent than all parties. With the omnipotence of its will can coexist no such empire as a Pitt or a Fox wielded over their followers.

But there still hangs round the old clubs of St. James's Street an odour of other times. The Conservative, with its staring bran-new exterior, and its slap-dash encaustic decoration, is a parvenu, an anachronism, and an anomaly. Let it retreat to Pall Mall among its showy brethren of the hour,

and leave Arthur's and Boodle's and Brookes's and White's to their sober old gentlemanlike exclusiveness,—their traditions of the past,—their palæological rules and regulations,—their antediluvian systems of management. These institutions form the only club-link between our days and those of our grandfathers. For this reason, a notice of them seems to form the fitting close of an article on the London Clubs of the last century. The London Clubs of our own time we hope to make the subject of a future article. We shall have more to say on the social bearings of the club-life we have been describing, when we try to estimate the influence of these associations on our own times. It is impossible to pronounce fairly as to the character of club-influences on either period, unless both generations are brought to account.

ART. IV.—ANCIENT INDIA.*

Life in Ancient India. By Mrs. Speir. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1856.

Indische Alterthumskunde. Von Christian Lassen. (*Indian Archaeology.*) Bonn: König. Vol. I. 1847; Vol. II. 1849; Vol. III. Part I. 1857.

* We adopt Weber's mode of transcription of the Sanskrit letters into Roman, as that which does least violence to the ordinary received powers of the latter, and requires the smallest apparatus of diacritical dots. It is greatly to be desired that some uniform and accurate system should be adopted; and Weber's seems to us greatly superior to Dr. Max Müller's Missionary Alphabet, which, while making no use of the letters *c, j, q, x*, adopts the unsightly practice of writing *k* and *g* in italics to indicate the soft sound of *c* and *j*. The only letters employed by us with a power different to that which they have in English are the following:

Vowels and Diphthongs as in Italian; long vowels circumflexed.

ri nearly as in English "merrily," very short; *ri* as in *trec*.

c as in Italian *città*, English *church*, before all letters alike.

ç nearly like *s*, or French *ch* (so written to imply its origin from a *k* sound).

x like *ksh*.

t, d, n, a rather duller sound, more in the head, than the simple *t, d, n*.

m after a vowel, nearly as the French nasal sounds.

h a very slight aspirate.

h after a consonant (*kh, gh, ch, jh, th, dh, th, dh, ph, bh*) is heard separately, as in Welsh (Rhyl); but *sh* as in English.

Want of care and consistency in the orthography of Sanskrit names is the only fault with which we have to charge Mrs. Speir. She writes them now according to the loose English method of spelling modern Indian names, and now according to the stricter system introduced on the Continent, apparently in conformity to the source whence she has taken them. And some are strangely misspelt; as Susanaga for Sisunaga (properly Çiçunâga).

Academische Vorlesungen über indische Literaturgeschichte. Von Dr. Albrecht Weber. (*University Lectures on the History of Indian Literature.*) Berlin: Dümmler, 1852.

Modern Investigations on Ancient India. A Lecture by Professor A. Weber. Translated by Fanny Metcalfe. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

Specimens of Old Indian Poetry. By R. T. Griffith. London: 1852.

WHEN India was first opened to the commerce and the investigating spirit of Europe, its inhabitants presented the spectacle of a people of remarkable manual and mechanical ingenuity, and of rare mental subtlety; possessing a highly complex social system, which abounded in artificial restrictions, recommended by no obvious fitness, yet scrupulously observed both by those who reaped their benefits and by those who suffered from their oppression; owning a unique species of hierarchy, and a religion which counted its gods by thousands, and pictured them of grotesque and hideous form, with arms and legs by the dozen; and having a chronology which floundered hopelessly amidst its mundane periods of thousands and millions of years. It was, moreover, a people, by a "peculiar institution" more tyrannous than that of the American States, broken up almost infinitesimally into distinct races, voluntarily debarring themselves from intermarriage and the kindly communion of mutual hospitality, and consigning the noblest opportunities yielded by nature to neglect rather than shake off the yoke of a self-imposed bondage.

Yet a little meditation upon the extraordinary phenomenon here presented, must have convinced a thoughtful observer that India was more than this. The numerous arms which made the figures of their idols hideous, were they not a degenerate way of foreshadowing the universal and simultaneous action of Deity? The three eyes, do they not indicate his omniscience? And if ages of the most grinding despotism of foreign conquerors have not availed to crush out of the Indian character that firmness which even now leads the widow to sacrifice herself on her husband's funeral pile, and prompts the observance of the most vexatious ordinances of caste, may not there have been, when India was free, and there was a cause worth striving for, a high-souled heroism, a battling against evil, which would have secured this nation a place among the greatest in the world?

Nay more. If even the light of Christian truth has often, in its passage through dark ages, been dimmed and nearly extinguished in the foul vapours of superstition and bigotry, how much more likely would be the lesser glimmer of truth and purity, which we may suppose to have enlightened the early Indians,

to go out amidst the grossness of sensualism and superstition, and the degrading influences of a series of merciless and desolating conquests? If that Hebrew nation, which, in the freshness of their religious life, whilst they still felt their morality and their law to be directly inspired by the Spirit of God, embodied both the one and the other in ten grand Commandments, of which nine are purely moral and spiritual, and one only of a formal and ritual nature, lived to incur the rebuke that they were wont to pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and omitted the weightier matters of the law,—lived to be slaves to the dry technicalities of the Talmud,—might not, conversely, even the meaningless formalities of the Indian system be the dry bones from which the life-vigour of an older scheme of social law worth living for had departed? If the once living tongue of the Jewish Scriptures came in time to require the overgrowth of points and signs, and the learning of schools and doctors, to regulate the pronounciation of a syllable, or seek a mystical meaning in a simple word,—might not, conversely, the magic formulæ of Vedic texts, and the scholasticism of Vedic doctors, be the last phase of decrepitude of an Indian Scripture, which, like the Jewish, had once had a natural and vigorous life?

This has been more or less consciously felt with regard to India ever since a knowledge of that country has been gained by Europeans. Even old Abraham Roger,* while giving an account of the idols of the popular mythology, with very little indication that he saw any thing in them but the grotesqueness of their outward forms, and asserting that the Indians worshipped the devil, takes pleasure in giving a translation of the Proverbs of Bhartṛihari, which frequently embody a wisdom not of infernal parentage. Sir W. Jones translates the celebrated prayer (*Gâyatrî*) from the *Rigvéda* in a way implying that he regarded it as addressed to the supreme Godhead, “who illuminates all, who recreates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards his holy seat.” And F. Schlegel said in 1808: “We cannot deny to the Ancient Indians the recognition of the true God; as all their old writings are full of expressions as noble, clear, and lofty, as profound and carefully discriminating and significant, as it is possible for human language to speak of God at all.”† And again, of their more developed system: “It is the first system which took the place of the truth: wild fictions and gross error; but every where still traces of divine truth, and the expression of that terror and that melancholy which are the natural consequences of the first fall-

* *Opene Dewre tot het verborgen Heidendom.* Leyden, 1651.

† *Sprache und Weisheit der Indier*, p. 103.

ing away of man from God."* This is conceived in a noble spirit, that of deducing the religious life of a people from a pure and not a devilish source; but it goes too far; for, as Bohlen says, "least of all must we, as some do, find the religion of a people in the works of philosophers." The popular religion of India is as far removed from the profound thoughts of its philosophers on heavenly themes, as the Homeric mythology is from the spiritual wisdom of the Platonic Socrates; yet as the Homeric mythology abounds in forms alternately graceful, grand, and fantastic, which betoken a fresh and genial love, or rather adoration, of nature, so in India, the further we trace the popular religion back, the more fresh and spontaneous appears the acknowledgment of the powers that rule the universe.

During the last quarter of a century, our knowledge of Ancient India has advanced with such rapid strides, and the memorials of the progress made are contained in so many volumes, especially of periodical literature, in India, England, and the Continent, that it would be difficult accurately to trace the advance. It becomes very apparent if we compare Bohlen's work† with Mrs. Speir's. Of the earliest, or Vedic, period of Indian society, which yields some of this lady's most attractive chapters, Bohlen was able to say almost nothing. Then not a line of the Vêdas had been published in the original; and the only information accessible was contained in Colebrooke's celebrated Essay, Sir W. Jones's translation of the above-mentioned prayer, and some translations, by Rammohun Roy, of a few of the supplements to the Vêdas, called "Upanishad." Now the libraries of London, Oxford, Paris, and Berlin, possess Mss. of the Vêdas; the publication of one is completed, and that of the other three far advanced, and the most important are accessible in translations. Of the two great epics, only a very few fragments from near the commencement, and those chiefly consisting of episodes unconnected with the main action, and now confessed to be of later date, had been made public at the former period. Now both these immense poems lie before us in the original Sanskrit, and one of them in a complete Italian translation; and there are, perhaps, a dozen scholars in Europe acquainted with their entire contents. Of the dramas, more was known through Wilson's translation of six, and Sir W. Jones's of one; but only two were published in the original language. The most important ancient work then at all adequately known, was the "Code of Manu;" but after that, the far less instructive literature of fables and stories of no great antiquity, and the comparatively modern lyrics, constituted the major part of what was

* *Sprache und Weisheit der Indier*, p. 106.

† *Das alte Indien*, 2 vols. Königsberg, 1830.

accessible in print. The establishment of a literary organ for Indian lore in Germany by the Schlegels (1820) was an event of prime importance. After issuing, during ten years, occasional numbers, written chiefly by themselves, they reaped their reward : the band of Orientalists was now strong enough to set up a regular quarterly journal,* which steadily continued its work, until in 1844 the small band had swelled into a powerful cohort, able to constitute itself a "German Oriental Society," and maintain a larger journal, establish a library, subsidise the publication of important oriental works, and otherwise further their great object—the advancement of the knowledge of Asiatic civilisation. And in 1849, so copious was the information to be imparted, or so manifold the subjects to be discussed, having connection with India, that it was found desirable to establish a separate journal specially devoted to topics of Indian literature.† In 1820, Schlegel complained bitterly of the difficulty of obtaining, even through the mediation of English friends, and at considerable expense, any books published in India ; now there are booksellers in Berlin and Leipzig who maintain direct communication with Calcutta. In 1820, there was no fount of Sanskrit types in Germany, nor, we believe, on the Continent ; now every university-town of eminence possesses them ; and whereas then the publication of a Sanskrit work required to be fortified by a strong list of subscribers, or subsidised by an Academy, now the largest works are frequently undertaken by a bookseller at his own risk.

We have entered into these details for the double purpose of indicating by tangible facts the surprising increase in the European knowledge of and interest in Ancient India, and of showing that with this steady accumulation of new matter has grown up the desirability, and the possibility, of a new descriptive work, which should be for the year 1857 what Bohn's was for 1830.

In the mean time a great work has been progressing, which purports to treat as exhaustively as possible the subject of Indian antiquity. The first volume of Professor Lassen's *Indische Alterthumskunde* appeared in 1847, the second in 1849, and a first instalment of the third has just reached us. There are 2,650 closely printed octavo pages : of which geography occupies 352 ; ethnology, 112 ; chronology, 72 ; history, 1000 ; history of religion, literature, the sciences, geographical knowledge, commerce, and natural products, 577 ; history of the Greek knowledge of India, 341 ; appendices, 65 ; and, alas, corrections and additions, 96. The last item indicates the worst feature of this valuable

* Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes.

† Weber's Indische Studien.

work ; it is too often negligently composed and carelessly printed ; and the author's proneness to seize the opportunity afforded by a list of addenda and corrigenda to enlarge, modify, or retract some statement in the text, besides causing an unwelcome increase of labour to the reader, produces an uncomfortable sense of insecurity in his mind. However, we must not be too hard upon Lassen. Dealing with a vast unsifted mass of writings in English, French, and German ; in Greek and Latin ; in Sanskrit, Pāli, Arabic, Persian, Tibetan, and Chinese ; and with the legends of oriental coins,—he has had to pioneer his way through a dense forest of historic materials, and at every step to secure his footing before adventuring further. At the outset success would have seemed unattainable by the powers of a single man ; and wonder it is that he has paved so firm a road. It was inevitable from the very nature of the enterprise that the book should be a large, and not a popular one ; but we see cause, besides, to charge it with faults of construction not inevitable. The arrangement of the work proposed at the outset* is artificial, and has been found actually unworkable ; and it contributes to hamper the writer, to swell the work unnecessarily by saying in two places what might be said in one, and to bewilder the reader by rendering him uncertain where he should look for information on a given subject. The formal separation of the outward and the inward, the political and the religious, the public and the private history of a people, is surely little in accordance with a true conception of history. The threads of both branches are inseparably interwoven ; and as with individuals, any system of biography which should sunder Bacon the statesman from Bacon the philosopher would be palpably absurd, and the estimate of his character founded upon his statesmanship incomplete, or even false, till filled in by that based on his philosophy ; so with nations, their religious ideas are ever acting on their political system, and their political position determining their spiritual development in religion and art. Nor is it easy to see how with the Indians, for whom, as for the Jews, laws have a divine sanction, it will be possible to separate the "action of their mind in the state and the family" from its "development in religion." Thus the first part, the geographical, is the only one which could satisfactorily be treated independently. We are not therefore surprised, that into the second part (not yet completed) the author has felt himself compelled to insert chapters, not indeed on literature, philosophy,

* Book I. Description of the countries of India, their climate, products, &c. II. Their political history. III. and IV. Development of the Indian mind in religion and literature, art and science. V. and VI. Action of the Indian mind in the State (constitution) and the Family.

and religion, but on their *history*, which seem stolen from the later books. The divorce of the history from the æsthetics of literature, of the history from the dogmas of religion, is surely very undesirable. Cut off from æsthetical criticism, the history of literature becomes a dry discussion on dates and authorship; separated from the dogmatical or spiritual portion, religion can only count up the objects of its worship, and fix the chronology of its leading manifestations. Thus a large part of Lassen's work labours under an incurable dryness, which in our opinion is mainly due to the relegation of the quickening streams of religion, literature, and art, to a subsequent book. And this would go far to discourage those not possessing the true German desire to fathom a subject to the bottom, from adventuring on the shoreless sea of Indian antiquity at all.

Mrs. Speir has described Ancient India picturesquely, and therefore popularly. She leads the reader into no abstruse discussions on dates; wastes not his patience, nor trifles with his time, by examining the legends of coins written in barbarous tongues and characters, for the chance of adding one more name to a dynasty of unknown kings; enters not into all the vexatious details of ritual and caste laws;—but from a rich store of knowledge, which disdains not to embrace these matters too, she brings forth the most pregnant illustrations of the social and religious systems of the people and age under review, the great leading features of their epic story, the most sparkling gems of their lyric verse: and in the history contrives, by slightly indicating the obscurer periods, and tracing out the imposing heroic forms of the more brilliant ones in bold outline, to satisfy the reader's curiosity and leave his mind clear. For a connected history, including the less known epochs and the less important dynasties; for a complete survey of the Sanskrit literature, embracing fables and stories and the later dramas; for a full view of the Indian philosophical systems, and for a minute description of the achievements of Indian art,—we must of course consult larger and more special works; but for a faithful picture of the leading features of the history, literature, philosophy, and art, we need not wish for a better or a larger one than Mrs. Speir's. The ordinary reader, who desires to estimate what part India has borne in the general history of civilisation, may here have his desires satisfied; and the student who intends to drink deeper at the springs of Indian wisdom, will be thankful for this handbook to teach him what to expect, and where to find. In her manner of handling her subjects she betrays a quiet mastery over them, which would give the reader full confidence that she has had recourse to the best and most recent authorities, were this not attested by scholarlike references on almost every page.

Of the truth and beauty of her moral judgments we mean to give the reader an opportunity of judging; of the freshness and vigour with which she can reproduce a forgotten type of society like the Vedic, we can give no idea, unless we were to extract the whole chapter.

The most striking circumstance with regard to the ancient civilisation of India, and that which opposes the most formidable barrier in the way of those who endeavour to present its salient features, is the utter absence of any thing like credible history. The Indians have never had any correct feeling of the difference between fact and fable. In the Greek history, the line of demarcation between the mythic and the historic age is tolerably well defined; and is confessed by the admission that with the Trojan war the *heroic* age found its limit. The line may there have been differently drawn in different Grecian states, according to their advance in culture; and in later times we do find personages, such as Lycurgus, whose half-mythic half-historic nature perplexes the historian: but we find ourselves already under a different heaven: national leaders are content to be of purely human parentage; rivers endowed with human form and voice no more enter the lists as worthy opponents of the chief of warriors; kings no longer boast a progeny of fifty sons, living in fifty golden palaces. In India no such limit is discernible; kings continue to trace their descent from Sun and Moon, and reign for hundreds of years; the ninety-nine sons of one are all murdered and supplanted by the hundredth; and gods and giants appear on the scene when we fancied we were drawing nearer the historic period. Chronology is hopelessly at fault; confounding various kings of the same name; assigning reigns of an impossible length to fill up gaps, even in comparatively recent times; and extending the lives of the older rulers to a more than patriarchal length, in accommodation to the preconceived system of four ages of the world. Buddhism, which imparted the first impulse towards systematic history, would in some aspects almost appear to have brought back the mythic age again with more than mythic fantasy, when we see Buddha himself transformed into a god, and regarded as the twenty-fifth in a series of mythic Buddhas who have appeared in the various ages of the world; when we see, further, the first-fruits of the system in the novel notion of saints flying through the air, animals paying service to holy men, stars acting as guide-posts, demons endowed with human forms, and able to commute these at pleasure with those of beasts. Nay, even the names of Buddha's mother and nurse betray the allegory of mythology: for the word *Mâyâ* "is a philosophical term, and denotes the creative power of the deity; his mother had probably therefore originally another

name. This conjecture is confirmed by the fact that her sister, who became Buddha's nurse, is called Prajâpatî (creatix), especially as this name is nowhere else found as the name of a female.* It is true that in the history of Buddhism we have the advantage of being able to compare together accounts from very different, indeed independent, sources, namely, the books of the northern Buddhists (China and Tibet), and those of the southern (Ceylon); and that this, affording a basis for something like historical criticism, enables us to some extent to divest the simple facts of Buddhism from the gorgeous and fantastic drapery of fables which was gradually thrown around it. Still some mythic elements (as that of Mâyâ) remain; and nothing is yet done towards fixing the chronology of that great turning-point in the history of Asia.

In the absence of any native accounts upon which, unsupported from other sources, reliance can be placed, the means at our disposal for the history of India are, the testimony of foreign writers, especially Greek, and to a smaller extent Roman, Tibetan, Chinese, and Arabic; inscriptions; and coins. The Greek testimony is borne by Herodotus and Ctesias alone, for the period previous to Alexander; for the succeeding period most notably by Megasthenes, whose accurate observation of geography, products, and manners, Lassen, reviewing his statements in detail, finds reason to admire at every step; further, by Nearchus, Bardesanes, and other later writers. But of the history of India the Greeks knew next to nothing. The Tibetan and Chinese books are an authority solely for the Buddhistic history of India; and the Arabic for the period subsequent to the Mohammedan conquest (A.D. 1001). The coins are of more extensive utility; but as the art appears to have been introduced by the Greeks, and in consequence practised chiefly in the northern kingdoms, numismatic authority is limited both as to place and time. And the coins have only begun to be collected and questioned since 1828 at the earliest, when James Prinsep "plunged into the subject with all the ardour of youth and genius. . . . Mr. Prinsep and his enthusiastic young friends studied and collected coins. . . . He commenced with very little knowledge of Oriental languages; but his generous ardour brought him every required assistance."† So that "with regard to coins, inquirers into Indian history are not, as with inscriptions, in possession of the advantage of being able to avail themselves of a great number of these memorials."‡ There remain the inscriptions, which are inscribed either on rocks or on commemorative pillars. The oldest, the discovery and deciphering of which form an epoch in the restitution of Indian

* Lassen, ii. 68.

† Mrs. Speir, p. 223.

‡ Lassen, ii. 48.

history, are those of the Buddhist king Açôka, or Piyadâsi, which bear date 247 B.C., and were engraved on pillars at Delhi, Allahabad, Bakra, Mattiah, and Radhiah (the three last places east of the Ganges), and Sanchi in Malva; and on rocks at Girnar in Guzerat, Dhauli in Cuttack, Kapur di Giri in the Penjâb, and Byrath near Bhabra. They are all composed, not in the old classical language (Sanskrit), but in a form of Pâli, and therefore afford a valuable historical datum as to the time when pure Sanskrit ceased to be the spoken language of the people; that at Byrath is in the Magadhî dialect, another offshoot from the Sanskrit. Professor Lassen anticipates the effectual restitution of the later Indian history from the deciphering of inscriptions "of which the greater part lie in manuscript in the London libraries. . . . The proportionate number of inscriptions received from the various parts of India proves that the Dekhan is far more copiously represented by inscriptions than northern India." They ought to be "arranged by a scholar possessing all the requisite learning, and published; which, however, could only be done if the Indian Government would determine on supporting the undertaking. But this will probably remain a pious wish unfulfilled; although that government lies under a much greater obligation to do so than the French to exert itself for the publication of the cuneiform inscriptions, or the Prussian Academy of Sciences to interest itself for the collection and elaboration of the Greek and Latin."*

On the question why the Indians are so strikingly destitute of historical writings, Lassen distinguishes with justice between the Brahmanical Indians and the Buddhists, and observes:

"Among the former Brahmans alone could have been the historians; and it was they who had castes. But for castes there is no history; since nothing in their laws and conditions is subject to change, and a capacity for the conception of historic development therefore can never be formed within their minds. And two other circumstances combined to make the Brahmans little likely to care to work up any historic matter that lay before them into history. Their caste was composed of separate clans, and these of a great number of single families having no common head, the preservation of whose name and deeds might have proved a stimulus to historical description. Single families as such have no history; and only of the first fathers of the Brahmanical clans were traditions preserved, and these belonged to the mythic age. The constant contemplation of the stories of these men by their descendants chained their attention to those early times, and made them indifferent to the history of later years. And this indifference was heightened by a peculiar mental tendency of the Brahmans. For them the history of the gods possessed a much higher importance

* Lassen, ii. 44.

than that of human kings. Their mind accustomed itself to regard the marvellous and unreal as natural and real; and the difference between the two was, if not eclipsed, at least obscured and faint, and the feeling for historic truth weakened. . . . The second circumstance to be noticed here is the inactive life of the Brahmins, and the tendency thereby encouraged towards the contemplation of the immutable and eternal, through the perception of which they hoped to be emancipated from the vicissitude of circumstance and repeated births, and to attain absolute rest."^{*}

Then :

"Although the Aryan Indians felt possessed of a nationality as against the Mlêcha, yet they had not the living consciousness of a national unity, because by their system of caste they were split into sectional divisions with separate interests. The Indian state resolves itself into a countless number of single village-communities, which have an independent existence, and take no interest in the general destinies of the country, so long as no innovation in the regulation of the imposts is forced upon them. Thus they were never educated into the consciousness of a common country;—a man's caste was his country. And a country having so vast an extent as India could never be subject to universal dominion. Great empires comprising a considerable number of single territories, such as those of the Maurya, and later of the Gupta, had no permanence."[†]

"A more favourable verdict must be passed on the historical literature of the Buddhists. . . . As the history of the life of the founder of their religion, of his disciples and followers who were human, and the fortunes of their doctrine, which aimed at the elevation of the conditions of human life, and was favourably received by many kings, form the contents of their writings called the simple Sûtras, we have in these narratives of real men and their actions, and delineations of actual life."[‡]

The periods into which Indian history naturally divides itself, with their subdivisions, can be both more concisely and more clearly presented in a tabular form than otherwise :

I. India independent (till 1001 A.D.) :

i. Prebuddhistic (till 543 B.C.).

a. Vedic period.

b. Sanskrit period.

ii. Buddhistic and Postbuddhistic (543 B.C. to 1001 A.D.).

a. First period, till Vikramâditya (57 B.C.).

b. Second period, to the accession of the later Gupta and Bâl-labhi kings (318 A.D.).

c. Third period, to the Mohammedan invasion (1001 A.D.).

II. India more or less under foreign rule :

i. Mohammedan rule (till 1744 A.D.).

ii. British rule.

* Lassen, ii. 2-4.

† Ibid. ii. 5.

‡ Ibid. ii. 7.

The first or Vedic period retires into unknown antiquity; and its close is marked out by no monuments. But so great is the difference in the aspect of the Indo-Aryan nation between this period and the next, that it becomes necessary to regard them as separated by a broad chasm of centuries, which we are unable to trace connectedly; and to restrict the term *Sanskrit* civilisation to the following period. Hear Weber:

"The Indian literature passes for the earliest of which we possess the written documents; and with perfect justice, although the grounds hitherto usually assigned for this belief are not tenable. . . . The true grounds are the following. In the oldest parts of the *Rigvêda-Samhitâ* the Indian nation appears settled on the north-western border of India, in the *Penjâb*, and spreading as far as the *Kubhâ* or *Κωφίη* in *Kabul*. The gradual extension of the nation from thence towards the East, beyond the *Sarasvatî*, over *Hindustan* towards the *Ganges*, can be proved almost step by step in the later portions of the Vedic writings. The writings of the following period, the epic age, have to do with the contests of the conquerors of *Hindustan* among themselves (so the *Mahâbhârata*), or with the further extension of *Brahmanism* towards the south (so the *Râmâyana*). Then if with these we compare the first accurate accounts of India given by the Greeks, namely those of *Megasthenes*, it is evident that in his time the *Brahmanisation* of India was already accomplished. At the time of the *Periplus* even the southernmost point of the *Dekhan* was already the seat of a worship of the consort of *Çiva*. What a series of years—of centuries—must have been necessary to *Brahmanise* this immeasurable extent of country, inhabited by savage and powerful tribes!"*

The religion of the Vedic period betrays a fresh openness of the mind to the glories of nature,—a sense of an irresistible divine force exerted by the powers of sun, thunder, fire, wind, water, and ether, over the face of nature, and over human life. It is earlier than mythology, properly so-called; it is reduced to no system: the relations of the different divine powers to one another are not yet defined, nor does any one of them as yet reign unquestionably supreme over the Indian Olympus; they appear as yet scarcely anthropomorphic and possessed of human passions and intellect, and much more as actual sun, thunder, and fire allegorised; they are moreover an acknowledgment of the supernatural power of *single* phenomena, which are as yet not subjected to any classification, nor referred to their true sources. Thus the Dawn, the Sunbeams, and the Sun himself in a multitude of various capacities, all appear as separate personalities. In a country bathed in such a flood of light as India, it need not surprise us to find adoration paid to *Ushas*, or Dawn. Where the sunbeams strike as fiery darts, they are naturally

* Weber's *Literaturgeschichte*, p. 2.

imaged as heavenly horsemen. The thunder which, piercing the dense rolling masses of black clouds that come sailing along as precursors of the rainy season, causes the floods to descend upon the parched soil, is very naturally, and grandly too, regarded as the mightiest of the heavenly powers; he is Indra, the mighty, the wielder of the thunderbolt, with which he strikes the wicked demons who hold the waters of heaven confined. The sun must have excited a peculiar awe; for he appears not only simply as Sûrya or Savitri, but (with independent personality) as Mitra the noonday sun, and as Pûshan the nourisher, Bhaga the blessed, Aryaman the venerable; and there are besides twelve Âdityas or sun-gods. Fire (Agni) was one of the most favourite of the divine powers, to whom the greatest number of prayers were addressed. To him men mainly looked for food, for treasures, and for protection against enemies; and his mystic influence, consuming the offering upon the altar, was conceived to bear it aloft to the gods.

"The blessings prayed for are chiefly, as expressed by Professor Wilson, 'of a temporal and personal description,—wealth, food, life, posterity, cattle, cows, horses, protection against enemies,'—selfish and often puerile petitions; but self-forgetting aspirations also find utterance, and a few indications there are 'of a hope of immortality, hatred of untruth, and abhorrence of sin;' and many an old Hindu, we may hope, has stood by his fire-altar at daybreak, offering up fervent adoration to the 'God written in the heart,' of which the altar-flames were to him the beloved household representation."*

The reverence for fire might lead us to suspect a close connection between the Vedic religion and the Bactrian or Zoroastrian; and, in truth, the commencement of the Vedic literature perhaps, the commencement of the Vedic civilisation certainly, reaches back to a time "when the Indo-Aryans still lived as one people with the Persic Aryans,"† probably in Bactria, on the western frontier of India; a time impossible to fix by exact dates, but which can scarcely be more recent than 1500 B.C. Especially important and interesting is it to notice, that before the purer form of fire-worship introduced by Zoroaster, the objects of worship in Persia, which it was found impossible afterwards entirely to supplant in the veneration of the people, were such beings as Mitra and Indra (Vritrihan), (Persian Mithra, Verethraghna), that is to say, the old Vedic gods.‡ This is a brilliant instance in which the inductions of comparative philologists from the evidence of language alone subsequently receive the ratification of history.

* Mrs. Speir, p. 61.

† Weber's Lit., p. 4.

‡ Haug, in *Zeitsch. der deut. morgenl. Gesellschaft*, vol. ix. p. 687.

The next period of Indian history introduces us to a widely different scene. The language is scarcely the same; the religion is a vast growth of centuries round the old Vedic religion as a trunk, which has nearly rendered the trunk invisible; the social system is utterly different. Here Indra occupies no longer the highest place in Olympus; he and all his heavenly host, dethroned from their high estate to make room for younger gods, are become deities of a second order, and the term *déva* (deus), though not yet brought down so low as the Persian *dev* (evil genius, demon), yet no longer indicates heavenly supremacy. The acknowledgment of different *orders* of gods implies the growth of a systematic mythology. Moreover, the Indian had now attained to the consciousness that there is a power more mystical and more holy than the forces of nature; a power utterly different in kind; a power which enters the secret places of the human heart, and inspires pure thoughts and holy desires; a power which was from everlasting, before the fires of the sun had been kindled; a power which supports the universe in its place; a power which alone knows why and how this world exists. This Soul of the universe is *Brahmā* (neuter gender), and the human soul appears to be a portion of it. Filled with wonder at the discovery, the Hindu describes the incomprehensible nature of the soul in paradoxes: "the soul is the smallest of the small, the greatest of the great; although without motion, it seems to go to furthest space; though it resides in the body at rest, yet it seems to move everywhere." The *Brahmā* being the soul, and consequently inspirer, director, of the universe, the powers of nature cannot of course retain the supremacy which was theirs in the earlier part of the Vedic age. Still, as the *Brahmā* is essentially a philosophical conception, it never appears in the popular religion; and being universally diffused, and consequently impersonal, cannot receive any ceremonial worship, nor be represented by images. The conception of the *Brahmā* took its rise in the later part of the Vedic age, and is copiously discoursed of in the later hymns, and especially in the later treatises appended to the Vedas. It was from these works that Rammohun Roy discovered that "the Veds and Purans repeatedly declare the unity of the Supreme Being, and direct mankind to adore Him alone."* This is, of course, quite false if understood of the older hymns; but Rammohun Roy, being an Indian, was not likely to discover a discrepancy between the doctrines of different parts of the Indian Scriptures, and therefore the relative antiquity of the parts was not perceived by him. A beautiful proof that the thought (of the *Brahmā*), when it first arose, was in advance of the language, which was powerless to

* Translation of the principal books of the Veds, p. 88. London, 1832.

express any thing so lofty, is that at first it was simply called THAT (tat), in the neuter gender; and this gives great probability to Windischmann's explanation, adopted by Lassen, of the mystic syllable *óm* (i. e. a + u + m), from the obsolete *avam* (that), as in Zend, *aom* from *avəm*.* The neuter gender of the Brahṃā is very expressive of the idea of universally-diffused essence, permeating and inspiring, but creating nothing, and performing no action. While the neuter Brahṃā is a kind of *πνεῦμα ἄγιον*, and at least closely resembles the "Spirit of God" that "moved upon the face of the waters," the same word Brahṃā, in the masculine, denotes the active Creator, the *δημιουργὸς θεός*.

Whilst the religion of philosophical thinkers had undergone a complete transformation through the perception of the Brahṃā, the popular religion had not stood still; the old gods were now regarded with a familiarity and levity reminding us of the unlucky adventures of Ares and Aphrodite in the *Iliad*, and new deities had attained to a supremacy unknown to the earlier Vedic religion:

"At the time of the composition of the Mahābhārata, the veneration for the old gods (*dēva*) was greatly weakened, and the consciousness of heroic force on the other hand immensely strengthened;" for "even the *Dēvas* could be vanquished by human heroes. The world of *Dēvas* is parted by no sharp line from that of men; the demigods often live upon the earth, and even the gods appear to men, and the latter can visit Indra in his heaven."†

The new gods who have attained to the highest place in the popular religion are Vishṇu, Śiva, and Brahṃā (masculine gender). The latter is distinguished from the neuter Brahṃā by the possession of a personal nature and creative power; he is the Supreme, the Creator, the Spiritual; for although corporeal and mundane when compared with the intangible ethereality of the neuter Brahṃā, towards Vishṇu and Śiva he appears as the Spiritual God, enthroned in highest heaven, and not stooping to enjoy earthly life and mix with men as they do; and consequently less frequently sought by men. Vishṇu and Śiva were each the Creator and the Supreme to their respective sects: Vishṇu, from being a sun-god, having attained the supremacy in the divine heaven which the sun has in the natural; and Śiva having been a representation of physical fertility and organic growth. We find in the case of Vishṇu the idea springing up of the godhead assuming human form and appearing among men when the world requires purification from evil. The development of this idea, which led to the belief in *ten* incarnations of Vishṇu, belongs to a later age; and Krishṇa, who was afterwards

* Lassen, i. 775, note 3.

† Ibid. i. 773.

regarded as the eighth *avatāra*, in which the god appeared on earth invested with his entire divinity, is in the original text of the Mahābhārata simply a human warrior. Çiva appears to have enjoyed the most widely-extended veneration; and was a mighty but beneficent deity, and not yet the awful destroyer which he subsequently became. The amalgamation of Brahmā, Vishnu, and Çiva, into a Trimūrti or Triunity (represented to the eye with three heads on one neck), Brahmā being the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Çiva the Destroyer, belongs to a later age, and owes its origin to the desire of accommodating the veneration paid to Vishnu and Çiva by their respective worshippers as the Supreme, with the Indian notion of One Supreme, and with the previous acceptance by more philosophic minds of Brahmā as that Supreme.

The social system had undergone a yet more marvellous change. Instead of a people chiefly pastoral, whose prayers are for the increase of their herds, and with whom the cow is the metaphor for abundance; a people inhabiting the open country, —we have a settled nation, possessing agriculture, arts, and commerce, living in cities advantageously situated on great rivers, and acquainted with the splendours of kings' courts. Instead of Kabul and the Penjāb, now the Yamunā (Jumna) and Ganges, and the cities of Ayōdhyā (Oude), Hāstinapura and Indraprastha (Delhi) are the chief seats of empire and civilisation. Instead of comparative freedom to all to call upon the Divine name and offer sacrifices, we have now a priesthood as a definite office; instead of a life of natural freedom, we have the social restrictions and ritual ordinances, affecting every act of life, of the Brahmanical law and the caste system. The caste system, however, does not spring into full life at once, for in the earliest times it is spoken of as not being hereditary; and as Mrs. Speir acutely observes (p. 138):

"The Rāmāyana is a tale of the Solar races, the Mahābhārata of the Lunar races; and we are inclined to believe that Brahmanical dominion was far more powerful with the Solar kings at Ayōdhyā than it ever became with Lunar dynasties. In the Rāmāyana, Solar kings reign in the orderly manner prescribed by the Code; Brahmans guiding political councils, and kings commanding armies. But in the Mahābhārata, on the other hand, the Lunar tribes at Hāstinapura and Dwāraka carry on wars at the pleasure of the kings and people with little or no reference to Brahmans."

From this the most natural inference would appear to be, not Mrs. Speir's, that "we seem to have lost the Brahmanical civilisation previously attained, and to be thrown back upon the Vedic period, when priests were warriors, and warriors priests"

(p. 139); but Weber's (p. 181), that the Mahābhārata is the earlier poem of the two.

These two great epics are the Iliad and Odyssey of the Hindus. Like these Greek epics, and to a much greater extent than is now admitted of them, the Mahābhārata is the product of the age, or rather of a succession of ages, and not of a single poet. It abounds with discrepancies both with itself and with the age at which the major part was written; and the inserted episodes, which have nothing to do with the main action, take up more than three-fourths of the whole poem. They are only loosely attached to the poem, and are now admitted to be of later origin. This convinces us that the original poem was intended to be a *corpus* of traditional history, which attracted to itself the stories of different provinces and times as they became current. Like the Iliad, the Mahābhārata is a heroic story, and sings of arms; and if Arjuna is but a feeble likeness of Achilles, Karna may perhaps boast something of the virtues of a Hector. Like the Odyssey, the Rāmāyana is a tale of wandering; and like it, it relates wonders which belong only to fairy mythology. In extent there is no comparison between the Indian and the Greek epics. The Iliad contains 15,694 lines; the Mahābhārata is said to contain more than 100,000 distichs, and the Rāmāyana 24,000. The Rāmāyana bears more the impress of the mind of a single and an accomplished poet; whereas the Mahābhārata rather appears as the product of the collective mind of the age. On this account Weber, perhaps correctly, in opposition to Lassen, assigns to the former a later date. The final elaboration of the Mahābhārata into the form in which we have it, Lassen assigns to the period between Aśōka I. and Candragupta (*i.e.* between 443 and 315 B.C.).

The Mahābhārata relates the contest for the throne of Hâstinapura between the hundred Kauravas (descendants of Kuru) and the five Pāṇḍava brethren (sons of Pāṇḍu), who were cousins. The Pāṇḍavas are the favourites of the poet; and in the end, all the Kauravas having been killed in a fearful battle of eighteen days, they are left victorious. There is considerable individuality of character in the heroes; "Yudhishtira, the eldest Pāṇḍu, is a calm inflexible person, who leads and supports his younger brothers; Bhîma, the second, is remarkable for strength; and Arjuna, the third, is full of enthusiasm and affection, exulting in every martial exercise, and winning all hearts."* The peculiar social condition, by which Draupadi the heroine, though wooed and won by Arjuna, becomes the wife of all five Pāṇḍava brothers, "is a sign of yet ruder manners adopted from the Seythic tribes of India, and is a circumstance odious to

* Mrs. Speir, p. 124.

Brahmanical commentators, and quite uncountenanced by Brahmanical institutions ;”* Weber would probably use it as an argument for the greater antiquity of the Mahâbhârata. It certainly stands in striking contrast to the devoted and heroic faithfulness of Sîtâ, the wife of Râma, the heroine of the Râmâyana, who is tempted by Râvaṇa, the demon-king of Lankâ (Ceylon), and answers with scorn :

“ *Me* wouldst thou woo to be thy queen, or dazzle with thine empire’s shine ?
And didst thou dream that Râma’s wife could stoop to such a prayer as thine ?

I, who can look on Râma’s face, and know that there my husband stands,
My Râma, whose high chivalry is blazoned through a hundred lands !
What ! shall the jackal think to tempt the lioness to mate with him ?
Or did the King of Lankâ’s Isle build upon such an idle dream ?”

Apud Mrs. Speir, p. 115.

The Râmâyana, starting from Ayôdhyâ (the city of Oude) as the seat of empire, sings of the extension of the Aryan nation towards the south, through the wild forests of the Dekhan and into Lankâ (Ceylon). The hero Râma is the son of Daçaratha king of Ayôdhyâ, but he is in reality the seventh incarnation of Vishnu. Though destined to succeed his father on the throne, he is compelled to pass fourteen years in retirement in the forests of the Dekhan, in conformity to a promise extracted from his father by his stepmother ; and it is during this period of rustic retirement that Sîtâ is carried off by the demon-king of Lankâ. This occasions Râma’s romantic expedition to Lankâ ; when he is aided by Sugrîva the ape-king with an army of apes, commanded by Hanuman,—the latter a name adopted by modern naturalists. The bridge which they formed over the straits of Manaar by casting rocks into the sea, and by which they passed over to Ceylon, still exists as a reef, making the navigation of the straits dangerous, and is known as Râma’s bridge, though frequently called by the less interesting name of Adam’s bridge. Of course Sîtâ is recovered ; her fidelity is attested by the ordeal of fire, and she returns with her husband to live in peace and happiness at Ayôdhyâ. The apes are considered to represent the indigenous non-Aryan tribes of the Dekhan,—the Gônds, Bhills, and Kôls (Cooleys),—who are almost black, and would strike the Aryans as remarkably ugly and ape-like. In their expeditions through these untrodden wilds, the Aryans would naturally ally themselves to one of the native tribes whilst acting against another. The Râmâyana is rich in warm and genial descriptions of nature, and in all the simple virtues of a true-hearted uncorrupted people,—filial piety, conjugal fidelity, religious faith. One or two of the most touching passages

* Mrs. Speir, p. 139.

are happily accessible to the English reader in Mr. Griffith's delightful translations.

The general features of the caste-system are well known, and its details would detain us too long. We will therefore merely state here that the castes introduced at this early period are the four original ones only; and that the innumerable mixed castes at present existing in India are of quite modern growth. The four original castes are: 1. *Brahmans*, who acted as priests, counsellors of kings, poets, instructors in religion, arts, and arms, and contemplative philosophers, hermits, and ascetics of various grades. 2. *Xatriyas*, warriors, to which caste kings belonged. 3. *Vaiçyas*, who were the great body of the Aryan population, including tillers of the ground, graziers, traders, and usurers. These three castes alone were invested with the sacred cord, which gave them "regeneration," and admitted to the study of the sacred books (*Vêdas*). 4. *Çûdras*, or the servile class, whose prime duty in life was to serve the three higher castes, yet who were not reduced to personal slavery. They were not invested with the sacred cord, and consequently not admitted to the study of the sacred books; they were judicially debarred from performing any religious rites which were believed to result in absorption in the divine essence; they were excluded from education, and of course from holding civil and judicial functions. From this condition, so vastly inferior to what we might expect an intelligent race like the Aryan to be able to condemn any of their brethren to, it is with great probability conjectured that the *Çûdras* were the remains of the indigenous non-Aryan population subjected by the Aryan conquerors.*

The third, or Buddhistic, age appears in sharp contrast to both the foregoing,—most notably to the last, against which it was a reaction. In so far as the *Brahmans* had regarded sanctity as attained by meditation on the *Brahmă*, and as consisting in liberation from the bonds of passion and sense; and had considered the human soul as a portion of the universal soul imprisoned within the world of phenomena, and emancipation from this prison, involving freedom from repeated births in mortal bodies, as leading to absorption in the divine essence;—Buddhism was simply a further development of the same idea. But inasmuch as Brahmanism implied caste, and caste conceded this emancipation to the three higher divisions of the body-politic alone, and admitted the highest of these alone—the *Brahmans*—to be instructors on religious subjects, and to practise religious contemplation, Buddhism was a Protestant reaction. And this

* The Spartan state presents an analogy to a Brahmanical state without *Brahmans*; for the *Ξαπριᾶραι* are the *Xatriyas*, the *Ἀδᾶμωες* or *πεπλοῖκοι* the *Vaiçyas*, and the *Εἰλωτες* the *Çûdras*.

is its moral significance, and the secret of its original success in India, and subsequent gigantic spread in Tibet, China, Ceylon, and Further India. Acknowledging castes simply as an existing political institution, it received all men, of every colour, rank, and sex, to instruction in its highest truths, in religion acknowledging spiritual gradations of sanctity only; and when extending itself to other unbrahmanical lands, it nowhere caused the *introduction* of caste. To Brahmanism, where the Brahmans alone were permitted to meditate on the spiritual essence of deity, the polytheistic mythology, with its three great gods and its numberless inferior Dêvas, was natural as the religion of the uninitiated multitude; but with these Buddhism, allowing the loftiest contemplation to all, could dispense. They were not, however, to be easily loosened from their long hold on the Indian mind; and still subsisted, though in diminished glory,—the Dêvas remaining as a kind of genii, and Brahmâ himself being subordinate to the founder of Buddhism. And in progress of time a very complex system of Buddhistic hagiology grew up, rivalling the polytheism of the older mythology. Again, Buddhism is opposed to the Vedic religion as a spiritual system is to an unsystematised worship of the powers of nature. And to both stages of the older religion Buddhism stands most distinctly opposed, as a world-religion to a national. The older religion was first a specially-Indian conception of the forces of the physical world as living agents; and later, when it raised itself to more spiritual contemplation, it was bound to a peculiar social system, and pledged to withhold its higher doctrines not only from strange nations, but even from the commonalty of its own nation. Buddha, regarding spiritual worth alone, naturally overstepped the limits of nationality; and his followers, carrying their spiritual truths into distant nations, and propounding them in foreign tongues, are the first grand example the world has seen of missionary energy—of missionary self-sacrifice for spiritual truth.

Why, then, did Buddhism, after a few centuries of astonishing success, yield to the ultimate greater vitality of the Brahmanism it had supplanted, and cease to be the religion of the Aryan race in India; and why, in the greatly inferior north-Asiatic races with whom it has subsisted, has it degenerated into formalism and atheism? Mrs. Speir's remarks in answer to this question are so much the truest and most beautiful things we have seen on the subject, that we cannot resist transcribing some of the most pregnant sentences:

"Because, we answer, Buddhist morals are like gathered blossoms,—flowers cut away from the root of morals. A Buddhist teacher acknowledges no superior; and if the Edicts are too liberal for Brahmans,

they are also too independent of Almighty power. Brahmins taught in the name of Brahmā, and looked reverently on the Sun and the Dawn, on the Fire and the Flood, as tokens of supreme and universal soul. But the Edicts* claim no higher authority than that of the king who proclaims them; he has cast aside the gods of the Vêdas, and has not yet deified the memory of Buddha. All previous worship had been swept away, and teaching alone offered in its place. No Agni, no Indra, no Īcvara, under any name, was worshipped; for Buddhism, not content with proclaiming the equality of men, imagined the same equality to pervade the universe. . . . The first feeling of popular Buddhism seems to have implied a cry of 'Down with the Brahmins! all beings are equal! let gods and men start fair!'" (pp. 364-5.) "We have Buddhist literature;—and this is positively repulsive; a formal, conceited, extravagant tone pervades the whole. . . . Eternal rest, or *nirvāna*, is to be obtained by the extinction of natural emotions. We entirely lose, therefore, the generous love and devotion of the Brahmanical tales; here there is no love conquering death, or brethren emulous of suffering for each other. . . . A Buddhist teacher is never himself a learner,—his sole object is to prove and explain. . . . The countenance of the true poet, while at work, is that of one listening or receiving. To the Sanskrit bards this attitude is not unknown; but Buddhists never listen and never 'look up.' The first act of their infant Buddha, according to their admiring chronicle, was to take seven steps upon the earth, and shout forth, 'I am the most exalted on the earth!'" (p. 367.)

"Çākya (Buddha) sought for God, although he knew not that it was for God he sought; and with all the power and energy of which man is capable, he devoted his whole being to the pursuit; and he found God in a degree far exceeding that usually vouchsafed to man, but it was unconsciously. He knew that there was something better than earth could give; he knew that benevolence and duty were better than human reward, whether in this world or in a future state; and he knew that he was aspiring above all the gods and the demigods of the popular creed. But he knew not the voice that taught him; he knew not that 'God drew him,' therefore he did not teach his disciples to watch and seek as he had done; therefore he used no prayer, and taught no prayer, and bade his disciples look no higher than himself; and therefore no sooner was his influence removed than the whole system began to degenerate into self-glorification and lying hypocritical cant. Had Çākya known that duty was the law of God, and that the *nirvāna* for which he yearned was going home to God, he might have saved millions of men from idolatry; but such knowledge was utterly beyond his reach. We may believe that his unconditional surrender of *himself* to duty gave him a clear perception of right and wrong; he never thought of reward for himself, and abandoned every lighter wish for that which he believed to be *right*; and, as we believe, he trusted implicitly that this would lead to eternal

* The Edicts of the Buddhist king Aśoka or Piyadāsi, mentioned above, which were inscribed on rocks and pillars.

union with the Eternal Essence of the Universe ; but this was not what he taught. True to the conceit and self-sufficiency of his age and country, he believed that he had wrested a secret from the Eternal ; his clear and fresh perception of right and wrong he looked upon as a spell, which he could communicate to others, and thus enable his followers to attain the advantages he had gained, without enduring the painful, tedious, and self-denying probation which he had endured." (pp. 288-289.)

"We could almost fancy that, before God planted Christianity upon earth, He took a branch from the luxuriant tree and threw it down in India. It was from the Tree of Truth, and therefore it taught true morality and belief in future life : but it was never planted, therefore it never took root, and never grew into full proportions ; and it was *thrown* upon earth, not *brought*, and though man perceived it heaven-born, he knew not how to keep it alive. When its green leaves drooped, he stiffened them and stified with varnish ; and soon, although bedizened with tinsel, it shrank into formal atheism or dead idolatry." (p. 265.)

The age of Buddha is especially to be noted as the earliest commencement of any thing like connected history. Bimbisâra, king of Magadha, whose capital was Râjagriha, was Buddha's patron ; he was murdered and succeeded by Ajâtaçatru, who began his reign in hostility to Buddha, but was converted, and became most noted for his faith. The names of the next following kings are confused ; the first worth noting is Kâlâçoka, or Açôka I., who removed the royal residence to Pâtaliputra (Patna), and in whose reign the second Buddhistic synod was held (B.C. 443). He was followed by his nine brothers, who were supplanted by the nine kings of the Nanda dynasty. The last Nanda was murdered and supplanted by an adventurer named Candragupta, of whose low origin and surprising elevation many tales are told. His dynasty is called the Maurya, and it came to rule over a powerful empire.

The date of Candragupta is the first date in Indian history which was decisively fixed, and that through Sir W. Jones's discovery that he is the Sandrocottus (more correctly written by Athenæus Sandrakoptus) of the Greek writers, who was contemporary with the immediate successors of Alexander, if not with Alexander himself ; for he formed an alliance, both political and matrimonial, with Seleucus Nicator ; and the latter appears to have relinquished to him some territories beyond the Indus. His reign lasted from 315 to 291 B.C. Counting backwards from this point, we can arrive at an approximate date for Buddha, and are at once preserved from such gross exaggerations of antiquity as are to be found in old books, which frequently refer him to 2000 B.C. Lassen, after consulting the enormously dis-

crepant chronologies of the northern and southern Buddhists, and testing them by what extraneous evidence we have, places Buddha's death 540 B.C., and therefore his birth, 660 B.C. Weber, however, whose tendency seems to be to diminish the antiquity of every thing Indian later than the Vêdas, places his death 370 B.C.; and therefore, we must suppose, discredits the list of kings who have to intervene between Ajâtaçatru and Candragupta.

After Candragupta's son, Vindusâra (291-263 B.C.), reigned the celebrated Buddhist king Açôka II., called on inscriptions Piyadâsi. His reign lasted till 226 B.C., and in it was held the third Buddhistic synod, 246 B.C. The empire, the nucleus of which was Magadha, now extended over the greater part of India except the Dekhan: it included Râshtrika (Guzerat), Côla, Pîda, and Kalinga (extending down the Coromandel coast), Gandhâra (in the Penjâb), and Kambôga (west of the Indus); and he conquered Kaçmîra (Cashmeer). His inscriptions, which have been mentioned before, afford another fixed point in the chronology; for they name as contemporary kings Antiochus II., the Seleucid, who died 247 B.C.; Ptolemy II., Philadelphus, who died 246 B.C.; and Antigonus Gonatas, who died 239 B.C.

The empire of Açôka fell asunder after his death; and a King Pushpamitra, who founded the Çunga dynasty about 178 B.C., we are told, persecuted Buddhists; so early begins the counter-movement. He reunited, however, a large part of Açôka's dominions under his sway, and his dynasty expired in 66 B.C. The Simha dynasty, which bore rule in Râshtrika, with Simhapura (near Ahmedabad) for a capital, is known only by the evidence of coins and one inscription; yet it appears to have possessed a powerful empire in the west and north-west of India. It subsisted from 157-67 B.C., and is remarkable as apparently tributary to the Greek kings of Bactria. The chief interest attaching to the discovery of this dynasty is, that it fills up a gap, and prepares the way for a king whose memory has never been suffered to perish, but whose antecedents were utterly unknown—Vikramâditya, king of Mâlava, whose capital, Ujjâyinî (Ougein), was the home of poetry and romance, attracted thither by the monarch's liberality. This king commenced his reign in 57 B.C., and appears to have conquered Kaçmîra and Surâshtra (Guzerat, Catiwar), and probably the Penjâb; his great popularity is believed to have arisen from victories which delivered India from the yoke of the Indo-Scythians (Çaka). The poet Kâlidâsa, the author of Çakuntala and other still-existing plays and lyric poems, which are the true gems of Sanskrit literature, is said to have been one of the nine jewels in King Vikramâditya's crown, and this has hitherto been one of the few sheet-anchors in Indian

literature, that might be held to while all other dates went drifting. But Lassen and Weber show the insufficiency of the grounds on which this has been held, and even its incredibility; the former assigning the poet to the second half of the second century of the Christian era, and the latter apparently leaning to a considerably later date. This correction of the chronology, as Weber well observes, makes it no longer certain, as Sir W. Jones believed, that the Indian drama is perfectly indigenous; it may have been learned from the Greek-Bactrian kings, upon and even within the frontiers of India; more especially as the Indian dramas are discovered to belong to the west of India, and most of all to Málava, which formed a part of the dominions held by the Simha viceroys under the Greeks. Still, even if the Hindus should have received their first idea of the drama from scenic representations at the court of the Greek kings, it cannot be denied that they have so transformed it that the finished Indian play bears a very indigenous impress, and betrays nothing of its origin. The Greek play was a religious ceremony performed in honour of Dionysus; the Sanskrit is a purely secular amusement, to which, indeed, solemnity is given by the invocation of a god at the commencement, but which bears no relation to any worship. The Sanskrit play knows nothing of the unities, nor of a limitation in the number of actors. Indeed its freedom of construction reminds one much more of the English drama than of the Greek. The use of the popular dialects for the speech of persons of inferior rank, moreover, may be compared with the Welsh pronunciation of Fluellen and Sir Hugh Evans; and the free employment of prose or verse according to the elevation of the theme, reminds one more of the modern opera than of the Greek drama.

After Vikramâditya's son, who reigned till about the commencement of our era, darkness again obscures the picture; through which, by the dim light afforded by coins, we discover that India is divided among a multitude of not very powerful rulers, and that a foreign and barbarian power, the Indo-Scythian (Yu-chi), reigns in Kaçmîra. This dynasty is represented between A.D. 10 and 40 by a prince of brilliant fame and great ability, Kanerki, or Kanishka, who to a greatly extended empire in India united a vast one in Central Asia. His ancestors had wavered between Mithraic, Çaiva, and Buddhist worship. Kanerki, at first repelling Buddhism, became a convert, and enthusiastic for the spread of his new faith. Under him the fourth and last great Buddhistic synod was held in Kaçmîra; convents, colleges, and *chaityas*, were founded, and missionaries sent out. The other Indian rulers of this age were sometimes

Buddhistic, and sometimes Brahmanical; but Buddhism was fast losing ground.

We next come to the important dynasty of the Gupta kings. Their sway lasted from 150-318 A.D., and was the most glorious ever wielded by native princes in India. Their capital was probably Sâkêta (Ayôdhyâ, Oude), and their original domains east of the Ganges. They are said to have been Vaiçyas (of the third caste); which, being quite contrary to the code, implies a kind of social revolution, whereby the lower classes seized upon the privileges of the higher. Although Brahmanical in religion, and giving through their personal influence an impulse to Brahmanism, they accorded an enlightened toleration to Buddhists. The first king, Gupta, had probably been the satrap of a king Vikramâditya, who founded an empire at Çrâvastî about 150 A.D.; and either he or his son Ghatôtkaca made himself independent. The third king, Candragupta I. (crowned 168 A.D.), extended his dominions, and took Eastern Mâlava. Samudragupta (crowned 195 A.D.) made all Northern India as far as Bengal tributary; and was evidently as politic as he was great, his system being to confirm the princes of Northern India, a mountainous and easily defensible region, in their possessions, at the same time making them tributary to himself; and to let the princes of the Dekhan, a region still more inaccessible to conquest, simply feel his power, and to encourage them to resort to him for the settlement of their disputes. He was a great patron of the fine arts and letters; and to his reign, perhaps the most brilliant period of Sanskrit literature, are probably to be referred many of the poets and poems currently ascribed to that of Vikramâditya. His son, Candragupta II. (crowned 235 A.D.), added Kaçmîra to his empire; and Candragupta's son, Kumâragupta, or Skandagupta (reigned 240-270 A.D.), also Surâshtra; after whom the empire apparently declined, and events (including a short usurpation of independence at Pâtaliputra) are obscure, until in 319 the Guptas are supplanted by the Bâllabhi dynasty in Guzerat. Upon the next age we have not space to enter; nor would it be easy to give of it even as slight a sketch as the foregoing, deprived as we are at this point of the guidance of Professor Lassen.

ART. V.—THE PHASIS OF FORCE.

The Correlation of Physical Forces. By W. R. Grove, Q.C., M.A., F.R.S., &c. Third edition. London: 1855. 8vo, pp. 229.

On the Mutual Relations of the Vital and Physical Forces. By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. "Philosophical Transactions, 1850."

The Phasis of Matter; being an Outline of the Discoveries and Applications of Modern Chemistry. By T. Lindley Kemp, M.D. 2 vols. London: 1855. Post 8vo, pp. 558.

The Chemical and Physiological Balance of Organic Nature. By MM. Dumas and Boussingault, Members of the Institute of France. Third edition, translated from the French. London: 1844. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 156.

THAT "there is nothing new under the sun," is an apophthegm more applicable to matter than to mind, and more truly represents the results of physical inquiry than those of an attentive survey of the moral history of man. For in the latter, progress is the rule; whilst retrogression can scarcely be called an exception, so seldom is it real. But in the Cosmos, cyclical repetition every where seems to prevail. The alternation of day and night gives us our first and simplest experience of this revolution; the succession of the seasons our next: and although no one diurnal period is divided exactly like that which precedes or that which follows it, and although in no two succeeding years do spring, summer, autumn, and winter follow precisely the same course; yet when terms of sufficient length are compared, minor irregularities disappear, the general averages become wonderfully accordant, and limits are marked out beyond which we need not expect any aberration. As the earliest astronomers learned to predict eclipses by comparison of their recurring cycles, so those disturbances in the movements of the planets, and that displacement of even the sun himself, which the theory of universal gravitation predicts as its necessary results, and which modern observation shows really to occur, have the law impressed upon them, "thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" being found by computation to pass through a cycle, whose duration, though capable of being expressed in figures, cannot be definitely conceived by the mind.

Not less obvious is this tendency to cyclical repetition in the changes which are constantly taking place in the substance of our globe, and in the living inhabitants of its surface. Of the aggregate of these changes, the oscillations of the magnetic

needle may, in some degree, be taken as an expression; and the variations which are discernible in these, by careful and continuous observation, are found to be eminently cyclical. Besides diurnal, monthly, and annual variations of considerable regularity, which are traceable to changes in the place of the sun and moon, but which are occasionally interrupted by "magnetic storms" that put the compasses in different parts of the world into simultaneous agitation, there is a variation of very constant rate in the northward and southward pointing of the compass, between certain extreme easterly and extreme westerly limits, which extends over a cycle of centuries; and there can be no doubt that this is indicative of some correspondingly regular change in the interior of the globe; though as to its nature, only the vaguest speculations can at present be offered.

If now, with the geologist, we examine the structure of such parts of the solid crust as lie within reach of our scrutiny, the evidence of cyclical change seems at first sight to fail us; for according to the current hypothesis, whilst the original molten mass nearly uniform in its consistence and composition, gradually losing heat from its exterior, has been skinned over (as it were) with a solidified shell, the structure of that shell has been so modified by physical, chemical, and vital agencies, that its substance has been gradually differentiated into a series of layers, dissimilar both in mineral structure and in chemical composition; and this without any apparent tendency to return to its original homogeneity. Yet when we examine the successive stages of this progress, we find in every part that the disturbing agencies have acted in cyclical periods, and that one cycle has been very much the repetition of another. The two great opposing agencies, fire and water, have been in antagonistic operation from the first. The one has been continually upheaving, the other yet more constantly degrading. The one has fused together minerals of the most dissimilar nature into formless masses; the other has not only worn these down and deposited them in successive layers, but has also separated their components in various ways; so that we find clays and sandstones, slates and limestones, shales and conglomerates, interstratified with more or less of regularity. And the more carefully the history of these deposits is studied, the more does it become apparent that they owe their existence to frequently-recurring series of changes, essentially the same in their nature, though modified in their results both by what has preceded and what has followed them.

Throughout the whole, one thing remains unchanged,—the absolute quantity of each of the elementary forms of matter; for whatever may be the new chemical combinations into which they

enter, whatever the new physical arrangements to which they are subjected, their aggregate is the same now as it was at first. Every speculative philosopher is ready to admit the axiomatic truth of the proposition, *Nihil fit ex nihilo*. And the converse, *Nihil fit ad nihilum*, would be at once recognised as a no less necessary part of our belief, if it were not apparently corrected by familiar experience. But the researches of modern chemistry have most clearly established, that in this point, as in many others, familiar experience is quite in the wrong; that the annihilation of matter is as impossible to man as its creation; and that in every instance in which such a destruction seems to be effected, there is in fact nothing but a change of form. Thus the children of every primary school are now taught,—what was a new fact to the greatest philosophers no more than seventy years ago,—that in every act of ordinary combustion, the disappearance of the combustible is simply due to the formation of new compounds between its elements and the oxygen of the air, and to the diffusion of these compounds through the atmosphere; the decay of organised bodies being merely a slower kind of combustion, whose products are essentially the same in kind, and are disposed of in like manner. When we inquire into the nature and origin of either class of substances, we find that this dissemination of their materials through the atmosphere, merely restores to it what was originally taken from it by the agency of living beings; thus completing a cycle whose marvellous nature requires a somewhat fuller consideration.

The component elements of all vegetable and animal structures are essentially the same; namely, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, with a larger or smaller proportion of certain saline substances, which for our present purpose we may leave out of consideration. Of these elements, the first three alone exist in starch, gum, cellulose, chlorophyll, sugar, oils, and many other “proximate principles” which abound in plants; and as the greater part of their fabric is made up of such principles, their chief constituent, carbon, is the characteristic element of the vegetable kingdom. All four, however, are united together in the albumen, fibrine, gelatine, and other materials of which the animal tissues are essentially composed; and thus nitrogen comes to be the characteristic element of the animal kingdom. It exists, however, universally in the growing parts of plants, the presence of an albuminous substance being essential in them, as in animals, to the formation of new tissue; while the production of albuminous compounds, which are stored up in large amount in seeds and fruits, seems to be the chief end and aim of plant life.

Now whatever may be the amount of nutriment drawn by plants from the soil in which they grow, every vegetable phy-

siologist is aware that this is ultimately derived from the atmosphere. Many trees will thrive without any soil whatever; and others give back, by the decay of their successive crops of leaves, more than they take from it. It is only the removal of the products of a rapid herbaceous vegetation, that really exhausts a soil, by withdrawing from it more than is given back by decay *plus* that which is absorbed from the atmosphere during the process. But it is not by directly uniting the oxygen and nitrogen of the atmosphere, with carbon and hydrogen supplied by vegetable mould, that the starch, chlorophyll, and albumen, are made, which furnish the materials of the vegetable fabric. The plant seems only to have the power of combining these elements into ternary and quaternary compounds, when they are being disengaged in the nascent condition from the state of binary combination which is characteristic of the inorganic world. *Carbonic acid*, which does not ordinarily form more than one two-thousandth part of the atmosphere,—and *ammonia*, whose universal diffusion through the air is unquestionable, though its proportion is almost inappreciably small,—constitute, with *water*, the essential pabulum of vegetable existence; but it is only under the influence of Light, that their elements can be separated from each other and recombined into their new forms. The growing plant, exposed to sunlight, has a decomposing power for carbonic acid, such as no other chemical agent possesses; setting free the oxygen, it retains the carbon; and in the very same act, as it would appear, generates both starchy and albuminous substances by the union of this carbon with the elements of water and ammonia. Hence the effect of vegetation on the atmosphere is, to be continually diminishing its carbonic acid and ammonia, and at the same time to be augmenting its proportion of oxygen. Even during the most vigorous life of the plant, however, it restores a part of its carbon to the atmosphere by a process analogous to the respiration of animals, in which, by union with atmospheric oxygen, this carbon reassumes the form of carbonic acid. And when the term of existence, either of the whole fabric or of any part of it (as the foliage), has been completed, the dead tissue, if freely exposed to the contact of air and moisture, undergoes a gradual decay, and is at last resolved by a series of metamorphoses, in which atmospheric oxygen is largely consumed, into the three binary compounds at whose expense it was at first generated, namely, carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. But if air be partially secluded, the process of decay is less complete; various new compounds are formed, which are rich in carbon and hydrogen, but poor in oxygen, and are therefore eminently combustible: yet these have a character of permanence which indisposes them to spontaneous change; and thus

the products of the partial decay of a past vegetation may remain stored up in the depths of the earth for an unlimited period, until the ingenuity of man turns them to his own account. There are comparatively few to whom it occurs, when they are warming themselves over their winter-fire, or watching the fuel thrown into the roaring furnace of some vast steam-engine, that the combustion which cheers them by its genial glow, or generates a power of a thousand horses, is giving back to the atmosphere, in the form of carbonic acid and water, the identical carbon and hydrogen which were drawn from it by the luxuriant vegetation of the primeval world. Yet nothing is more certain than that all coal was once air, and that it was the flora of the carboniferous period which solidified it.

But the vegetable kingdom serves a higher purpose in the economy of nature than that of merely furnishing sources of artificial heat; for it supplies the materials out of which the animal body is constructed. In no particular is the distinction between the two great kingdoms of organic life more strong than in this, that the plant makes organic compounds, which the animal turns to its own account, and, in doing so, unmakes. It is for the use of the animal that certain plants generate such quantities of albuminous substances as can be turned to no conceivable use in their own economy. And it is only when applied to the construction of the several tissues of the animal fabric, especially the muscular and nervous, that these substances are made to fulfil their highest destiny,—that of becoming subservient to motion, sensation, and psychical action. Every one of these phenomena of animal life, however, essentially involves the restoration of a certain portion of organised tissue to the condition of inert matter. Death and decay are thus always going on within the animal body, the more rapidly as its life is more energetic; and hence, while its sustentation requires a continually-renewed supply of food, its healthful state can only be maintained by the unceasing elimination of its effete particles. These are got rid of by the various channels afforded by the excretory processes, of which respiration is the most important; and whatever may be the form in which the excretory products leave the body, they all resolve themselves ultimately,—as does the body itself, when at last nature claims her debt,—into water, carbonic acid, and ammonia.

The wonderful cycle of organic life in which the constituents of the atmosphere are thus made to pass through one living body after another, and are at last restored to it in their pristine state, is now presented on a small scale to the observation of every one in the aquaria which are becoming the fashionable ornaments of our drawing-rooms, and are affording an object of healthful interest to many who scarcely come into direct contact with nature

in any other way. Every self-sustaining aquarium ought to include three kinds of living beings, namely, plants, vegetable-feeding animals, and carnivorous animals: thus in a fresh-water tank we may have vallisneria, water-snails, and gold-fish; in a marine tank, some of the grass-green sea-weeds, anemonies, phytophagous gasteropods, and blennies or gobies. The plants will thrive in sunlight on the carbonic acid and ammonia diffused through the water; invisible diatoms, too, will increase and multiply at the expense of the same materials; the anemonies and the mollusks will support themselves on the vegetable diet thus prepared for them; their eggs and young serve to sustain the predaceous fish; and while the plants are continually imparting fresh oxygen to the atmosphere of the tank, this is as constantly consumed by its animal inhabitants, which are restoring to the water, during their whole lives, the carbonic acid and ammonia of which the plants are deprived.

We have thus referred to a few of the more striking and typical examples of the *phasis of matter*, for the purpose of introducing a kindred topic, the *phasis of force*; a subject to which many of the most advanced minds of our time are giving their profoundest attention, and which is continually increasing in interest, both from its ever-widening relation to physical phenomena, and from the luminous glimpses which are opened by its study into the most elevated regions of speculative inquiry.

Every thoughtful student of physical science must have been perplexed by the designation "imponderable forms of matter," which has been almost invariably applied in our text-books to light, heat, electricity, and magnetism. No one, so far as we are aware, has ever attempted to rank chemical affinity in this category, or has proposed to consider the force which produces or resists motion as an "imponderable." And it has been owing to this hypothetical severance of agencies which nature has very closely allied, that their real relationship, as disclosed by a study of their analogous influence on matter, has so long remained obscure. Of late years, however, there has been an increasing tendency to regard the former, like the latter, of the agencies just enumerated, as "modes of force;" and it is wonderful how many complex problems are rendered simple, how many obscure matters are made clear, how many doubtful questions are at once decided, by the adoption of this view, and of the consequences to which it directly tends. Not that it has yet been so completely worked out as to be entitled to take rank as a demonstrated doctrine: this could scarcely be accomplished for any scheme having ramifications so extensive, in many times the period that has elapsed since this was first formally proposed. But we may express the

aspect in which it presents itself to our own minds, by comparing it to the Copernican system, at a date when its credibility depended chiefly upon its inherent truthfulness and simplicity, as contrasted with the artificial complexity of rival doctrines,—the telescope not having yet afforded its triumphant confirmation to the bold assertions of the Polish sage.

Those philosophers who have laboured most successfully to determine the laws of the operation of the physical forces, have been impressed with the closeness of the relation which subsists between them all. Indications of a belief in their essential unity will be found, especially, in the various writings of Faraday. But the first systematic attempt to formularise the whole series of these mutual relations was made by Mr. Grove, who at that time held a professorship in the London Institution, in a course of lectures which he delivered before its members in the years 1842 and 1843. An outline of these lectures was published soon afterwards, and has been expanded in each subsequent edition. In the most recent (which has been reproduced in France by an eminent French *savant*, M. Séguin), we have found many new and interesting exemplifications of the doctrine of the "Correlation of the Physical Forces," which we shall now endeavour to make clear to our readers' comprehension.

When we turn from matter to force, from that which is moved to the power which moves it, from the mere passive corporeity to the animating *energeia*, it seems, to the purely abstract thinker, to be no less necessarily true in the second case than in the first, that as *nihil fit ex nihilo*, so *nihil fit ad nihilum*. Here again, however, we seem at first to encounter direct contradiction from daily experience. That force cannot originate of itself, is a proposition about which no two intelligent minds are likely to differ. But that force may cease to exist, may die out (so to speak) without leaving any trace behind, is a notion which the most familiar and oft-repeated observations concur to impress upon us. Every child knows that his top will only spin for a limited time, that his hoop will only roll over a limited space; and if he thinks about the matter at all, he believes that the force he has exerted spends itself in producing the result which alone is obvious to him. As a schoolboy, however, he is taught that his top would spin without ceasing, that his hoop would roll over an unlimited extent of level surface, if it were not for the two opposing powers of friction and resistance of the air; and he rests content with this knowledge, which seems to account for all that he sees to need explanation. But when the schoolboy is developed into the philosophic inquirer, he puts to himself the question, "What has become of the motion which friction and atmospheric resistance have seemed to annihilate?"—and

however plain the fact may be to his common sense, his philosophy is posed.

The answer to this question, as to many others of like kind, is found in the fact, that although the obvious motion of the mass is checked, this is replaced by changes in its own molecular condition, and in that of the surrounding matters, which manifest themselves under different forms, ordinarily those of heat and electricity. Thus, as every one knows, the production of heat is a necessary concomitant of friction. The savage kindles his fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together. The traveller in a railway-carriage runs the risk of being burned alive by the want of grease to its axles. And the philosophers of past days, who thought that heat was a material substance, of which only a certain measure could be contained in any body, were surprised to find that so long as friction was kept up, so long did the production of heat continue. In fact, theory and experiment now concur in the assertion, that heat and motion stand in a precise numerical relation one to the other; the retardation of mechanical movement produced by friction, being accompanied (when the friction takes place between homogeneous substances) by the manifestation of a definite equivalent of heat. So, again, every lad is taught that by rubbing a stick of sealing-wax on his sleeve he can make it attract light bodies, which phenomenon he is led to attribute to the excitation of a mysterious agent, termed the "electric fluid;" and when he goes home from school for the holidays, if he have any thing of a scientific turn, he is pretty sure to set to work to construct an electrical machine, which, with a bottle for the cylinder, may enable him to charge a Leyden jar with this fluid, and distribute shocks to his playfellows and domestics. But he is led to believe that the rubbing of his cushion against the glass merely serves to draw up the "electric fluid" out of the earth; and with this explanation he remains satisfied, until the sceptical philosopher comes in, and asks him what proof there is of the existence of a fluid at all, and whether electricity is any thing else than a molecular action of matter, which, like heat, takes the place of the sensible movement that is annihilated (to all appearance) by the friction. And he is able to allege in support of such a view, that the development of electricity is just as certain a consequence of retarded motion as is that of heat, provided only that the bodies which rub together are in any degree heterogeneous. In fact, there is no single action of our daily lives attended with any such loss of motion, in which electricity is not thus produced; the absence of any manifestation of it being simply due to the provisions which nature has made for the immediate diffusion of the excitement. The grinding of our coffee for breakfast may be made to give out sparks, if due care

be taken to insulate the apparatus; the obliteration of a pencil-mark with india-rubber has often, we doubt not, in the experience of our readers, produced a strong attraction between the paper that is rubbed and the leaf below it; and, in short, it has been shown by nicely-devised experiments, that it is only when the substances which are rubbed together are most perfectly homogeneous, not only chemically but physically (a condition which is only found to exist in the two fractured surfaces of a broken bar of metal), that electricity is *not* generated by friction. As with heat, so with electricity, there is no quantitative limit to the excitement; as long as the friction is maintained, so long may electricity be generated; and the reason why the cushion of the electrical machine needs to communicate with the ground, is not (as used to be supposed) that the electric fluid may be drawn up from its great reservoir, the earth, but that the high electric tension of the rubbing surfaces may be relieved; since without such relief the electric excitation cannot continue, a given surface being only able to hold (to use the common phraseology) a certain measure of electricity.

In these two cases, then, we have familiar examples of the manner in which the force which produces or resists motion is "correlated" to heat and electricity, and through these to the other physical agencies. As Mr. Grove states the case, "neither, taken abstractedly, can be said to be the essential or the proximate cause of the others; but either may, as a force, produce the others." If such a statement be objected to as a hypothetical assumption, we may limit ourselves to the simple expression of the experimental fact, that when any one of these forces, A, ceases to manifest itself, some other, as B, is developed in its stead; and that *vice versâ*, when B ceases to manifest itself, either A is reproduced, or C, D, or E makes its appearance.—A better illustration of this principle can scarcely be offered, than that which is presented in the vaporisation of liquids. Every one knows, that after a kettleful of water has been raised by the heat of the fire from the ordinary temperature to the boiling-point, a much longer time is required to convert the whole of it into steam; and yet the steam is not hotter (as measured by the thermometer) than the boiling-water. In point of fact, about six times the quantity of heat is required to convert water at 212° into steam at 212° as was needed to raise that same amount of water from 60° to 212° . What becomes, then, of this heat? Dr. Black, finding that it all reappears again when the steam is condensed into water,—so that the vapour of any given quantity of water, in reassuming the liquid form, will raise six times the amount of water from 60° to 212° ,—invented the very ingenious theory, which has until recently found universal acceptance among

chemists and physicists, that the heat consumed in vaporisation is metamorphosed from the "sensible" into the "latent" form; whilst, in the converse change of condensation, the latent heat of the vapour becomes sensible again. But this theory, whose elegance has probably been its chief attraction, takes no account whatever of the mechanical power which is generated when water is converted into steam,—the passive liquid, exhibiting no force but that of gravity, into the elastic fluid which exerts pressure on all that confines it. Whence does this power arise? Is it generated *de novo* by the same change which renders the heat latent? So, in the condensation of steam, what becomes of its mechanical force? Does it too pass into the "latent" form when the heat reappears under the "sensible" aspect? Surely it is far more simple and philosophical to discard the notion of latent force altogether, as a mere figment of the imagination, and to describe the phenomenon in the simple terms of fact, by stating that the heat applied to the vaporisation of water (or any other liquid) ceases to manifest itself *as* heat, but is replaced by an equivalent of mechanical force; whilst, in the condensation of steam, the elastic force ceases to act as such, and is replaced by its equivalent of heat, which communicates itself to other substances. If we go one step beyond this, and say that the heat is metamorphosed in the former case into mechanical force, and that in the latter mechanical force is converted into heat, we advance, it must be admitted, into the region of hypothesis; but surely such an hypothesis is far more logical and consistent than one which requires as its basis an existence that in the very nature of things cannot be proved, and gives no account whatever of one of the most essential phenomena involved in the change of state.

The vaporisation of liquids, however, is not the only way, in which heat gives rise to motion; since every case of that almost universal result of the application of heat to matter in any form, namely, its expansion, is an example of the same kind. Again, as heat occasions the separation of the particles of the substance to which it is applied, so does pressure, by occasioning their approximation, give rise to heat; as in the well-known experiment of lighting a piece of tinder by the sudden condensation of air in a syringe; or as a single blow of the hammer upon a piece of lead will make it hot enough to ignite phosphorus.

Thus we arrive at a purely dynamical theory of Heat, in which this power is regarded as consisting in a certain state of matter (probably some kind of molecular motion), not as arising from the action of an imponderable substance superadded to matter. And although there are apparent difficulties in the application of this hypothesis to facts with which every tyro in physics

is familiar, yet these difficulties, when closely examined, are found to arise chiefly out of that conception of heat which we derive from its direct subjective action upon our own consciousness; and they disappear when, putting aside this source of fallacy, we confine ourselves to the study of the objective changes which it produces in matter generally, as manifested by their change of form. Thus in the beautiful experiment of Thilorier, the freezing of a portion of liquefied carbonic acid into snow-like crystals, when another portion, by being relieved from the pressure under which it was previously restrained, undergoes sudden vaporisation, is just as well (if not better) explained on the dynamical theory of heat, as by the commonly-received doctrine, that the solidification of one part is due to the sudden withdrawal of the large measure of heat which becomes latent in the vaporisation of the rest. For the sudden expansion requires so great an amount of force, that in furnishing the demands of the expanding gas, certain other portions contract to such an extent as to solidify: thus we have reciprocal expansion and contraction going on in one and the same substance; the time being too limited for the whole to assume a uniform temperature, or, in other words, to undergo a uniform measure of expansion.

Some curious researches have been recently made as to the relative aptitudes of certain bodies for conducting heat in different directions, which show how much depends upon the molecular arrangement of the bodies themselves; and thus add to the probability, that heat is not, any more than motion, a distinct entity, but a state or condition of the body which exhibits it. Senarmont has shown, that in the case of crystals the direction of the axis of symmetry is that in which heat is most readily transmitted, whilst the direction of slowest transmission is perpendicular to the axis of symmetry; and Knoblauch has found the same rule to hold good with regard to the absorption of radiant heat. So it has been long known in regard to wood, that its conducting power is greater in a direction parallel to the fibre than in one transverse to it; and Dr. Tyndall has recently ascertained that the conduction is better in the radial than in the tangential line of the trunk,—that is, in the direction transverse to its concentric layers than in that which runs parallel to them; so that in the three possible directions in which the structure of wood may be contemplated, we have three different degrees of progression for heat. It is true that such facts as these are not irreconcilable with the view which regards heat as a “something” which can be put into matter or taken out of it, since this “something” may be conceived to travel more quickly or more slowly, in accordance with the facilities or the obstacles which it encounters in its movement; but it greatly simplifies

our conception of the facts, and gets rid of a great deal of not only unnecessary but erroneous hypothesis, when we give up the notion of heat as something capable of being insulated from ponderable matter, and of being measured, if not weighed, by itself. Every one knows that we cannot remove heat from any substance, and retain it for examination *as* heat. All we can do with it when we have got it, is to transmit it to some other substance than that which exhibits it; and in this transmission it may either pass unchanged,—in which case the body to which it passes becomes itself heated,—or it may be replaced by some other mode of manifestation, such as mechanical force or electricity. We only know, in fact, certain changes of matter, for which changes heat is a generic term; the *thing* heat is unknown; and there is no more valid reason for asserting that when a body is heated a certain imponderable form of matter is put into it, than we have for asserting that when we give motion to a ball we put some material thing into it which it did not possess before. Matter in motion is no doubt very different in its attributes from matter at rest; but it is still the same matter, and the difference lies merely in its dynamical as contrasted with its statical condition; just as our own consciousness tells us that any one of our mental faculties, or our whole mind together, may be either active or inert, impressing its energy on all the minds around it, or passively receiving the impressions made by them upon itself.

Electricity possesses the same kind of relation to motion, that we have seen heat to possess; for whilst it is developed, like heat, in almost every instance in which motion is retarded, it is itself capable of producing motion. This it may do in a great variety of modes; on which, as they are exhibited in every experimental lecture on electricity, we need not here dwell; preferring rather to bring forward certain less familiar phenomena, which tend to do away with the notion of a single or double “electric fluid” as a something separate from matter, and to show that what we call electrical phenomena are referable to dynamical conditions of the matter which exhibits them. What is the precise nature of those conditions, cannot be yet stated with more precision in the case of electricity than in that of heat. This much, however, is certain, that any definition of them must involve the idea of *polarisation*; that is, of attractions and repulsions in definite directions. And there is much evidence that the essence of electrical excitement consists in the development of this state of polarisation; just as the essence of caloric phenomena consists in the separation or approximation of the molecules of the bodies affected. Let us take, for example, the simple case of the decomposition of water, or any other compound substance, by

what is commonly called the voltaic current. In this case we have oxygen given off at one pole or electrode, and its equivalent of hydrogen at the other; and the question seems at first sight to be, at which of the poles the decomposition takes place, and which of the gases passes over towards the other; or whether it occurs midway, the hydrogen travelling in one direction and the oxygen in the opposite. Now as the most attentive scrutiny of the process fails to bring into view any such passage of gases, it has come to be generally admitted that the phenomenon is really to be explained by a decomposition and recomposition of every molecule of water intervening between the two poles; for when the circuit is completed, the two electrodes being oppositely polarised, the positive will attract the negative oxygen of its adjacent molecule of water; the hydrogen thus displaced unites with the oxygen of its contiguous molecule, which in its turn liberates its hydrogen to unite with the oxygen of the molecule beyond it; and so on to the negative pole, where, the last molecule of water being decomposed, its oxygen unites with the hydrogen of the preceding, and its hydrogen is liberated on the electrode. This polarising action may be simply represented thus:—a row of molecules of water, each represented by HO, being interposed between the electrodes,

Negative electrode HO, HO, HO, HO, HO, HO, *Positive electrode*

when the two electrodes are oppositely polarised by the completion of the circuit, the constituents of the series arrange themselves thus:—

Negative electrode H, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, O, *Positive electrode*.

Thus if electrolysis, or decomposition by electricity, were the only known electrical phenomenon, electricity would appear to consist in transmitted chemical action; for all the evidence we have is, that a certain affection of matter, designated as chemical change, takes place at certain distant points, the change at one point having a definite relation to the change at the other.

The phenomena of electrical induction again are equally consistent with the idea of molecular polarisation, whilst they are very difficult of explanation on that of a single or double fluid. Whenever an electrified body is brought into contiguity with another that is not electrified, even though a non-conducting medium be interposed, it tends to excite in the part of the other nearest to itself an electrical state opposite to its own; thus it is that in charging a Leyden jar, the outside coating becomes as strongly excited as the inside, although with opposite polarity. It was formerly supposed that the intervening substance was purely passive, and that the effects of induction depend upon the

repulsion of the electric fluid at considerable distances. But it has been shown by Faraday that the effects vary so much according to the nature of the interposed medium, that there is strong reason for referring the phenomena of induction to molecular polarisation of its substance. And this view is confirmed by the following beautiful experiment devised by Matteucci. A number of thin plates of mica are superposed like a pack of cards, metallic plates being applied to the outer facings: when one of these plates is electrified, the whole apparatus is charged like a Leyden phial; and upon separating the plates with insulating handles, each is found to be separately electrified, one side of it being positive and the other negative.

Let us now turn to another class of electric phenomena, which are commonly considered as affording valid evidence of the emanation of a fluid; namely, the electric spark, the electric brush, the voltaic arc (*i. e.* the luminous arch which plays between the terminal points of a powerful voltaic battery), and similar appearances. These are all considered by Mr. Grove as produced by the emission, not of a hypothetical fluid, but of actual ponderable matter, driven off by the violence of the molecular action from the surface of the body from which the discharge is proceeding; and he adduces very cogent arguments in support of this position. Thus the colour of the electric spark, or of the voltaic arc, is determined by the substance of the metal; that from zinc being blue; from silver, green; from iron, red and scintillating; which are the colours given by these metals respectively in their ordinary combustion: and where the action has been kept up long enough (as when the voltaic arc is sustained for some time), the metallic particles given off from the terminals can be collected, tested, or even weighed. Thus, if the voltaic discharge be passed between zinc terminals in an exhausted receiver, a fine black powder of zinc is deposited on the sides of the receiver; and this, on being collected, takes fire readily in the air on being touched with a match or lighted wire, instantly burning into white oxide of zinc. To an ordinary observer, the zinc would appear to be burned twice, first in the voltaic arc, and secondly in the air: in the first case, however, there is no combustion, but an ignition of finely-divided particles, which undergo no chemical change; in the second, there is true combustion. So, again, iron is volatilised by the voltaic arc in nitrogen, or in an exhausted receiver; and when a scarcely perceptible film has lined the receiver, if this film be dissolved by an acid, the characteristic precipitate of Prussian blue is given when ferrocyanide of potassium is added to the solution. The same holds good in the production of the now well-known "electric light," which is the result of the ignition of the charcoal

points, and of the separation of their ignited particles in a state of excessively minute subdivision. If the access of oxygen be permitted, combustion takes place, and the charcoal terminals rapidly burn away; but when the action is carried on in a vacuum, so as to prevent all loss of this kind, the charcoal points are more gradually reduced by the wasting consequent upon the dissipation of their particles through the space between and around the terminals. Even when the terminals are composed of platinum, and the intervening medium is a gas which cannot act chemically upon it, the metal is gradually carried off, and is deposited in a cloud or film on the surrounding glass.

It is not only the substance of the terminals which is thus affected; the intervening medium has a great influence on the nature of the electric manifestation, and is in its turn sensibly affected by the passage of the discharge. One of the most beautiful of all electric phenomena is the imitation of the Aurora Borealis, which may be produced by the passage of the discharge through highly attenuated air; the spark of an inch in length being changed into a luminous glow, or diffused scintillation, which will stretch across several feet; and the colour of the light being altered by substituting one gas for another. Now when composite gases, such as ammonia, nitrous oxide, and the like, are subjected to the electric discharge, they are usually decomposed; whilst mixed gases, which will enter into chemical combination, such as oxygen and hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, hydrogen and chlorine, are made to unite by the same means. Thus we have many cases of chemical change in the act of transmission of the (so-called) electric current through gases; and even in the case of simple gases, there is strong reason to believe that new molecular arrangements are developed in them, persistent in some cases, but in others giving place to the ordinary condition so soon as the electric excitation ceases. One of the most remarkable instances of permanent alteration is that which is induced in oxygen by the passage of the electric discharge through it; the substance called *ozone* being thus produced, which, though at one time supposed to be a peculiar compound of oxygen and hydrogen, is now generally admitted to be nothing but oxygen rendered *allotropic*, that is, caused to assume a new guise, and endowed with very peculiar properties, among which its intense power of decomposing organic compounds is one of the most remarkable.

Further, although we are accustomed to think that (so-called) electric currents may pass along good conductors, such as metallic wires, without altering their molecular condition, yet careful experiment shows that sensible changes are really produced by them in the intimate structure of such bodies; the only requisite

for the manifestation of these changes being a sufficient potency of the currents if their duration be brief, or a sufficient duration if their intensity be weak. Thus, if successive discharges from a Leyden jar be passed through a platinum wire too thick to be fused by them, it will soon be found that the wire is shortened; and if the discharges be continued, the wire gradually gathers up in small irregular bends or convolutions. Again, if a continuous though feeble electric current be made to pass through a copper wire for several days, the wire will be found to have diminished in tenacity; and wires which have long served to conduct atmospheric electricity are observed to have become quite brittle. It is curious that in the case of iron the effect should be of a reverse nature, the tenacity being increased instead of diminished by continued electrification. During the passage of the electric current, moreover, metallic wires are found to sustain a temporary diminution of their elasticity. From experiments on bismuth (crystals of which metal can easily be obtained large enough for such experiments), there is reason to believe that the same law holds good for electricity as for heat; namely, that their conduction is better in the direction of the cleavage planes, than transversely to them.

Thus it is obvious that the molecular structure of a body influences—it may be said, determines—its power of conducting electricity; whilst there is very strong evidence that this structure is modified in every case during the passage of the electricity, such modification being temporary in some cases, permanent in others. Mr. Grove has recently published some very curious additional facts bearing closely on this point. It was some years since discovered in Germany, that if a coin or medal be placed on a smooth surface of glass or metal, and be electrified, impressions are left on that surface, which become visible when breathed on, and which on this account have been called “*roric figures*.” Various attempts have been made to fix these by exposure to the vapour of mercury or iodine; but, until lately, without success. Impressed, however, with the conviction that the effects are due to molecular changes in the electrified surfaces, which might be rendered sensible by appropriate means, Mr. Grove has essayed to find such means; and has completely succeeded. Thus, having placed a piece of a printed handbill between two plates of window-glass carefully cleaned and dried, the outside surfaces of which were coated with tinfoil, and having electrified the tinfoil-coatings for a few minutes, he found that, on separating the glass-plates, not only were the printed words, and even the fibres of the paper, “brought out” like frost-work on the surface of the glass by breathing on it, but the impression might be rendered durable by etching with hydrofluoric

acid. A like result was produced by cutting the letters forming a word out of a sheet of thin white letter-paper, which was then placed between two plates of glass whose external surfaces were electrised as before; for when the interior surfaces were separated, and one of them was exposed to hydrofluoric-acid vapour, the previously-invisible figures came out perfectly, and formed a permanent and accurate etching of the word cut out of the paper. The other plate, on which the same invisible image had been impressed, was immersed in a bath of nitrate of silver, in the same manner as for a photograph, held opposite a window for a few seconds, and then taken into a darkened room; and on pouring over it a solution of pyrogallic acid, the word came out with perfect distinctness, that part of the surface being darkened which had been insulated by the absence of the paper, whilst the remainder, over which the electricity had been diffused, was protected (as it were) by electrification from the action of light. The figures were permanently fixed in the usual way by hyposulphite of soda.

Now although these and similar facts, which prove that the passage of electricity gives rise to molecular changes in the medium through which it passes, do not directly negative the theory of a fluid, yet it is obvious that they are much more simply explained upon the idea that the transmission of electricity is the transmission of a force akin to that which manifests itself in sensible motion. For on the latter hypothesis, the direct influence of the molecular condition of bodies on their transmitting power is just what might be expected; whilst on the former, we are obliged to attribute part of the result to the unknown properties of an entity of whose separate existence we have no evidence. There seems adequate ground for the affirmation, that there is not a single electrical effect, in which, if a close investigation be instituted, and the materials be chosen in a state adapted for the exhibition of minute changes, evidences of molecular change will not be detected; and thus, excepting in those cases where infinitesimally small quantities of matter are acted on, or the action is so feeble as to baffle our means of detection, electrical effects are known to us only as changes of ordinary matter. Hence it seems quite as easy to imagine these changes to be produced by a force acting in definite directions, as by a fluid which has no independent or sensible existence, and which can only produce its characteristic effects when acting either upon ordinary matter, or upon some hypothetical ether, the existence of which is altogether incapable of proof. Electrical attractions and repulsions are as readily explicable without such a hypothetical fluid, as is the attraction of gravitation itself; and although Newton was inclined to believe that some ethereal medium of

communication must exist throughout the universe, to account for the universal attraction of all the masses of matter which it comprehends, yet modern philosophers, acting upon his own precept *non fingere hypotheses*, content themselves with adopting the fact of universal attraction, without attempting to solve the mystery of its operation between remote bodies. And it is gradually coming to be perceived that, if the same rule be followed in other departments of science, we are far more likely to get at the truth, than by a contented acquiescence in vague forms of words. Thus, as Mr. Grove justly remarks, "as the idea of the hypothetic electrical fluid is pursued, it gradually vanishes, and resolves itself into the idea of force;" whilst, on the other hand, the idea of molecular change, the more it is pursued, becomes more and more definite and tangible; numerous phenomena of great interest (of which a sample has been previously cited) having been already discovered by experiments carefully devised under the guidance of this idea, of which phenomena we should otherwise have probably long remained in ignorance.

Of all the forms of physical force, Electricity is that which is most directly related to all the rest; since there is no one of them which may not be immediately called forth by its agency, whilst most of them are capable, in their turn, of exciting it. Of the existence of this reciprocity or correlation between electricity and mechanical motion, we have already spoken; we shall now adduce a few facts which prove that it possesses the like relation to other forces.—It was discovered many years since by Seebeck, that if two pieces of different metals be soldered together at one end, so as to form a V, and heat be applied to the angle at which they join, an electric current is produced resembling that which is generated by chemical action in the voltaic battery; and practical advantage has been taken of this fact in the construction of the "thermo-multiplier," an instrument for measuring minute changes of temperature by means of their effect upon a combination of bismuth and antimony; the electric current thus generated being made to manifest itself, according to the principle to be presently explained, in deflecting a magnetic needle. The indication thus afforded of the direct relationship between heat and electricity is proved by the converse very familiar fact, that electricity gives place to heat whenever its passage through any medium is obstructed, either by the insufficient size of the conducting substance, or by its bad transmitting-power. Thus, if a fine platinum-wire be interposed between the terminals of a sufficiently powerful voltaic battery, this wire will be ignited to a red or even to a white heat; its capacity for the transmission of electricity being limited by its dimensions, and the amount of heat produced being in strict accordance with the amount of

electricity kept back. Now in a well-constructed voltaic battery, a measure of the quantity of electricity generated in a given time is afforded by the amount of zinc dissolved during the same period; the chemical action being diminished when the electric current is retarded, and being altogether suspended when the circuit is completely broken. Now if, when a platinum-wire too small to give passage to the current has thus become heated, the quantity of zinc dissolved in a given time be noted, and the wire be immersed in water, so that its heat is rapidly dissipated, a more rapid consumption of zinc will take place; whilst conversely, if the wire be placed in the flame of a spirit-lamp, so that the heat meets with greater resistance to its dissipation, the chemical action is correspondingly retarded. Thus in each case we have evidence, that a constant proportion exists between the heat-producing effects of electricity and the chemical action employed to generate it.—The production of light by electricity is so closely related to that of heat, as not to require separate notice, especially as it has been already incidentally alluded to; and although there is as yet no positive evidence that light can produce electricity, except through the medium of chemical action, yet there is every probability that such a direct correlation will be hereafter discovered. The whole subject is yet in the infancy of its development; and the discovery of so many of the most important of these relations already disclosed has been the result of happy accidents, that many more will doubtless be brought to light when they are carefully and systematically looked for.

It is said to have been by one of such happy accidents that the first step was made in the science of Electro-Magnetism. The disturbance produced in magnetic needles by the passage of electric currents in their neighbourhood, had clearly indicated the existence of some relation between these two powers; and almost every electrician had tried to make a magnet by the transmission of electric currents or discharges through bars of iron, but had tried in vain. In all these attempts, however, the electric transmission had been in the direction of the length of the bars: *Cersted* happened to pass a charge across a bar, and the first electro-magnet was made. Working out this discovery with such sagacity as only a first-rate mind could bring to bear upon it, he found that the effect was greatly intensified, when, instead of passing the discharge across the bar, he made a continuous current to circulate round and round it in a direction transverse to its length; and in this mode electro-magnets of far greater intensity than the most powerful natural magnets, or than any artificial magnets producible through their instrumentality, can be made or unmade in an instant, by simply completing or in-

interrupting the connection between a wire coiled in a helix round a bar of soft iron and a galvanic battery of sufficient force. Many physicists were led, by too hasty deduction from this experiment, to the conclusion that electricity and magnetism are identical agencies; but such a conclusion is by no means borne out by the facts of the case. For all the manifestations of magnetism are so different from those of electricity, as clearly to require that the two should be placed in a distinct category; and the utmost that Ørsted's experiment proves, is the capability of electricity under certain conditions to evolve or produce magnetism. The presence of iron is not essential; for the polar direction, which is the most distinctive manifestation of magnetic force, is taken by a helix through which an electric current is passing, whenever this is so supported (as by being floated with its galvanic cell on water) as to be free to point north and south; the core of iron introduced within the helix having merely the effect of concentrating the magnetic power, and of retaining it if the iron be hard.

It seemed natural to suppose that, if electricity could thus produce magnetism, magnetism should be capable in its turn of producing electricity. Here Ørsted was at fault; and it was our own Faraday who solved the problem, not by a happy accident, but by the force of philosophical reasoning. For, perceiving that magnetism differs from electricity in being not a motive but a directing power, and that, for a static to produce a dynamic condition, motion must be superadded, he put a magnet in rotation within a helix, and found that an electric current was then transmitted from one extremity of the wire to the other. And further investigation showed that this current is also momentarily generated, whenever the intensity of the magnetism is altered either by increase or diminution; any such change giving the magnetic power for the instant a dynamic character. A very simple mode of exhibiting this beautiful experiment, is to wind a coil of insulated wire round the soft iron "keeper" of a sufficiently powerful horseshoe-magnet, bringing the wires proceeding from the two ends of the coil into very close proximity, but not into absolute contact; for whenever the "keeper" is applied to the poles of its magnet, or is withdrawn from them, being thus made and unmade as a temporary magnet, a spark is seen to pass between the two extremities of the wire. In this discovery of Faraday's, we have the precise complement of Ørsted's; taken together, the two fully establish the correlation between electricity and magnetism: and we see that they concur with each other to show that these forces act upon one another, not in straight lines, as all other known forces do, but in a transverse direction; that is, bodies through which an electric current

is passing tend to place magnets at right angles to themselves; while, conversely, magnets tend to place bodies conducting electricity at right angles to themselves.

It cannot be necessary for us to dwell on the correlation between electricity and chemical affinity; since this is at once evidenced by the production of electric currents by the purely chemical action of the voltaic battery, and conversely by the phenomena of chemical decomposition or union which the electric current may be made to induce. Some chemists and physicists have gone so far as to infer from these facts that electricity and chemical affinity are identical; but there are many difficulties in the way of such an hypothesis, which entirely disregards the marked difference in the characteristic manifestations of these two modes of force; and the notion of "correlation" far more accurately represents the state of the case, when, hypothesis being laid aside, it is rested on the sure basis of experiment.

We have dwelt the longer upon electricity, because it occupies a sort of central position amongst the physical forces; for whenever we fail in causing one of these to generate another by an immediate action, we can always procure the result through its intermediation. We must now briefly notice these other powers.

The close relationship of Magnetism to electricity, and its peculiarity as a directive force having no power of originating motion, but capable of modifying other motions, having been already pointed out, we need not dwell upon those of its phenomena with which every tyro is familiar, but shall limit ourselves to the mention of a few of those recent discoveries which have most extended our knowledge of its agency. Pre-eminent among these is the unexpected generalisation of Faraday, that all matter is subject to the influence of magnetism, ordinary substances differing from iron in this, that they are affected in a transverse direction; so that whilst a bar of iron, hung above the two poles of a horseshoe-magnet, places itself in the line parallel to that which joins them, a bar either of any other metal (save cobalt and nickel), or of glass, wood, bone, &c., will place itself at right angles to this, so as to hang in the plane passing midway between the poles; whence such bodies are said to be *diamagnetic*. This general statement, however, is to be understood only as true of bodies whose condition does not depart far from that of homogeneity; for it has been shown by Dr. Tyndall, that the action of the magnetic force is liable to be completely reversed by such a change in the molecular aggregation, whether of magnetic or of diamagnetic bodies, as may give them a greater compactness of structure in one direction than in another. For example, if a mass of iron filings be pressed together into a plate, in such a manner as to lie in much closer contiguity in the direction of its

thickness than in that of its surface, this plate, when freely suspended above the poles of the magnet, will take up such a position, that its diameter is not parallel, but transverse to the line which joins them, conducting itself, in fact, as if it were a diamagnetic body. On the other hand, if a similar plate of any diamagnetic substance, such as a lozenge or a biscuit compressed by the stamping of its surfaces, be suspended in the same situation, it will take up such a position, that the direction of its diameters is parallel to that of the line joining the poles of the magnet, as it would be if the plate were of ordinary iron. Thus in each case it would seem as if the directive force acted most energetically along those lines in the direction of which the particles of the substance lie in the closest contiguity; and thus we have a strong indication that the *modus operandi* of this force mainly depends upon the state of molecular aggregation of the bodies on which its agency is exerted.

Further, many recent experiments indicate that magnetic phenomena are accompanied with some molecular change in the substance which exhibits them. Thus it has been found by Wertheim that the elasticity of iron and steel is altered by magnetisation,—that of iron being temporarily, and that of steel permanently, diminished; whilst, on the other hand, the temporary twisting of a magnetised iron-bar diminishes the intensity of its magnetism, its original directive force returning with the restoration of the bar to its primitive state. Again, it has been observed that a bar of iron slightly curved by its own weight is straightened by being magnetised, and that a slight elongation is also produced by this operation. And the experiments of Plucker, Faraday, and others, have shown that a certain definite relation exists between magnetism and the polar force which produces crystallisation; many transparent bodies, when freely suspended, taking a position in regard to the magnetic poles which is dependent upon the direction of their optic axes; whilst crystals of bismuth and other opaque substances take a direction which is definitely related to that of their axis of symmetry. So, again, it has been shown by Professor Grove that when any metal susceptible of magnetism (namely, iron, nickel, or cobalt) is either magnetised or demagnetised, its temperature is raised; and the power of a plate of homogeneous iron to conduct heat equally in all directions has been found to be considerably modified in regard to any part of it that is subjected to the influence of a powerful electro-magnet.

These are examples of the extensive series of phenomena, recently brought to light by patient and accurate experimental research, which indicate the close relation of magnetism to those peculiarities of molecular structure that have been shown to affect

the properties of bodies in regard to heat, light, and electricity, and which seem to justify the conclusion that it is a mode of force nearly akin to these. Much, however, still remains to be done in this direction; indeed, it may be said that this class of inquiries has only just been started.

Although it has been usual to draw a decided line of demarcation between physics and chemistry, and to regard Chemical Affinity as a force altogether *sui generis*, yet the distinction fails when we come to analyse closely the elementary forms of both sets of phenomena. Every text-book of chemistry includes the consideration of both heat and electricity; since these forces participate largely, to say the least, in all chemical phenomena. It is probable that no chemical change whatever takes place without some alteration of temperature, and some disturbance of electric equilibrium; whilst, on the other hand, alteration of temperature and electric excitement are among the most frequent occasions of chemical change. When adverting to voltaic electricity, we have seen how intimately the transmission of electricity through a liquid undergoing decomposition is connected with the chemical change in its particles; whilst, on the other hand, the origin of the current is itself dependent on the new combinations which are taking place in the battery. And the careful inquiries of Faraday have shown that a precise relation of equivalence exists between these two actions; so that when a battery composed of zinc, platinum, and water, is made to decompose water, the amount of oxygen that unites with the zinc in each cell of the battery is exactly equal to the amount evolved at one of the electrodes; whilst the hydrogen evolved from each platinum-plate of the battery is equal to the hydrogen evolved from the other electrode. A like rule applies to all liquids capable of being decomposed by the voltaic force; the amount of the components separated by the passage of the current bearing always that relation to the chemical action whereby the current is originated, which is expressed by the chemical equivalents or atomic weights of the respective substances. With respect to such an operation, therefore, it may be almost said that the voltaic action is nothing else than chemical action transferred by a chain of media from one place to another.—The relations of chemical affinity to other modes of force have not yet been sufficiently traced out to enable them to be stated with certainty; but it is obviously correlated to light, either directly or through the medium of heat; and no less obviously to magnetism, either directly or through the medium of electricity. So, again, it is well known that chemical action becomes a source of motion, as in the explosion of gun-powder or gun-cotton; though it is not yet clear from what source the elastic force of the disengaged gases is derived.

Light is perhaps that mode of force whose reciprocal relations to the rest have been the least traced out; yet so much has been accomplished within a comparatively brief period, chiefly through the interest taken by the public in the photographic art, that sanguine expectations may be reasonably entertained of future discovery in this direction. It must be constantly borne in mind, that the conditions which serve for the determination of such relations are frequently very peculiar and recondite; and many tedious series of experiments may be carried on without success, before some fortunate concurrence of circumstances happens to supply the deficient link. Thus, among all the multitude of saline compounds with which the chemist is familiar, there are none on which light has any potent action save the salts of silver, which it has the effect of decomposing so as to precipitate the metallic silver; hence this action, though shared in a certain degree by many other salts, might not yet have been discovered, if the salts of silver had been as little known as those of the rarer metals. So the beautiful experiment by which Faraday showed the direct influence of magnetic force on light (producing the rotation of a polarised beam) would probably not have succeeded, if our philosopher had not chanced to have by him some peculiar glass made many years previously from borate of lead, which served as a more effectual medium for bringing the magnetic force to bear upon the luminous ray than any other substance yet tried. The existence of this relation having been once ascertained, it was traced with comparative facility through the intermediation of other substances, the effects of which would not have been sufficiently marked to attract observation in the first instance. Hence, if Faraday had not been engaged many years previously in experiments on the manufacture of glass for optical purposes, or had not chanced to preserve this specimen of his production, or had not happened to think of trying it in the apparatus which his sagacity had devised for testing the power of magnetism to act on polarised light (which combination of chances was almost infinitely against a favourable result), science might not yet have been enriched by the remarkable discovery to which we allude.

Glimpses have been obtained of the direct agency of light in producing both electricity and magnetism, as well as in modifying the molecular arrangement of the particles of bodies undergoing crystallisation; but these results cannot yet be asserted to afford a definite basis for the assertion that such a direct relation exists. There is, however, no difficulty whatever in causing light to call forth all the other physical forces indirectly, as in the following very ingenious experiment exhibited by Mr. Grove in his lectures at the London Institution as far back as 1843:—A pre-

pared daguerreotype plate is enclosed in a box filled with water and having a glass front with a shutter over it; between this glass and the prepared plate a gridiron of silver wire is interposed, which is connected with one extremity of a Breguet's helix (an instrument constructed to indicate minute changes of temperature by the unequal expansion and contraction of two metals); whilst the plate itself is connected with a galvanometer coil (that is, a coil passing over and under a magnetic needle), and the other extremities of the helix and galvanometer coil are connected by a wire so as to complete the circuit. As soon as a beam either of daylight or of the oxy-hydrogen *light* is allowed, by the raising of the shutter, to impinge upon the plate, a *chemical change* is produced on its surface; which is attended with an excitement of *heat* as indicated by Breguet's helix, and initiates an *electric current*, the circulation of which affects the *magnetic polarity* of the needle of the galvanometer, whilst in the deflection of the indices, both of the helix and of the galvanometer, *motion* is produced.

The mutual relation of light and heat is familiar to every one; being, in fact, so close as to render it doubtful whether they should not be regarded as modifications of one common force, rather than as two distinct agencies mutually dependent. The modes of action of radiant heat and light are so similar,—both being subject to the same laws of reflection, refraction, double refraction, and polarisation,—that their difference appears to be more in the manner in which they respectively affect our senses, than in our mental conceptions of them. Although, in the ordinary phenomena of combustion, light and heat are generated at the same time, yet they are by no means inseparable; and there are certain bodies which have a much greater capacity for evolving light when heated, than others possess. Thus all the substances ordinarily employed for illumination, contain both hydrogen and carbon; the combustion of the former is the chief source of their heating, that of the latter of their illuminating power; and hence those which, like camphine or olefiant gas, contain a large proportion of carbon, give out most light in proportion to the heat which they evolve; whilst those which, like alcohol or light carburetted hydrogen, contain a large proportion of hydrogen, generate an excess of heat in proportion to the light which they give out. The oxy-hydrogen flame possesses greater heating power than almost any other, whilst it is almost totally destitute of illuminating power; but when it is made to play upon a ball of lime, the light given off from this is more intense than any artificial light at present producible, except that of the voltaic arc.

Whether, in this and similar cases, the heat is converted into

light, or whether it is simply concentrated and increased in intensity so as to become visible, may be open to some doubt; and this doubt is strengthened by the recent experiments of Sir John Herschel and Professor Stokes, which show that the ordinary solar beam contains rays which produce no luminous impression until they fall on certain special substances. These rays lie in the solar spectrum beyond its violet extremity; so that if the whole visible spectrum thrown upon a piece of white paper were cut off by the interposition of an opaque body, their place would not be indicated by even the faintest illumination. But if for the part of the white paper beyond the violet rays, there be substituted a piece of glass tinged by the oxide of uranium, or a bottle filled with solution of sulphate of quinine or with the juice of horse-chestnuts, or a piece of paper soaked in either of these solutions, the glass, the bottle, or the paper, will be rendered distinctly visible by the light they will then reflect. The electric light contains so large a proportion of this class of rays, that designs drawn in various transparent and colourless fluids are brought out by its means, although quite invisible by ordinary light. It seems by no means impossible that these curious rays may hold an intermediate place between those of heat and those of ordinary light; and that the difference may lie rather in the intensity, than in the nature, of those molecular changes in which these two agents respectively consist.

The phenomena of light are usually explained, as our readers generally must be aware, upon one or other of two theories,—the *emission* or *corpuscular* theory of Newton, which supposes light to consist of luminiferous particles sent off from the luminous body; and the *undulatory* theory of Huyghens, which supposes light to be produced, like sound, by undulatory movements—not, however, of the atmosphere or any such sensible medium, but of a hypothetical ether. Each of these theories is attended with certain difficulties; and the latter, although generally accepted by modern physicists, does not suffice to explain by any means all the phenomena to which it should apply. The absorption of light by dark substances is a difficulty which neither theory has satisfactorily solved; but it is readily disposed of on the correlation doctrine, by the supposition (which there is much to support) that the rays of light in ceasing to produce luminous effects take the attributes of heat. Thus we may plausibly explain the well-known experiment of laying pieces of differently-coloured cloth on the surface of snow in the sunshine, by saying, that the white cloth lies unchanged in place because it reflects all the light that falls upon it; whilst the black cloth sinks deep in consequence of the conversion into heat of the light which it has absorbed, and the application of this heat to the liquefaction of

the snow beneath. And in like manner, the elevation of temperature which presents itself in substances that stop a part of the luminous rays on their course through them, whilst no such elevation is produced by the passage of the most intense light through perfectly-transparent media, is readily accounted for on the same principle. The simplicity of this explanation, like that of the phenomena of vaporisation, is one of the chief recommendations of the theory. If, instead of having to account for the disappearance of one agent, and the springing up of the other out of nothing, we suppose that we have the same force in action under two different aspects, we get rid of a great deal of cumbersome hypothesis, and are led to state the facts of the case in a form much more accordant with truth.

In by far the larger number of cases in which Light is evolved, its manifestation can be directly traced to chemical combination; whilst, conversely, light is often a most powerful agent in bringing about chemical change. In fact, it may be doubted whether light does not alter the structure or composition of all matter through which it passes, or on which it falls. Upon such an alteration depend, not only all the phenomena of photography, and numerous chemical changes of a most important character, but also the sustentation of all organic life, and our own sensibility to visual phenomena. For it is by the extraordinary influence of light upon the surface of the growing plant, that it is able to separate the inorganic elements of water, carbonic acid, and ammonia, and to unite them into those new and peculiar compounds,—starch, oil, albumen, and their derivatives,—which serve, not only for the extension of the vegetable fabric, but also for the nutrition of the animal body; so that without light, as Lavoisier truly said, nature were without life and without soul. So, again, there can be no doubt that it is by directly producing some change in the nervous tissue of the retina, of which change the result is transmitted to the sensorium, that luminous impressions are communicated to our consciousness; and this change is essential to the continued nutrition of the tissue; for it is well known to the physiologist, that if an opacity on the front of the eye completely prevent the access of light to the interior, the retina and the optic nerve gradually waste away, just as muscles do when long disused. What the precise nature of this change may be, is yet beyond our ken; but of the immediate and direct relation of light to the peculiar properties of animal bodies, a very remarkable proof has been recently given by the researches of one of the best experimental physiologists of our time, M. Brown-Séquard; for he has found that the contraction of the fibres of the iris, which diminishes the diameter of the pupil, is capable of being called forth, not only by the stimulus

of light upon the retina, which affects the iris through the nervous circle of reflex action, but also by the impact of light upon the iris itself, which directly excites the contraction of its muscular fibres, in the same way as electrical or mechanical stimulation excites muscular contraction elsewhere.

By these most important links of connection, we are conducted to another division of the inquiry,—that which relates to the powers of Life. There have not been wanting, at any period in the history of physiology, men who have attempted to identify all the forces acting in the living body with those operating in the inorganic universe. Because muscular force, when brought to bear on the bones, puts them in motion according to the laws of mechanics,—and because the propulsive power of the heart drives the blood through the vessels on strictly hydraulic rules,—it has been imagined that the movements of living bodies may be fully explained on physical principles; no account being taken of the most important consideration of all, namely, the *source* of that power which the living muscle possesses, but which the dead muscle is utterly incapable of exerting. So, again, because the digestive process whereby food is reduced to a fit state for absorption, and the formation of various products of the decomposition that is continually taking place in the living body, may be imitated in the laboratory, it has been supposed that the appropriation of the nutriment to the production of living tissue, and the various metamorphoses which this undergoes, are to be regarded as chemical phenomena; here, again, those most essential peculiarities of the living body, which involve the temporary subjection of ordinary chemical affinities to some other agency, being entirely passed by. A scarcely less unphilosophical method, however, has been pursued by another class of reasoners, who have cut the Gordian knot by attributing all the actions of living bodies which physics and chemistry cannot account for, to a hypothetical “vital principle;” an agency which they suppose to exert an autocratic rule in each organism, and whose laws they think it vain to seek.

By various intelligent physiologists of modern times, however, the dynamical ideas introduced from physics and chemistry have been carried into the domain of life; and it has been felt that the only mode of placing physiology on a truly scientific basis is, to regard those phenomena which, being altogether peculiar to living bodies, are designated “vital,” as the manifestations of a special force or power, and to seek to determine the laws of its operation by the study of its actions. Of all these actions, there is none so universal, and therefore so characteristic, as that by which the organism is built up, or rather builds itself up, from the germ, by the appropriation of materials derived from external

sources, and subsequently maintains itself in its characteristic form during its term of life; hence the hypothetical power which is the supposed source of it has been designated as the *nisus formativus*, the *bildungstrieb*, or the *organising force*. This power is usually considered as inherent in the organic structure, and as quite independent of heat or other agencies external to this, although they are admitted to exert an exciting or modifying influence on its operation; and it is supposed to be imparted to each individual, like the substance of the germ from which it sprang, by the parental organisms which preceded it. In this point of view, therefore, the germ being potentially the entire organism, all the organising force required to build up an oak or a palm, an elephant or a whale, must be concentrated in a minute particle only discernible by microscopic aid. But the hypothesis may be disproved by even a more complete *reductio ad absurdum* than this; for if we suppose the whole organising force to be inherent in the organism itself, and to have been at first derived from its parents, the aggregate of the forces possessed by the several individuals, how numerous soever, of any one species, must have been concentrated in their first progenitors,—a doctrine scarcely less monstrous than that of the *emboitement* of the germs themselves, which were once supposed to lie packed one within the other, like nests of pill-boxes.

Now, as the progress of physiological inquiry has been recently bringing more and more clearly into view the dependence of all Vital activity upon certain antecedent conditions, it has especially established such a definite relation between the degree of this activity and the amount of Heat supplied to the organism either from external or internal sources, as to make it clear that this agent is much more than a mere stimulus or provocative to the exercise of the vital force, and really furnishes the power that does the work. It has been, in fact, from the narrow limitation of the area over which physiological research has been commonly prosecuted, that this great truth has not sooner become apparent. Whilst the vital phenomena of warm-blooded animals, which possess within themselves the means of maintaining a constant temperature, were made the sole, or at any rate the chief objects of study, it was not likely that the inquirer would recognise the influence of external heat in accelerating, or of cold in retarding, their functional activity. It is only when the survey is extended to cold-blooded animals and to plants, that the immediate and direct relation between heat and vital energy,—as manifested in the rate of growth and development, or of other changes peculiar to the living body,—is unmistakably evinced.

All the facts and generalisations of Botanical Geography point

to the uninterrupted supply of a large measure of light and heat as the source of the rich luxuriance and perennial activity of tropical vegetation; whilst the periodical declension of vegetative activity which we observe in the trees and plants of the temperate zone, is no less obviously due to the seasonal diminution in the supply of these agents. So, again, the entire cessation of all manifestations of vegetative life during the protracted intensity of an arctic winter, is in striking contrast with the almost incredible rapidity of development which is observable under the unintermitted beams of the summer sun. Now there are certain annual plants, such as the corn-grains, which will flourish under a considerable variety of climatic conditions, and whose term of life is definitely marked out; and of such it has been ascertained by Boussingault, that the same aggregate amount of light and heat is required by each kind for the sustentation of its whole term of activity from germination to the maturation of its seed, under whatever latitude it be grown; that term being so uniformly abbreviated by an exaltation, and protracted by a depression, in the intensity of these forces, as to show that its rate of life must stand in a direct ratio to them.

We have already seen that the influence of Light is exerted in providing the material for vegetable growth by a quasi-chemical action; and it is capable of proof by direct experiment, that, *cæteris paribus*, the quantity of carbonic acid decomposed by a plant in a given time is proportional to the amount of light that has fallen upon it. There is no reason to suppose that light acts upon more than the surface, or that it has any direct concern with the internal operations of growth and development. On the contrary, we find that at one most important epoch, that of germination, these processes are most actively carried on in the dark; it being only when all the store of nutriment laid up in the seed has been exhausted, and when the young plant is beginning to be dependent upon that which it obtains for itself, that the influence of light becomes requisite. On the other hand, the rate of germination is so closely dependent, as every maltster knows, upon the degree of heat to which the seed is exposed, that it is capable of being exactly regulated by an increase or a diminution of the temperature; and thus we are led to regard heat as the force by which the vegetable germ is enabled to appropriate the nutriment prepared for it, and to organise this into living tissue. Such a view, however, is by no means equivalent to the assertion, that heat is itself the "vital principle" or the organising force. We do not say that heat is electricity, because the heating a certain combination of metals produces an electric current through them; nor do we say that heat is mechanical force, because by boiling water we generate an elastic vapour.

In each of these instances, the character of the force is changed ; and so it is here. The living organism is the medium of transmutation, like the bismuth and antimony in the first case, or like the water in the second ; and its special peculiarity is, that it converts the heat, not only into vital force generally, but into that peculiar form of it which exerts itself in building up and maintaining a certain structural type. Thus each species puts to a use of its own the heat that is supplied to it ; just as, if we may use so rough a simile, each of the machines in a large manufactory may turn out a particular kind of work, although the same motor force is supplied to all : and each generation transmits to its successor, not the force, but the capacity for making a particular use of the force ; just as a machine would do, that could apply its motor power to the construction of another machine similar to itself.

The study of the life-history of cold-blooded animals,—those, namely, whose temperature closely follows that of the medium they inhabit,—leads to precisely the same conclusions ; as is especially apparent in those cases in which the rate of life can be most accurately estimated. The earliest developmental changes in the fertilised egg of the frog, for example, consist in the cleavage, or segmentation, of the yolk-mass, first into two parts, then into four, then into eight, and so on ; and it was found by Mr. Newport, that the periods at which the successive cleavages took place were so precisely determined by the temperature to which the eggs were exposed, that he could predicate the former from the latter with great precision. So it has long been known that the production of larvæ from the eggs of insects could be accelerated or retarded, like the germination of plants, by increase or diminution of temperature ; and that the same holds good also regarding the production of the perfect insect from the chrysalis in the last metamorphosis. In the adult animal, the rate of life may be in some degree estimated by the amount of carbonic acid thrown off in respiration ; and it has been shown by the experiments of Dr. W. F. Edwards, that this increases in a direct ratio to the temperature to which the body is exposed ; whilst the duration of life when respiration is prevented, is much greater at low temperatures than at high, showing that the animals then live much more slowly.

The case is different, however, with warm-blooded animals ; for they are rendered in a great degree independent of external variations, by the power which they possess of generating such an amount of heat within themselves, as shall keep the temperature of their bodies up to a certain fixed standard. Hence it is that *their* rate of life varies very little, and that their developmental functions are performed with a remarkable conformity to

fixed periods of time. Thus in the incubated egg of the bird, which is not left to casual supplies of warmth, but is constantly subjected to the high temperature of the maternal body, the chick is matured after a definite term of days; and if the requisite heat were not thus constantly supplied, not merely would the developmental process be suspended, but the reduction of temperature would annihilate the organising power. For it is the peculiarity of warm-blooded animals, that whilst this power is more energetic in its action than that of the lower tribes, it requires for its maintenance a higher measure of heat; so that a reduction of the temperature of the body to such a degree as would favour the energetic activity of the fish or reptile, would be fatal to the bird or mammal.

Although there is still some obscurity respecting certain phenomena of "animal heat," yet there is no question amongst either chemists or physiologists in regard to the general fact, that the main source of this heat is the oxygenation (by a kind of combustive process) of the hydrocarbons contained in the food. Now we have seen that all these hydrocarbons, such as starch, sugar, oil, &c., are either directly or indirectly derived from the vegetable kingdom; and not only a certain amount of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon have been consumed in their production, but also a certain amount of solar light and heat, which they may thus be said to embody. The combustive process is not so carried on in the living body as to give forth light, save in a few exceptional cases; but it reproduces in the form of heat all that was embodied in the respiratory food; and thus the warm-blooded animal may be said to be continually restoring to the universe that force which the growing plant had appropriated to itself. And carrying the same principle a little further, we may say, that in utilising the stores of coal which have been prepared by the luxuriant vegetation of past ages, man is not only restoring to the atmosphere the carbonic acid and water of the carboniferous epoch, but is actually reproducing and applying to his own uses the light and heat which its vegetation drew from the solar beams, as if for the very purpose of fixing them until he should find the means of turning them to account. Looking at this matter from the stand-point afforded by the "correlation" doctrine, we are led to question whether the project of the Laputan sage to extract sunbeams from cucumbers was so very chimerical, after all; while we cannot but feel an increased admiration of the intuitive sagacity of that remarkable man George Stephenson, who was often laughed at for propounding in a somewhat crude form the very idea which we have just been endeavouring to present under a more philosophical aspect.

There are other modes, however, in which the living animal

restores to the universe the forces which the plant took from it. Its most distinguishing attribute is motion; and this motion being another expression of force, the question arises, What is the source of that force? Here again we fall back on the plant, both for the force, and for the material of the structure which exerts it. All the higher forms of animal motion are the result of Muscular contraction; and physiologists are now generally agreed in the truth of the statement first formally enunciated by Liebig, that every act of muscular contraction involves the death and oxidation of an amount of muscular substance proportional to the force exerted. Hence we are justified in regarding the motion produced by this contraction as an expression of the vital force which is superseded by chemical action; and as holding the same relation to that chemical action, which the voltaic current bears to the oxidation of the zinc in the battery. Going further back, we find that the peculiar nitrogenous material of which muscle is composed, though organised by the animal under the agency already explained, is really generated by the plant; and that its production in large amount may be regarded as the highest effort of plant-life, taking place as it does only under the most favourable concurrence of conditions, among which a copious supply of light and heat are especially required. And thus we may say that the nitrogenous constituents of plants embody a high degree of force, which is destined ultimately to manifest itself in the sensible motions of animals. And it is a curious confirmation of this view, that if these substances pass into decomposition without being organised into muscle, they set free a large amount of chemical force; all those "ferments" which have so remarkable a power of exciting chemical changes in other organic compounds, being members of this group.

The highest manifestation of animal life, however, is unquestionably that Nerve-force, by the instrumentality of which our consciousness receives its impressions of phenomena external to it, and our will exerts its power in producing motion through the instrumentality of the muscular apparatus. Regarding the nature of this force there is still some obscurity, but its very close relation to electricity cannot be doubted: though many most eminent physicists hold that they are identical, we regard the "correlation" doctrine as equally accounting for all those facts which support such a view, whilst it also accords with others which seem opposed to it; and we therefore prefer to consider nervous force as belonging to a distinct category. As its source lies, like that of muscular power, in the chemical changes involved in the death and decomposition of the peculiar tissue which manifests it, we trace it back ultimately to the plant which generated the material of the tissue, and thence to the light and

heat which that plant received from the sun. Although the most obvious exertion of this force in the living body is that by which it calls forth muscular contraction, yet it can also influence in a very marked manner the processes of nutrition and secretion ; so that its correlation with the general organising force is exhibited (as in the case of electricity and chemical action) on both sides, the nervous substance giving up its characteristic organisation whilst developing nerve-force, and that nerve-force being transmitted to a distant part, to be there applied in producing or modifying organisation. It is now well known that in the common experiment of exciting muscular contraction by galvanising a motor nerve, the galvanism does not act directly through the nerve upon the muscle, but excites the nerve-force in that part of the trunk which intervenes between the point irritated and the muscle to which the nerve is distributed ; and in like manner, when sensation is called forth by the application of the electric stimulus to the sensory nerve, the effect is produced, not by the transmission of the electric current to the sensorium, but by the excitement of the nerve-force of the part of the trunk which proceeds towards it from the point irritated. And as the converse action to this excitement of nerve-force by electricity, we have the excitement of electricity by nerve-force in the electric fishes and a few other animals. Certain phenomena of animal heat seem to indicate that nerve-force may directly produce elevation of temperature ; and there are forms of animal luminosity which do not appear to depend upon an ordinary combustive process, but which rather resemble electric scintillations, and seem immediately dependent on an exertion of nerve-force. Further, the peculiar influence of states of the nervous system upon the composition of various secretions, can only be explained by supposing that nerve-force has a direct power of modifying chemical action. So that of this, the highest form of vital force, all the material manifestations are of a kind that bring us back again into the region of physics and chemistry.

But there is another aspect under which we have to view nerve-force,—that of its relation to mental phenomena. That the excitement of this force in a certain part of our nervous apparatus is capable of producing a change in our state of consciousness, is the only explanation that can be offered of our reciepience of Sensations from impressions made upon our organs of sense. So, again, that the state of mental activity which we term the Will can so excite the nerve-force of the central organs as to occasion its transmission to the muscular apparatus, is the only explanation that can be offered of our power of voluntary motion. These two simple facts seem quite adequate to establish a "correlation" between nerve-force and mental agency, which is not less com-

plete than that which has been shown to exist between nerve-force and electricity; and we are led to the same conclusion by a careful appreciation of the fact, which all physiological knowledge of the conditions of mental activity tends to establish, that this activity, like the exertion of muscular force, can only be sustained, as man is at present constituted, at the expense of the death and disintegration of the nervous substance. This idea of "correlation" once started, is found to give a scientific expression to a vast mass of facts demonstrative of the intimate connection between body and mind, which, though accepted as conformable to the universal experience of mankind, have not yet found their place in systematic treatises; since they occupy that "debatable ground" between metaphysics and physiology, which the votaries of each of these sciences, far from wishing to claim it for themselves, are desirous to cede to the dwellers on the other side of the border. Take, for example, the production of temporary insanity by intoxicating agents, on the one hand; the influence of the emotions, not merely on the quantity, but also on the quality, of the secretions, on the other. Here are unmistakable phenomena, that have just as great a claim to be examined and accounted for as those of ordinary mental or corporeal activity; and which have yet been passed by, simply because no one has yet been able to suggest any other than a "material" explanation of them.

We shall have greatly failed in our purpose, however, if we have not by this time led our readers to perceive how complete is the distinction between *matter* and *force*, and how close is the relation between *force* and *mind*. Matter is in no case more than the embodiment or instrument of force; all its (so-called) active states being merely the manifestations of an energy, which, under different forms, is unceasingly operative. Nor can it be fairly said, that in substituting the doctrine of force for that of the "imponderables," we are only setting up one hypothetical entity in place of another. Force is truly more of a reality to us than matter itself; for we cannot become cognisant even of the most fundamental property of matter—its occupation of space—without the consciousness of resistance. We cannot, it is true, isolate force from matter; but we have two modes of judging of it—one objective, the other subjective; one based on observation of external phenomena, the other on the direct revelation of our own consciousness. And we hold it to be by the combination of both sets of considerations, that our truest and most definite ideas of dynamical agency are to be attained. We are conscious of the exertion of a power, when we either produce or resist motion; whenever, therefore, we see bodies in motion, we infer that only by a like exertion of power could that motion have originated;

so when the retardation of motion gives rise to heat, or heat (in ceasing to manifest itself as such) gives rise to expansive force; we perceive that it is only the mode of manifestation that is changed, the fundamental power remaining the same. And as we are thus led by the "correlation" doctrine to consider the various agencies of nature as the expression of a conscious Will, we find the highest science completely according with the highest religion, in directing us to recognise the omnipresent and constantly sustaining energy of a personal Deity in every phenomenon of the universe around us,—the pantheistic and the anthropomorphic conceptions of His character being thus brought into harmony, when we view "nature" as the embodiment of the Divine Volition, the "forces of nature" as so many diversified modes of its manifestation, and the "laws of nature" as nothing but man's expressions of the uniformities which his limited observation can discern in its phenomena.

ART. VI.—THE MUTUAL RELATION OF HISTORY AND RELIGION.

Gott in der Geschichte, oder der Fortschritt des Glaubens an eine sittliche Weltordnung. (God in History, or the Growth of the Faith in a Moral Order of the World.) By C. C. J. Bunsen. First Part. First and Second Book. Leipsic: Brockhaus, 1857.

Comparative Mythology. By Max Müller, M.A., Taylorian Professor, Oxford. (Oxford Essays, contributed by Members of the University, 1856.)

No one who mixes in general society and talks freely with all men, can be ignorant of the fact, that disquietude and uncertainty largely and powerfully affect the religious mind of the present day. But our age, though weak in faith, is not deficient—at least in those classes where its moral force resides—in deep and fervid earnestness. That on many points it is sceptical, is unhappily true; but we can hardly pronounce it an irreligious age. The destructive revolutions of the last seventy years have not swept over Europe without leaving a profound impression on the minds of serious and thoughtful men. Providence is teaching its highest lessons through the sorrowful experiences of History. Whatever may be men's doubts and difficulties with respect to the traditional faiths, they have learned that Religion is a reality which must not be

lightly dealt with ; that mere science, mere intellectual culture, and all the resources of material wealth, however indispensable as the conditions of social progress, do not satisfy the deepest wants, and cannot insure the permanent tranquillity and blessedness, of the human spirit. France, emerging from a century of moral dissolution and unbelieving levity, is confessedly addressing its best intellect at this time to religious questions. If Germany, the cradle of religious freedom and the centre of theological light, present for the moment a less favourable aspect, it is because the political and spiritual despotism under which she is languishing, perverts and vitiates the natural and genuine results of deep learning and fearless inquiry ; because the wild and eccentric—sometimes, it must be admitted, the pernicious and destructive—views that have been thrown off by an overworked intelligence, limited to a single sphere of thought, and forced into morbid activity by excessive competition in the field of pure speculation—have had no opportunity of testing their practical worth and validity under the free ventilation of an honest public opinion, or by coming into contact with the confessions and experiences of ordinary humanity in the daily business of life. Taking Europe as a whole, however, and our own country in particular, we cannot deny, that society has greatly improved in moral depth and earnestness of purpose within the last century. D'Holbach and Diderot find no counterpart in Comte, notwithstanding the atheism of his *Philosophie Positive* ; and Thomas Carlyle, with all his scorn of existing faiths and worships, is at every point of his character the complete antithesis of Voltaire. All this is perfectly compatible with the fact, that many of the researches and studies which particularly distinguish our age, are not favourable in their immediate influence to a settled and definite belief. Geology and physiology are gradually uprooting many long-established convictions. That brilliant *résumé* of the actual results of modern science, Dr. Whewell's *Plurality of Worlds*, though put forth with the ostensible design of upholding the popular faith, left no stronger impression on the mind of the reader than the vastness of our ignorance. Scripture itself, on whose assumed infallibility the faith of earlier generations of Protestants securely reposed, and which shone in their eyes as a pure unbroken thread of heavenly light through the dark thick mass of human ignorance and doubt, has not escaped the application of those new canons of historical criticism—inevitably modifying the conception of its whole character and the principle of its treatment—which the learning and genius of a series of distinguished men, from Herder and Heyne to Niebuhr and Otfried Müller,

have successively elaborated, and placed beyond the reach of reasonable cavil and objection, and deposited among the permanent instruments of future research. Ethnology, Comparative Grammar, and, closely allied to them both, the various theories of Mythology, that earliest phase and necessary transition-process of human reflection on the invisible realities of this marvellous Cosmos,—are continually throwing fresh light on the elementary workings of human nature, individually and socially, and developing principles of uniform application which must lead to a new and juster interpretation of the history of man. The old critical field of vision has been unavoidably enlarged; and it is not in the power of man to contract it again. The Bible can no longer be regarded as one book. It is emphatically a literature, and only as such can be rightly understood and thoroughly enjoyed; a record in myth and legend and song, in chronicle and law, in prophetic utterance and moral teaching, of the highest thought and action of a remarkable people, from the infancy of their national existence, in the dim twilight of antiquity, till its final consummation in the appearance of that wonderful life whose spirit for nearly two thousand years has been silently transforming the moral condition of the civilised world; a literature which, in spite of its diversified and multifarious contents, is still essentially one in the self-consistency of the profound religious consciousness which pervades every part of it. Regarded from this point of view, every book of which it consists must be treated as a whole by itself, in reference to its age and its author, the sources from which its materials are derived, and the influences of contemporaneous thought under which it grew up into its actual form. Such inquiries, inseparable from the modern criticism, cannot but materially influence the interpretation of a book, and the relation of its results to their apprehension and acceptance by the mind of a later day. The effects of this new direction of thought in all investigations respecting the past, are perceptible in very different regions of society. Oxford exhibits them, not only in the admirable volume of *Essays* published last year by members of the University, but still more prominently, and with all the recommendation of high official position, in Mr. Jowett's learned and philosophical work on the *Epistles of St. Paul*. That the same influence has reached the more popular quarter of the Independents, is evident from the proceedings recently instituted against Dr. Davidson.

All, however, is not pure gain in this freer movement of theological thought. The need of a Scripture is not superseded by the prevalence of uncertainty as to the nature and extent of its authority: for authority is, and must be, a large element

in the government of this world, especially in matters relating to the invisible and spiritual. There are times when all men like to feel that there is something higher and stronger than themselves on which they can lean. Faith lies beyond the reach of mere intellect. In many respects, present appearances cause pain and uneasiness to the religious mind. It cannot, we fear, be questioned, that the scientific spirit of the age is largely imbued with pantheistic tendencies. Numbers of thoughtful men are accustomed to look on this world as a simple fact which terminates in itself, of whose origin they know nothing, of whose issue they know nothing. Behind and beyond the narrow span of mortal life all is to them a blank. Churches and sects, whose proper function it is to uphold an opposite frame of mind, notwithstanding the semblance of an outward unity, are notoriously divided and weakened in their inner life; and Scripture, which was once believed to underlie them all as an immutable basis, appears itself, on a superficial glance at the present state of theological learning, to participate in the general dissolution. Let us look fearlessly at this anxious question of our time, and see if we can approximate to its solution.

There are some trusts and convictions, the certainty of which is not demonstrable by the ordinary processes of reasoning, though they involve the deepest verities of our being, and are essential to human peace and guidance;—such are those of a living God, an absolute moral law, involving the consciousness of the absolute evil of sin, a progressive world-plan, an eternal life, in which death intervenes only as the crisis of transition from a lower to a higher stage of existence. These are the fundamental truths of religion, embraced within the province of faith; ever dimly latent in the human soul; capable of being overborne almost to apparent annihilation by an undue predominance of the sensuous and ratiocinative faculties; but ever reappearing in new forms, and with undiminished freshness, as a witness from age to age, and from land to land, of the indestructible religiousness of mankind. In the majority of men, immersed in sense and engaged with material objects, these latent perceptions of spiritual truth require to be awakened, invigorated, and called out into distinct expression by some outward utterance, which, though it comes with the authority of a higher mind and a holier life, still finds its witness and authentication in the spontaneous response of the moral nature to which it appeals. To excite and cherish such trusts and convictions is the special office of what we call a Scripture. In Scriptures, or sacred books, the prophetic minds of a people deposit the strongest and deepest of their religious

intuitions,—those eternal truths which come to them in immediate revelations of the Divine Spirit ; and on Scriptures, differing immensely from each other, it is true, in the worth and authority of their contents, and in the untroubled clearness of their communications, the faith of the most religious nations of the world,—the Indians, the Persians, the Arabs, and the Hebrews,—has ever rested. On the other hand, nations in whom the spiritual element was weak, and its place supplied by imagination or philosophic reflection or reverence for ancient tradition,—the Greeks and the Romans,—have had nothing corresponding to the Scriptures of the East, but satisfied such religious wants as they might experience from the fables of their poets, or from the hymns and legends associated with their local sanctuaries. From the date of the Reformation, Scripture took the place of the Church among Protestants as an infallible authority in all questions of religious faith and practice ; and it is the weakening of the implicit trust once attached to Scripture, in consequence of the freer modes of criticism and interpretation now employed, and the corresponding uncertainty in many minds about the relation of its teachings to the dictates of the individual reason and conscience, which causes at the present day so much of the moral feebleness and indecision of the Christian world, and renders the ordinary sectarian controversy so singularly disappointing and unfruitful.

Has Protestantism, then, no alternative between the retention of the whole of Scripture as plenarily inspired, in the old orthodox sense, and the resource of a cold, isolated, self-relying, rationalistic Deism ? We say Protestantism, because Catholicism subjects the freedom of the individual conscience to the authority of the Church, and therefore does not come within the scope of our present inquiry ; though the mental perplexities occasioned by the actual condition of Protestantism have induced some highly-gifted and accomplished minds to accept its demands and put on its yoke. The question is, what remains for those who cannot with the Romanists renounce the future for the past ; who cannot go back, but must go forward ; who, though they are too honest and intelligent to repudiate the undeniable results of modern learning, still cannot afford to lose the comfort and guidance of a Scripture, if they can only understand its true character, and see where to rest its proper authority. This turns our attention to History ; for a Scripture from its very nature, and especially the Scripture with which Christian nations are concerned, is a record and expression of the past. We may affirm in general, that the scientific intellect of man is mainly exercised on the coexisting phenomena of space ; while his moral na-

ture is formed and guided by the successive phenomena of time, inasmuch as these indicate to him the essential unity of his race, and suggest the law of its progress and development. In the operation of this law there is continual action and re-action. If the mind and character of the individual are fashioned to a large extent by the collective influence of the community to which he belongs,—if the direction of the present is determined by the impulse of the past,—great and commanding personalities, on the other hand, powerfully react on the condition of their contemporaries, and an influence is constantly issuing from present thought and action which corrects and modifies the tradition of a long antiquity. In this interchange and fluctuation of influences, where do we find the criterion of stability and permanence? what is the final test of moral and spiritual truth? In questions of the deepest moment to our inward peace, we feel perpetually, that as individuals we are not equal to the solution of the difficulties which oppress our minds. How, then, are we to recognise what we may accept as a reliable guidance from others? This is the question of questions, involving the ultimate authority, not only of a Scripture or written revelation, but of every medium of faith, whencesoever furnished, in invisible realities unsusceptible of rigid scientific proof. The old mode was by appeal to miracle, as conferring directly a divine authority on every doctrine and institution associated with it; and on this ground attempts have been continually made by divines to give to the evidences of religion a strictly demonstrative character. We are far from denying either the possibility, or the fact, or the advantage of such outward signs, as an excitement and attraction to the more earnest consideration of religious truths, as a visible seal and impress of the Divine hand on what commends itself at the same time by its self-evidencing light to the acceptance of the soul within. But as no accumulation of these signs could compel us to receive as divine what our inward nature rejected as immoral and absurd; as cases might arise, such as are alluded to in Scripture itself, where it would be difficult to distinguish a true from a false miracle,—it is clear, that we do not through this process get at the real and ultimate criterion of spiritual truth. Without attempting on the present occasion a metaphysical investigation of that highest region of the soul which embraces necessary and universal truths, we may say, that practically this criterion will be found in the essential unity and self-consistency of our moral and spiritual nature, opening more and more with the progressive education of the race to a consciousness of the fundamental laws on which it rests, and which we learn—partly through mutual intercourse and sympathy,

partly through the awakening influence of superior minds on those that are less developed and advanced. What is the testimony of History? We observe extensive communities, whole nations of men, fall under the discipline of a certain tradition of moral and spiritual influences. Outwardly this discipline may be encumbered and burdened with all sorts of superstitions and absurdities; yet underneath them there must still exist some dim religious sense of dependence, obligation, and final destiny, which is in harmony with the primitive intuitions of the soul, and with the experiences of the daily life, or they could not carry with them, generation after generation, the submission, the reverence, and the trust which they continue to receive. It is the element of truth present in this absurdity which binds it on the soul. At length some prophetic spirit arises among them endowed with deeper insight, who discerns more clearly the essential amidst the unessential; and who disentangles it, if not entirely, yet to some extent, from the outer integument of unmeaning forms which confine and deaden its action. At the touch of his brighter intuition, their dim consciousness kindles into intelligence. At the voice of his stronger conviction, their inner nature awakens, and acquires a new perception of truth. He speaks the interpreting word, and the dark mysteries which enveloped them become significant; they begin to understand where they are, and why they exist; they begin obscurely to discern their personal relations to that invisible life which they see and feel is working in every thing around them. He does not reason with them. He gives utterance to the belief which fills his own soul, and they embrace it with spontaneous sympathy. Consciousness, observation, experience, verify it, till it grows into harmony with their whole life, and remains with them as a permanent element of their being. From what can this sympathy, which is the ground of the deepest faith, arise, but the contact of two natures essentially identical, which differ only in their degree of development, and the greater or less openness of their perceptions to those eternal truths which emanate directly from the primal source of light? We have all of us experienced effects of a similar kind in the utterances of some great poet or original thinker. We are conscious we could not ourselves have said or thought the same thing; but once uttered, we appropriate it as our own. It is what we ought to have thought, and what we shall ever henceforth think. It belongs to us through its affinity with our own inmost nature, and becomes a part of our future mental property. No doubt, when an individual has acquired over us the influence of a superior mind and a nobler character, there will be a disposition

to trust him and believe in him, even where we cannot at present follow him with our personal convictions ; for we feel that he is in advance of us,—nearer the fountain of all truth and goodness than ourselves ; and this command over human trust and sympathy forms no small part of the legitimate authority and elevating influence of a true prophet. But even in this case, what remains with us as a permanent element of moral and religious power, is what is felt to be in harmony with our primary intuition and our collective experience ; or if not yet directly attested by our personal consciousness, lies before us at least in the direction towards which our highest aspirations are continually tending. Thus there is constant action and reaction between the individual and the community. Great men rise up from time to time far above the level of their contemporaries, and infuse into society new life, new views, and a clearer intelligence. The *sensus communis* of society tests and discriminates the true and the false, the right and wrong, of the influence which is from time to time exerted on it by powerful and original minds ; rejects finally whatever is the growth of an eccentric individuality, and permanently absorbs into its own life, only those elements which are in harmony with its inherent laws and develop its essential unity. Thus the growth of belief, opinion, sentiment, on all those matters which lie beyond the reach of sense, goes on from age to age, varying ever in outward form and expression ; modified by the influences of contemporaneous knowledge and thought ; but resting ultimately on certain deep trusts and enduring convictions, which the Creator Himself wrought into the groundwork of our moral being, and which naturally and freely spring out of it whenever the needful conditions of their manifestation are presented. The poets of all ages are justly cited as authorities by the ethical and religious philosopher, because they most truly reflect the deepest secrets of the human soul, and are consequently among the best exponents of that profound spiritual consciousness which pervades the entire history of our race, and by its essential unity and self-consistency affords the strongest assurance of the certainty of the truths which it includes.

In the remainder of this inquiry we must confine our remarks to such intuitions as are properly religious, omitting those which are simply moral and intellectual ; and we must attempt to show how the pre-eminently clear and forcible expression of these religious intuitions confers a distinction and a value which is unique and almost *sui generis* on the sacred books now circulated and accepted in these Western lands. Great obscurity rests on the origin of the human race, and the earliest forms of its belief and worship. Comparative philology,

combined with a careful study of what yet subsists of aboriginal life in any part of the world, furnishes the only means of throwing light upon it. Such researches as those of Professor Max Müller are invaluable, as showing how mythology was an inevitable result of the transition of the sensuous language—the *onomatopœia*—of the first ages to a more general use and an application to the objects of moral and spiritual apprehension, and how consequently it was a necessary stage in the history of the human mind. His approximation, by a sort of exhaustive process, to the primitive language of the undivided Arian race, is one of the most beautiful specimens of acute philological disquisition ever offered to the world. It is more difficult to conceive how, by any mere natural process, any unaided action of the mind from within, mankind could rise from the gross pantheistic fetichism of the lowest form of human existence, and the polytheistic symbolism and anthropomorphism which succeeded it, to the earliest glimpse of the grand monotheistic truth of religion. We simply know the fact, that such a transition was made, and in a very early age, not by the generalising intelligence of philosophers, but through the vivid intuitions of the chiefs of a race still living in the simplicity of a nomadic and patriarchal life. So that if there be any thing which can properly claim the character of revelation in this dim twilight of human history, it must be here. Men seem to have lived at first as a part of the great material universe, hardly conscious of a personality distinct from the system of earth and seas and skies with which they were rolled round in unceasing revolution, day by day and year by year.* The religious counterpart to this state of things was a dim pantheism, and its expression in worship—fetichism. By degrees arose the sense of personality; and with it a deepening consciousness of law, obligation, religious dependence, moral destiny. The invisible powers mysteriously enfolding human life shape themselves now into more definite forms before the mental eye, corresponding to the altered condition of the mind itself. Deities acquire a more personal character, and begin to entertain a sort of personal commerce with their worshippers. This phase of religious consciousness is reflected in the Vedantic hymns, and was probably, at the same time, in process of further development among the nations of Upper Asia. In the later productions of Hindu poetry and philosophy there was a return to a more refined pantheism. Another great section of the Arian race, whose belief is expressed in the

* "Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Wordsworth.

Zendavesta, rested in dualism. Their religion received its impress from the grand contrasts of nature and the great antagonism which pervades the world,—light and darkness, good and evil. Above this antithesis they never rose into the solution of absolute monotheism. Of this we find the first clear and positive example among the Hebrews,—in the form originally of a national God, simply one—supreme over all other gods—possessed of a distinct personal consciousness, at the furthest possible distance from every pantheistic conception—and maintaining the closest moral relations with His chosen people. This idea of God is set forth with the utmost clearness and solemnity in the law of Moses. It is developed through successive stages of higher thought and ever-widening views in the teachings of the prophets, with a constant recognition of the unity and unquestionable authority of the moral law, and of the unity of ultimate destination in the gathering of all nations in the latter days into a kingdom of God. It is consummated, expanded, spiritualised—embracing life here and life hereafter—as the last utterance of Hebrew prophecy, and the first expression of universal human religion—in the doctrine and life of Jesus of Nazareth.

These rich spiritual experiences,—these remarkable spiritual developments in the literature and history of a particular race,—have been preserved for us in a Scripture. Why we accept them as a true expression of our permanent relations to the invisible and infinite, to God and eternity, results from two causes. First, the correspondence of the great trusts and convictions thus expressed to the permanent intuitions, the constant needs, and the unceasing aspirations of the human mind—the direct and irresistible appeal to the deepest sense of our inner being, of innumerable passages in the Psalms, the Prophets, and the book of Job—of the actions and discourses, the whole life and death, of Christ himself—and of the interpretation of that life and death from the highest point of view by Paul,—carry with them an evidence of truth and reality such as religious natures experience in equal strength from no other source. In regard to moral instruction, and encouragement to the highest virtue, this sympathy with our sacred books is often independent of the speculative belief of the individual. Spinoza, as his own works testify, was a reverent and thoughtful student of Scripture; and no one can forget the terms of warm but discriminating eulogy with which the late James Mill, in a remarkable passage of his *History of British India*, extols the sober wisdom and practical utility of the religious teachings of the Bible, as compared with the mystic dreams of Hindu theosophy, so often invidiously set up against them by the sceptical

sciolists of Europe. Secondly, the remarkable career marked out for the Hebrew race in the order of events, their position in the field of history, their relation to the civilisation which preceded the last expression of their prophetic spirit, and to the ensuing one which their ideas have so deeply impregnated—clearly indicate their mission in the world to have been pre-eminently providential, and commend every record of their higher thought and life, as endued with more than ordinary significance, to the earnest contemplation of all religious men. The Hebraic and the Hellenic types of mind stand out in marked contrast, as well fitted to supplement and correct each other in the highest conceivable form of human society; nor is any thing more indicative of plan in the ordering of this world's affairs, than the intermingling in the fullness of time of the calm deep stream of intuitional and prophetic influence from the hills and vales of Palestine, with the brilliant and vivacious tide of intellectual and æsthetic activity which flowed into it from the schools and theatres of Greece. The influence of Greek ideas is traceable in some of the books of the New Testament itself, and became mischievously predominant in the development of the later dogmatic system of the church. But though it may have powerfully moulded the scholastic mind of Christendom, the Hebrew element has ever been at bottom the strongest; and under its working the popular heart has imbibed its firmest convictions and holiest truths. How else could the Christian civilisation, with all its loss of primitive simplicity and purity, have become so different in its essential tendencies and features from the heathen? It is the peculiarity of the Hebraic form of religion, on which as its basis the Christian rests, that it cherishes a profound *religious* consciousness, not a mere intellectual apprehension of invisible things,—the consciousness of a Living God, and of the action of His Spirit or Word on the individual soul,—the consciousness of law and obligation, and distinct personal relationship to God,—the consciousness of a kingdom of God destined to endure, and grow, and triumph in the earth,—a great ideal of human perfection and human harmony with God, commenced *here* in darkness, ignorance, and sin, to be completed through ceaseless purification and continual development *there*. From these fresh fountains of intuition a full tide of religious inspiration flows ever into the simple trustful heart and open soul. Abraham, Moses, David, Isaiah, Job, without losing their personal individuality, are the organs through which God's Spirit delivers eternal truths and precious promises to the world, and awakens into uniform and consistent operation the beliefs in which the highest unity of our moral being consists. These

beliefs Christ takes up and universalises; and transmits them, through the diversified manifestation of his disciples, as a permanent heritage to mankind, bound up with their noblest traditions, their vital interests, and their most glorious prospects.

Of this great revelation of spiritual truth through the words and deeds, the fortunes and institutions, the whole inward and outward life, of a people who are called, with distinctive propriety, the people of God,—Scripture is the witness and the record. It is, as we have already said, not so properly a book as a literature. It is not a passive medium of God's Spirit flowing through it, but the expression of a living organism of mind behind it, through which God wrought and spoke; a history of spiritual experiences, of men's communings with God, and of God's suggestions to them, in those simple unlearned times ere artificial culture had overlaid the religious instincts of the soul, when the fountains of inspiration still flowed fresh and strong, and the spiritual eye looked out undimmed into the material universe, and saw God working at the heart of all things. It is this direct religious inspiration which characterises the prophetic teachings of Scripture, and makes the books where it is recorded a sacred literature;—for the Spirit, when it enters a human soul, uses all modes of utterance, and takes all forms, and flows through all media. The Divine can only manifest itself through the human. But though a vehicle of the Spirit of God,—in this sense and indirectly, that is, not in letters and words and phrases, but as the faithful representative of human thought and human action, under a divine influence,—Scripture is still a literature; and like every other literature, can only be understood, and have its real character brought to light, by subjection to a free and fearless criticism, which lays open the source of its ideas, and analyses its materials, and expounds the principle which has presided over their combination,—sets it more in a point of view to be compared with other monuments of men's deepest and holiest meditation, and, judging it by rules less technical and artificial, regards it as something living, genuine, and natural,—more deeply human, and therefore in the highest sense more divine. No criticism,—however it may affect questions of age, authorship, or derivation of materials, where we have simply to follow the evidence of facts,—can possibly destroy the force of utterances which speak directly to our moral and spiritual sense, or weaken the authority of those great religious minds which carry with them the spontaneous confidence and sympathy of every healthy nature and uncorrupted heart. The voice which commands our deference and our trust is the voice of God

speaking through history, attested by the concurring homage of the wisest and best through thousands of years. It strengthens by a force not our own, and a witness external to ourselves, the consciousness of what we feel to be divine, yet in us is often wavering and weak; and there are times when it is an unspeakable comfort to throw ourselves with implicit faith on these solemn oracles of the past, accepted as they are in their substance by the universal heart of believing and religious men, and to feel that in them we are leaning, not on our own individual reason, but on a strength and a support which come from God Himself. There are some truths which, once fully uttered, are uttered once and for ever; they cannot perish; they cannot be renewed; they are *κτῆμα ἐς αἰέ*,—a permanent heritage of man,—the broad immutable foundation on which his moral being rests. All that remains for future times is, to give them ever-new and ever-widening application, and draw out of them the spiritual elements which they are not at first perceived to involve. The doctrines of one God, the Universal Father, and of His all-embracing providence, once committed to the faith of the human soul, lie so close to its primary instincts and clearest intuition, that, however they may be overshadowed by passing doubts, they can never wholly vanish from it again. They may fade, and they may revive, with the prevalence of philosophical theories and the moral condition of society; but there they are, and there they will remain, rooted silently in the living heart of man. Who does not recall Goethe's memorable words on the death of Wieland,—that no strong-minded man ever wholly abandoned his belief in immortality? It is the clear and emphatic utterance of these great spiritual truths, affecting all our relations with the invisible world, which, once uttered, can neither be reversed nor enlarged, and their permanent embodiment in the facts of human history—that constitutes the finality of the revelation in Scripture. The Hebrews fulfilled their mission in the world's history by laying the foundation and furnishing the conditions, in their prophetic utterance and agency, of the future spiritual development of mankind. "The great nations of antiquity," says a distinguished orientalist, who has devoted his special study to the history and literature of the Hebrew race, "each pursued a separate aim, which their circumstances recommended to them, and followed it to its highest point, in some respects never reached again by any of their posterity; and as each of these nations attained its acme, and its day began to decline, it sank into a one-sided effort, as though all its powers had just sufficed to reach this highest point. But those problems of the human mind which these ancient peoples, each taking its own, solved for itself with the

most entire independence and most wonderful consequentiality, have borne for all future times, and for nations the most diverse and remote, effects of immeasurable extent, and fruits of the greatest value. This remark applies in its whole force to the very sublime and gigantic aims which engaged the energies of the ancient people of Israel.”*

The value of Scripture as a source of moral power and religious influence is in one respect increased by what may seem at first view the negative and even destructive results of modern criticism. It is taken out of the domain of theological technicality and authoritative dogmatism, which enthrall and deaden the intellect, and left to make its appeal directly to the primitive sources of conviction and trust in every awakened soul; lifting us above this world by the evidence which it affords—in its holy men and prophets, and, above all, in Christ—of their intimate communion with God, and of the sensible witness vouchsafed to them of God’s living presence, and of that invisible state where the spirits of the departed dwell with Him. The further we advance in what is called civilisation, and in material science, the more we need the counteracting influence of those primary religious intuitions which are opened to us in a sacred history and literature like the Bible. A Scripture becomes not the less, but the more necessary, the longer society continues to exist; and Scripture, like every other genuine record of the human soul in its deepest thoughts and highest aspirations, will then first unlock to us all its treasures of spiritual wisdom, consolation, and strength, when we read it with an open eye and a trusting heart, freely yet reverently, looking for nothing but what we find, unprejudiced and sympathising;—when we ourselves are conscious in our feebleness of the presence and action of the same Spirit which flashed forth in its words of far-revealing light, and animated its holy and self-sacrificing deeds,—yea, which unites us of this day in a bond of religious identity with the noble and devoted men who, taught themselves by God, showed the childhood of our race the way that it should go, and whose sublime teachings on the great themes of human duty and expectation, have left modern reason little else to do than work out into applications of increasing extent and fertility, truths which it cannot demonstrate, and yet, when once presented, must accept.

It is true, that doubt and uncertainty on points once unhesitatingly believed, may to some extent have been produced by that fearless and impartial application to Scripture of the now-recognised laws of historical criticism, which is beginning to break down some of the old landmarks of faith, and is

* Ewald, *Geschichte des Volkes Israel bis Christus*; Vorbereitung, p. 7.

gradually opening to the inquirer new and vaster questions, which must carry him deeper into the interior of his own being, and its mysterious relations with God: but the final result of all this will unquestionably be, to bring men back, with clearer insight, broader views, and stronger conviction, to the recognition of those eternal verities in which the soul of religion consists, and which it is the strongest witness of the divine in Scripture to reflect with such unparalleled brightness, and urge home to the soul with such resistless force. It is in this generous trust—the surest sign of faith in God—that the Chevalier Bunsen has gone to work in preparing the book of which he has just given the first part to the world. It is his object—and the effort is at once noble and courageous—to destroy all intellectual monopoly of God's universal truth; to break up the craft and mystery of professional erudition; to bring down the well-established results of theological research into the circle of the general reader; to introduce the learned and the unlearned classes to mutual understanding and spiritual communion; to show, in fine, that what is truly divine must come home to the common human heart. In how genial a spirit this work is written, the following extract will prove:

“He who preached these truths in their absolute fullness and strength,—intelligible to children, yet unsearchable by the wise,—He who by a holy life of love to God and man, and by a voluntary death, preached them once in the language of facts, and preaches them still in the voice of the Spirit,—He was a man, yea, He was MAN, even because He was only a man. He was neither Jew nor Greek, neither prince nor priest, not a rich and mighty one, but, in presence of them all, wholly a man. He lived and died for humanity. But for that very reason He is called, and was and is, God's Image and Son, as no one else before or after Him. His mortal finite being was essentially a representation of God, and had become a divine nature.

That what He saith to thee—and, indeed, as the fulfilment of all desire, and all promise, and all history—contains divine and eternal truth, thy own reason and thy own conscience will prove the sufficient warrant, if thou dost what He sets before thee as God's commandment, standing before God in genuine thankful love, and exercising the same love towards all thy brethren. He reveals to thee—in other words, He makes plain, He discovers—to thee what lies hidden in thy own reason and thy own conscience, oppressed by the weight of the creation and the necessity of nature.

Thou canst close these eyes of thy spirit to the light; but thou canst not open them without seeing. Close them not. Why wouldst thou do so? Here is a book, not of signs and dreams, not for dreaming and interpretation; no, a childlike and a thoughtful book,—a book to read with open eye, and to hear with open ear. And it runs over with

comfort and light, since it speaks to thee the inmost language of thy being ; but objectively, as reality, as what has been and is. The good and the true are in their commencement,—seeking their completion in an ever-expanding kingdom of God, in a condition of mankind founded on right and justice ; and through that unfolding in the finite and the temporal, the eternal thought of creation.

This book, by its interior unity, by the truth of its single undivided consciousness of God, has guided and governed for hundreds of years our human sense, as expressed by the noblest of human races,—of our relations to the universe. It has fulfilled the sublimest hopes, and verified the holiest longings, of men,—those same hopes and longings which thou experiencest in thyself in thy gravest and most thoughtful moments. Ought it not on this account to yield light and solace to thee and to thy time ? Throw a free glance on its history, and thou wilt see that for more than four thousand years every step of mankind in advance towards light and truth and freedom and right goes hand in hand with belief in this book. Wonder not at these bold words : they are neither inconsiderate and fanatical, nor yet uttered in the spirit of hostility or a sect." (pp. 100-102.)

It is not our intention to enter into a critical analysis of M. Bunsen's book, which would hardly be in accordance with the object of the present article ; indeed the work is so loosely put together, that it would be difficult to analyse it ; but we will select from it a few passages, both as containing in themselves some valuable suggestive matter, and as throwing light on the views and purposes of the author. He speaks thus on a point which has been referred to in the foregoing pages :

"The religious sentiment of men in Europe has perished, as far as it can perish, under the double weight of absolutism and of a theological system which has renounced reason and science. But the nations demand liberty of conscience, not from unbelief, but from longing after belief. They wish for right and freedom, not that they may lead a godless and sensual life, but to be able once more to believe honestly in the Gospel. For this liberty of conscience they will know how to act and suffer, to live and die ; and the blood of their martyrs will kindle a flame by the power of God which shines through it. Misbelief and unbelief, the seeds of which have so long been sown and cultured, will combine to perplex men's minds. When the reason of conscience, with the Bible in her hand, and Jesus set before her as a model, ascends the throne, we shall see still greater abominations of misbelief and unbelief. Our age is remarkable for great and general culture of the intellect. An honest and intelligible philosophy must take its place beside our Christian faith, to ward off sophistry and materialism ; for the old scholastic system, decayed and powerless, has broken down, and every thing built on it threatens to share its ruin. The sole personality that remains as an object of faith, and the only monument of the religious consciousness which accords their equal

rights to God, to the world, and to mankind,—Jesus and the Bible,—must be brought into harmony with the science of the positive in nature and history. The unhappy schism between faith and reason must cease. . . . How can men attain and preserve freedom within the limits of law, without reverence for man as the image of God, and for humanity as the final object of the Divine intelligence, as the expression of God's will in the history of the world? How can science understand the nature of Christ, without understanding as well the misery as the greatness of human nature? How can God's Spirit in the eternal be understood, without a recognition of the Church, whose function it is to represent it in the temporal? How can the Divine thought be understood, which penetrates the universe with its breath of creative love, without a humanity which strives in faith and thankfulness to express it? Behold our aim. We are in search of the great religious truths of the world's history; not merely, however, for the scientific intellect of the philosopher, but with reference to the deepest wounds of the present, and the intensest longings of humanity." (pp. 17-19.)

On the renewed tendency of mankind towards religious belief, after periods of prevalent scepticism, we have the following remarks:

"Leibnitz attempted a justification of the moral order of the world, to tranquillise the reflecting portion of mankind. Bloody religious and political wars, which had terminated on the Continent (with the single exception of Holland) in a general rudeness of manners and the absolutism of princes, had exhausted and enfeebled the human mind, which required nourishment of this sort to fortify itself against the doubts of negative inquiry, and the spirit of despair which had seized the nations. Towards the close of the same century, Lessing and Kant endeavoured to resist the increasing materialism, which had set in especially from England and France, by strengthening the faith of reason in itself as a moral power. Already in their time the philosophy of mind had made such an advance, that it no more occurred to any one to write a justification of the world's order than to write a justification of reason itself." (p. 30.)

Considerable part of the book is written in the form of a colloquy—sometimes beautifully expressed—with the reader. In this style he approaches another side of the subject, discussed in the last extract,—the action and reaction of belief and unbelief, and shows how naturally superstition accompanies infidelity:

"And so thou standest again on the brink of the abyss, in contradiction with thyself, as with history, with the world, and with God. Consider well. To-morrow perhaps superstition will seize hold of thee, and thou wilt recommence in thyself the errors of centuries. Such a course numbers are now attempting, with a folly and a madness that

to our fathers—nay, to ourselves thirty years ago—would have seemed impossible. They would fain recall the superstitious formulas of a by-gone age, without its natural childlike faith, and its joyous sense of life. They would bring back these formulas, without the earnest faith which once ennobled and animated them: Superstition is ever born anew with faith, folly with truth. Perhaps thou wilt again take note of birds' flight, or other natural signs, like the middle ages, or heathen antiquity. Nay, thou art in danger of falling into something much worse, self-devised signs of wood and tables. But how elevated a wisdom lies in that old faith,—in the flight or cry of the living sharers of our earthly lot, which thou hast so often laughed at,—as compared with the senseless and soul-destroying divination of our time! Mormonism, slavery, appeals to the deceased, star-consulting, table-turning, are signs of the lowest declension at once of the intellect and the heart." (pp. 88-91.)

As the sole cure for such extravagances, the author suggests a rational faith in a well-attested religious system, bound up with the history of the human race—a Scripture. We will cite only one more passage:

"Whithersoever thou turnest, there remaineth for thee nothing but thy moral reason and the world's history. Yet of external histories thou dost not desire to hear. No, thou wouldst fain survey in the reflection of thousands of years the history of thy own spirit and of the eternal thought which dwells in its inner depths—yea, survey them in the mirror of a book which all can understand. It must be a book that would speak to thee of the actual, of the temporal; that would tell thee, what divine consciousness it is that has actually governed the world's history. But thou art as little desirous of a mere outward history as of a philosophical system—as little of a pious legend as of a deep-thoughted myth. The book must contain a true historical kernel, and reflect back to thee a genuine, personal, human consciousness. It must possess a unity in itself—a luminous centre-point for what is dark—an inner soul for its outward manifestation. It must exhibit to thee the eternal and the temporal—the eternal as the temporal, the temporal as the eternal. It must give thee answer to the questions: 'Whence comes this race of men? Whither is it going?' To this issue all thy questionings finally tend. It is after this that something within thee inquires, not from mere curiosity, or the thirst for scientific lore. It is the purely human within thee that impels thee with a divine power to ask: 'Whence do I come? Whither do I go? What ought I to do?' And simply because this longing is within thee, and thou hast the living faith that the realities of history, rightly viewed, must meet it with their verification,—that there must be a divine answer to it, adjusted to the wants of our time,—precisely for this reason, mankind do possess such a book. This book is called by thy own people, by the world in which thou livest—'the Book'—'the Scripture'; it is the book in the highest sense." (pp. 92, 93.)

We may judge from this extract, in how popular—in some passages we might say, how rhetorical—a tone, a large portion of M. Bunsen's book is written. Some of its best criticisms are those on the prophets, into the spirit of whose teachings it enters with a full and genial recognition. Those on Joel, Jonah, and Daniel are remarkable for their happy union of unbiased freedom of judgment with strong religious feeling. Speaking of the forced interpretations so often put on the latter writer, in defiance of history and criticism, he says, "We are not to make the pious patriot and seer a liar, in order to make him a prophet after our own system." (p. 530.) If more scriptural criticism were expressed in this tone of mingled honesty and reverence, it would render great service to genuine religion, and help to raise the Bible, often so blindly read and so dimly felt, to its proper rank as the grandest literature in the world.

Not seldom M. Bunsen has reminded us in this book of Herder. He has all the fervour, and something of the vagueness and generality, of that graceful and suggestive writer. With many claims on our approval, the present work has some obvious defects. Its general views are often sounder than the particular applications of them. The author draws his inferences in many cases too confidently from slight resemblances and uncertain grounds. His reference of the prophetic faculty to a purified *clairvoyance* (pp. 142-151) will not, we suspect, meet with general acceptance; and his unhesitating ascription to Baruch, the amanuensis of Jeremiah, of works so different in style and in thought as Lamentations, the latter part of Isaiah, and Job, does not appear to us to satisfy the conditions of a cautious and discriminating criticism. Altogether the work lacks compression, and a more systematic distribution of its materials. It wants also a more uniform and consistent character. It exhibits too great a mixture of the learned and the popular. It professes to be written for the instruction of the general reader; yet for this purpose the philosophical introduction is too abstruse and obscure, and is marked by too constant a recurrence of abstract formulas of thought borrowed from the schools. In some of the insulated disquisitions,—the result apparently of the learned researches of former years,—the author goes minutely into critical questions of which only scholars are competent to judge. Other parts of his subject, again, he has treated with a superficiality of which the learned will be apt to complain. Judging from a rapid survey of his work, we suspect that he has left himself open to attack in several points of detail. If it be so, we shall much regret it; because it will furnish those who grudge his useful labours, and are envious of his wide social

influence, with a plausible pretext for depreciating them, and may blind others to the real merit and noble purpose of his undertaking. We are jealous of M. Bunsen's reputation. Germany at this time can ill afford any lessening of the moral and intellectual weight of such a man on behalf of popular enlightenment and religious freedom. His high social position, his antecedents, and his being a simple unfettered layman, qualify him in no ordinary degree for mediating between the hard material unbelief and the rigid uncompromising orthodoxy, which threaten for the present to divide his country between them; while his genial spirit, his comprehensive views, his wide and ready sympathy with all that is good and generous, must commend much of what he writes—could he only abridge its volume and simplify its expression—to the cordial acceptance of the popular mind. It would be a public misfortune, if any hasty assertions and unguarded statements, inviting hostile and unscrupulous criticism, should weaken the impression and limit the circulation of a book which, though it may not in its present form fully satisfy the demands of the scientific, nor fully meet the wants of the less instructed, is still conceived in the true spirit of religious earnestness, and is sent out bravely and honestly in the right direction.

ART. VII.—THE MEMOIRS OF ST. SIMON.

Mémoires complets et authentiques du Duc de Saint-Simon sur le Siècle de Louis XIV et la Régence, collationnés sur le manuscrit original par M. Chéruel, et précédés d'une Notice par M. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1856-7. Hachette et Cie.

THE *Memoirs of St. Simon* were first published in a complete shape after an almost exact interval of a century had elapsed since the period to which the record of his times was brought down by the author. They end with the year 1723, and the first edition was published in 1829. After the death of St. Simon, they passed out of the hands of his family, and were kept under the control of the government, from a fear of indiscreet revelations. Privileged persons were, however, suffered to have access to the manuscripts; and the Duke of Choiseul, when minister, lent some of the volumes to Madame du Deffand, who wrote to Horace Walpole in extreme delight at the stores of

amusement and gossip she found in these unknown memoirs. In and after 1784, portions began to get into print, and small compilations or mutilated extracts were published at intervals; and at last, in 1829, the whole memoirs were given to the world. Since that time the interest they have excited has gone on steadily increasing; and several fresh editions have appeared, each aiming at greater correctness of text and greater convenience of reference. A new edition is now in course of publication at Paris, adorned with every luxury of type and paper, most carefully edited by M. Chéruel, and preceded by a notice of St. Simon written by M. Sainte-Beuve. No one can wonder that Frenchmen should recur with unwearied eagerness to a writer who paints the inner life of the great era of the French monarchy, who has so many national qualities in an eminent degree, whose wit, causticity, and felicity of expression are so peculiarly French, and who has left so many exquisite portraits of French men and women. In England, however, the number of persons who read through these memoirs will always be very small; and there will probably never be an Englishman who can say, as M. Sainte-Beuve says, that he has read them through ten times. Fortunately there is no book in which it is so easy to dip: we are amused, and can understand what we read, if we open any part of any volume of this long series. All that we require, in order to do this with pleasure and profit, is to know the general outline of St. Simon's life, the general cast of his character, and the more prominent faults and excellencies of his memoirs. We shall attempt in the following pages to lay before our readers a brief sketch of what a cursory and irregular reader of St. Simon might be glad to know beforehand.

Louis de Saint-Simon was born in 1675, and was the only son of Claude first Duke of Saint-Simon. His father had risen through the personal favour of Louis XIII.; and he is said to have owed this favour to an ingenious device, by which he enabled the monarch to pass from one horse to another without touching the ground. When the Duke of Orleans forced his brother to make Puylaurens a "duke and peer," the king comforted himself by conferring a similar distinction on his chief equerry; and it was thus that the father gained the dignity which it was the great business of the son's life to uphold. After the death of Louis XIII., the Duke of Saint-Simon lived retired and forgotten in the country. His son was born to him when he was far advanced in years, and the boy grew up in an almost complete isolation from persons of his own rank. His mother, who was of the family of Laubepine Chateaucneuf, had no near relations who could be of assistance to her son; and

she often strove to impress the boy with a notion of the difficult task that lay before him in life,—the task of upholding his nominal position without great estates or high connections. She strove to give him the best education in her power; but he confesses that his taste for study and for science was too small to permit her endeavours to be very effective. For history, however, he felt a real relish; and it was his admiration for the old chroniclers of France that determined him, at the early age of nineteen, to attempt to emulate their fame, and himself write the memoirs of his own time.

He entered the army when he was sixteen; and being required, like all the young nobles of his day, to join one of the two regiments of musketeers, he was placed in that of the "Greys," as the captain, Maupertuis, was an old friend of his father. His family had great difficulty in providing the proper outfit and equipage for the young soldier; and their embarrassment was increased by the roguery of a steward, who chose this unlucky time to decamp with fifty-thousand francs. St. Simon served with credit at the siege of Namur and the battle of Neerwinde. He rose to the rank of captain, and commanded a regiment called by his name; but he never got any further. He was not in the line of promotion. He went to court, as every young officer and nobleman went, as a matter of course, but he was never in favour: he came there backed by no support from influential families; he did not make his way there by rendering any service to Madame de Maintenon. He felt the depressing hopelessness of his position; and the consolation to which he had recourse was that of writing his beloved memoirs, noting every little fact that could form a part of them, practising his powers of observation, learning to look on men and things with that penetration, and to paint them with that fidelity, which had attracted him in the pages of Froissart, Joinville, and Ville-Hardouin. The world has profited by the bitter mortifications to which the young Vidame de Chartres, as he was called during his father's lifetime, must have found himself subjected. Had he been noticed, flattered, and promoted, he would have been much too busy and contented to have given us these voluminous and cynical memoirs.

The first Duke of St. Simon died in 1693; and in 1694 the young duke was urged by Madame de St. Simon to marry. Her son was willing to follow her advice; but said, that nothing would tempt him to a misalliance, and yet that he must have money. He therefore requested time to look about him; and his choice soon settled on the Duke of Beauvilliers. It was this nobleman whom, he expressly tells us, he wished to marry, through the medium of one of the duke's daughters. The duke

was not only of a high and widely-connected family, but of a remarkably pious, upright, and noble character ; and St. Simon was attracted to him as much by his high qualities as by the advantages which the alliance promised. He accordingly unfolded his wishes to the duke ; who was astonished at his frankness, and explained to him that his eldest daughter was only fifteen, his second was deformed, and his third was only twelve ; and that the eldest had a strong wish to become a nun. St. Simon explained that it was not the young lady, but her parents, who had attracted him ; and that he would make a marriage-contract on any terms the duke wished. The eldest daughter was, however, firm ; and St. Simon then asked for the little girl of twelve. The duchess was much struck with the "prodigious ardour" with which St. Simon desired to enter her family ; but she could not help refusing ; and so St. Simon had to look elsewhere. He fixed on the Marshal de Lorges. This commander was the nephew of Turenne, and had enriched himself by a marriage with the daughter of one of Colbert's favourites. His honesty and frankness had captivated St. Simon, who had served under him. St. Simon saw that the whole army loved him, that he enjoyed general esteem, that he lived magnificently ; and that he had an elder brother of great distinction, with whom he was on excellent terms. He further saw that madame la maréchale was exactly the wife he should have wished for himself, as she had got her husband made a duke, received the best company in her house, and lived happily with all her family. This excellent couple accepted the young duke, and proceeded to discuss which of their two marriageable daughters they should give him. They decided on the eldest ; and St. Simon tells us, that when he saw the two young ladies, he much preferred his intended bride. He was married in 1695, a few months before he had completed his twenty-first year.

However unromantic may have been the manner in which he won this lady, no marriage could have been more fortunate, and no wife could have been a more faithful and valuable friend to him. The language which St. Simon employs in referring to this excellent woman, and the passages in which he records the influence exerted by her at many critical moments of his life, are among the most charming and touching parts of the memoirs. He does not often speak directly of her, he is too noble and right-minded to obtrude the merits of his wife on his readers ; but he lets us see by many slight touches how great a treasure he had found in her. When he first introduces her to us, he slightly sketches her portrait ; but he maintains the reserve of a gentleman, and speaks of her with equal grace and dignity.

"She was," he says, "a blonde, with a perfect complexion and figure, a most agreeable expression, an air extremely noble and modest, and with something almost majestic about her from her manifest virtue and natural sweetness. As she became my wife, I will abstain from saying more of her,—except that she has infinitely surpassed all that I was promised I should find in her, all the reports I heard of her, all that I myself hoped she might be." Ten years after his marriage, there was some reason to suppose that St. Simon would receive an offer of the embassy to Rome. He hesitated whether to accept it or not, as he was not sure whether his fortune would bear the expense; and he and Madame de St. Simon consulted three ministers on the subject. They advised St. Simon to go; and after telling us that he consented at last to adopt their advice, he proceeds to say: "I cannot here refuse myself the pleasure of recording what each of those three ministers said separately to me of a lady who was then only twenty-seven years of age. They advised me, and they all advised me earnestly, to have no secret from my wife in all the affairs of my embassy; to have her with me at my table while I read and answered despatches, and to consult her on every thing with deference." What follows shows that both husband and wife had qualities that were good guarantees for conjugal happiness,—the husband generosity, the wife discretion. "I have rarely," St. Simon continues, "heard any advice with so keen a pleasure; and I think it an equal merit in her to have deserved such a thing to be said of her, and ever afterwards to have lived as if she had not known it had been said; and yet she did know it, both from me, and afterwards from those who had spoken to me." She appears throughout the memoirs as the guardian and good angel of her husband; smoothing away the difficulties into which his morose and haughty temper threatened repeatedly to plunge him, and making the life of a court endurable to one who had few of the qualities requisite to place him among the leaders of the court circle, and fewer still of those requisite to make him contented with a secondary position.

St. Simon needed a supporter ever ready at his side; for he made his position at Versailles, already a precarious and disagreeable one, much worse by abruptly quitting the army; a step which the king seems to have considered almost a personal affront. St. Simon was offended by the promotion of junior officers to the rank of brigadier. Unfortunately for himself, St. Simon was thus thrown entirely into the rapid and barren life of the court, without the exchange to excitement and activity which occasional service would have offered him. This enforced leisure was perhaps fortunate for posterity,

as it gave him so many opportunities of collecting materials for his memoirs. At the same time, it is impossible not to regret that the time in which he lived was so poor a one; the theatre so narrow; the actors so indifferent. Had his lot fallen on a time when great men were occupied in doing great things,—at one of those epochs when the life of a nation seems to be aroused, and thought and resolution are stimulated into a widespread activity,—he might, with his great powers and high sympathies, have written memoirs that would have been much better worth having. It is a great thing to have the vices, the hypocrisies, and intrigues of a worn-out and hollow age exposed by the fine analysis of a merciless wit; but it is a much greater thing to have what is worthy of admiration recorded by a man who has the capacity to admire.

We see at once both the shortcomings of the age and the peculiar cast of St. Simon's own mind reflected in all that he did and wrote concerning matters of religion. He found little to reverence, and much to suspect, in the religious conduct of those around him. This attitude of indifference is partly to be attributed to his natural temper, but partly also to the disgust which must have been awakened in any man of sense and honour by the low intrigues of the clique of fanatics who traded on the growing infirmity of the old king. St. Simon was a man of piety, both by nature and by education; but he was not a man of enthusiasm, much less of zeal. He could not bring himself to care much for any of the religious factions of his day; although, had he lived at a different period, he would have been quite capable of appreciating the fervour of a genuine and simple piety. He regarded with real feelings of indignation and alarm the forced subjection of the Gallican church to the famous Bull *Unigenitus*; but then his alarm was grounded on reasons purely political. By his friendship with the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse he was constantly thrown among the Quietists, and by his position at Versailles he was brought into constant communication with the Jesuits; but he stood aloof from the interests of either party. He loved the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers better than any people beyond his own family; but he always speaks of them, and the other admirers of Fénélon, as a little knot of bewildered devotees. He dreaded the Jesuits, and considered their alliance with Madame de Maintenon to be the bane of France; but he took care to keep on a very good footing, and to be very friendly and familiar, with the king's confessor. He has described at very considerable length the impressions produced on him by all he had seen of Fénélon and of Father Tellier; but admirable as the portraits of the two are in effectiveness of design, and skill

of execution, we know that, to have regarded the subject from a point of view so wholly artistic, implies that sort of coldness and perhaps timidity in the painter, which may possibly make him better as an observer, but certainly lowers him as a man. We may be sure that, in the description of Fénélon there are many touches from the life; but we should perhaps have liked St. Simon better, although we might have enjoyed this portion of his memoirs less, if he had been a little blind to the faults of the Archbishop of Cambray. "Fénélon," he says, "had more coquetry than a woman; but he showed it in his whole manner, not in petty trifles: his passion was to please; and he took as much care to captivate the valet as the master, the lowest as the highest. He had talents exactly made for the purpose: sweetness, a power of insinuation, graces springing fresh from a natural source, a mind facile, ingenuous, copious, and agreeable, of which he held, so to speak, the tap, so as to be able to pour from it the exact quality and quantity suitable to each person. Without undertaking to fathom him, one may boldly say, that he had the greatest possible desire to attain eminence of place; and yet he did the work of his diocese so well, and seemed to enjoy the peace of his quiet life so thoroughly, that none but those who knew what he had been, and what he wished to be, could have detected the real feelings of his heart." So mixed are the motives of even the best men, that it is only probable that St. Simon may have been right in ascribing some part of Fénélon's excellence to his "passion for making himself loved;" but a man with a generous love of goodness would scarcely have singled out this passion as the master-key to the whole of Fénélon's career.

So, too, when he has to record the choice of another confessor for the king in place of Father la Chaise, and is thus led to sketch the character of the person selected, he uses terms of the utmost unreserve and severity, which, if taken as the index of his real thoughts, are strangely at variance with his outward behaviour. "Tellier," he says, "both from taste and habit, led a hard life; he knew of no existence but that of assiduous and uninterrupted work; and he exacted such work from others without ever making any allowances, and without even understanding that any ought to be made. His head and his health were of iron, and his conduct was in keeping; his natural disposition was cruel and stern. Imbued with the maxims and principles of the Society of Jesus, so far as his hard nature could permit him to yield himself to others, he was profoundly false and deceitful; concealing himself under a thousand folds of disguise, and when he dared to show himself, asking for every thing and giving nothing, and laughing at his most solemn promises when

it did not suit him to keep them. He was a terrible man, aiming at nothing short of the destruction of all whom he hated; and after obtaining power, he no longer concealed his aims." Very probably St. Simon was justified in using this language, which is strong; but in the next page we find that Father Tellier, soon after he was appointed the king's confessor, sent a Jesuit, who had formerly been St. Simon's tutor, to open friendly relations with St. Simon; that the overture was favourably received, and that St. Simon kept on excellent terms with Tellier during the whole time that Tellier was powerful. Of course, it may be said that it was but worldly wisdom to do so, and that St. Simon could not have held on at court unless he had made friends with the mammon of unrighteousness. This is true; but it makes a considerable difference in our estimate of a man's character, whether we find that he does or does not possess that suppleness of nature which lies at the bottom of worldly wisdom. Among the persons who were acute enough to see the real character of the confessor, some few would have spurned all connection with him; while others would naturally take care not to commit themselves in any violent or underhand act, but would prudently make friends with the closet-friend of Madame de Maintenon. St. Simon was one of the latter class; and we know something more about him when we find that this was the case.

But if St. Simon did not display any great relish for the religious contests and controversies of his day, there was one subject in which he took the most deep and lively interest. He devoted himself heart and soul to the cause of his order. He was absorbed in the thought of the greatness to which the "dukes and peers" of France were entitled, and of which they had been robbed. It is easy to see in the attitude he assumed in prosecuting his claim to honours the reflex of his personal position. He was the son of a precise formal courtier, long the favourite of a king; he had been brought up by his mother to believe that he must in some way assert himself, or so unfriended a man would be sure to be neglected; he lived in habits of familiarity with noblemen shut out from the great prizes of the new *régime*, but still sustained by the consciousness of their ancient dignities. And yet it must be confessed, that St. Simon's persistency in claiming what he believed to be his due was justified by something better than the exigencies of his personal ambition. He saw that the power of the nobility was shaken, if not shattered; he believed that this was a most serious evil for the state; and he wished, if he could, to stay the last stroke, which would complete the work of destruction. The particular point which he made all-important seems at this day trivial, and even ludicrous; but we think that some

of his modern French critics have too hastily assumed that he was entirely wrong. The king and the parliament had acted together to depress the nobility; and it was the great aim of St. Simon to repress the usurpations, each petty in itself, by which the parliament strove to mark its growing sense of superiority. There is certainly something absurd in the quarrel about the "bonnet," which occupies so many pages of the memoirs; but, on the other hand, we must admit that, unless a losing side contests every little point resolutely, it invites its own downfall. We must remember, that the contest took place in the last years of the reign of Louis XIV.; and it was not unreasonable to insist, that if the nobles could but hold their ground during the king's life, they might do more at a future time. Originally, the peers, that is, the grand feudatories holding directly of the king, and such other high barons as the king was pleased to summon, alone constituted the parliament; but they were assisted by legists in their deliberations. Gradually these legists came to be a constituent part of the assembly; and the peers, though holding the place of honour, had little real influence in the proceedings of parliament. Lastly, when, under Richelieu and Louis XIV., the nobles were reduced step by step to a lower position, the legal portion of the parliament grudged the peers even the outward marks of deference. The president, always a lawyer, took the votes of the assembly; and the crowning insult protested against by St. Simon was, that the president took the votes of the princes of the blood with his head uncovered, but replaced his "bonnet" on his head when he came to the dukes and peers. For many years St. Simon made it the object of his life to get this innovation set aside. He even made himself so prominent and officious as to draw down on him the unfavourable wishes of the king; but still he persevered. He also deeply resented the promotion of the king's illegitimate children to a rank intermediate between that of princes of the blood and that of dukes and peers, because it was a slur on the latter that any person not acknowledged to be of the royal family should be placed above them. The opposition which this promotion excited brought the Duke of Maine into a close understanding with the parliament; and St. Simon and his supporters had then a very difficult game to play; for the Duke of Maine had the king's ear, and his support enabled the parliament to set the dukes and peers at defiance.

In the year, however, before the king's death, it seemed as if there was a chance of matters taking a favourable turn for the remonstrants. The Duke of Maine had been raised to the rank of a prince of the blood, and declared capable of succeed-

ing to the crown ; and gross as was the scandal of such an elevation, yet St. Simon was almost, if not quite, consoled for it by its involving the abolition of the intermediate rank, which he had regarded with so much horror. And shortly after he had thus attained the summit of his wishes, the Duke of Maine proposed to settle the affair of the "bonnet." St. Simon stigmatises this proposal as being really the fruit of the blackest treachery. He thinks the Duke of Maine feared lest, after the king's death, the parliament and the nobility should join to deprive the bastards of all their honours; and that he therefore arranged a plot by which the two parties should be separated by an irreconcilable difference. He used the president of the parliament as his instrument; and after getting the dukes to state their claim, on an understanding that the parliament would yield, he made the president turn round and refuse to admit the claim in a manner so insulting as to awaken a feeling of the utmost indignation in the peers. The Duke of Maine having thus effected his object, having committed the parliament to support him, and provided against the junction he feared, finally broke off all negotiation on the point, by saying that he found that a member of the royal family, the Princess of Condé, would never consent to the affair of the "bonnet" being arranged as the peers wished, because it was only proper that some mark of distinction should show their inferiority to the princes of the blood-royal. Thus the matter ended; and certainly, after reading all that St. Simon has to say on the subject, the antiquarian researches into which he digresses, the bitterness of the language he employs, and the foulness of the motives he imputes to his adversaries, it seems a little ludicrous to find that the termination of the whole was due to the caprice of a lady who was generally acknowledged to be imbecile. But subsequent events showed that there was still some little power left with the nobles; and, small as it was, it might have been worth securing. We are inclined to think that wiser men than St. Simon might have taken much the same view of the affair as he did; although they would, perhaps, have been more moderate in their language, and more temperate in estimating the importance of what they were doing.

We know, indeed, that his views were substantially shared by one man, who, if longer life had been granted him, might have changed the history of France. The remarkable and enlightened prince who, in 1711, succeeded to the title of Dauphin, was, we cannot refuse to believe, penetrated with a wise conviction, that the growth of bureaucracy threatened the stability of the French monarchy. St. Simon gives the out-

line of many conversations which he held with the Dauphin ; and although he may, in his enthusiasm, sometimes substitute his own feelings and expressions for those of the prince, yet there is not the slightest reason to doubt that, quite independently of all influence exercised on him by the Duke of Beauvilliers and by St. Simon himself, the Dauphin had come to a conclusion, that if he lived to ascend the throne, it was his true policy to restore the dignity and renew the importance of the nobility. He seems to have been deeply impressed by the spectacle of arrogant functionaries setting themselves above men of the first rank, and exacting the title, which they denied to dukes and peers, of "Monseigneur." And it is worth noticing, that St. Simon represents the Dauphin as repeatedly referring his opinions to his long study of the history of his country. Such a study is the surest possible basis of conviction ; and probably there is much truth in the observation of the Dauphin, that the great source of all that was faulty in the policy of his grandfather was his ignorance, and especially his surprising ignorance of all that had happened in the reigns of his more immediate predecessors. No wonder that St. Simon mourned the untimely loss of the prince as a loss hardly to be spoken of,—a loss that clouded over all his own personal hopes, and overshadowed the future of his country.

The grave that opened so prematurely for the Dauphin, soon closed over the great king himself ; and the chapters of the memoirs which follow the curious narrative of the king's death, are some of the best which St. Simon has written. They review the general character of the long reign of Louis XIV. ; they survey the salient features of his mind, record the habits of his life, and trace the history of those influences which led him to so much disgrace and into so many errors. They are rich, both in the fruits of mature reflection, and in the minute touches of a keen observer. St. Simon apologises for describing what all his contemporaries knew so well ; but his apology is the satisfactory one, that he is consulting the wishes of posterity in telling how the grand monarch looked and spoke, how he dressed and eat. To enter into the details of this picture would be to write about Louis XIV., and not about St. Simon. We are at present only interested in showing what there is in the picture which peculiarly betrays the hand of the painter. St. Simon places before himself and his readers the problem of a mixed character,—a man so great yet so small, so commanding and yet so weak. He takes a delight in drawing out the inconsistencies of the king ; and the solution he offers is one which is at least plausible and subtle. He thinks that Louis had by nature a mind beneath medio-

cry, but that this mind was one capable of forming, refining, and polishing itself, of borrowing from others without either the labour or the humiliation of direct copying, and of seizing the results at which other minds had arrived. We must take into account the utter ignorance in which the bad education of his early years had left him. He possessed scarcely any knowledge of the most common events of history; he could hardly read or write. It is not difficult to suppose that such a man should be at once very dependent on the few to whom he looked to supply the means of carrying on affairs, and very distrustful of the great body of those from the observation of whose conduct he was gaining experience. This is the union on which St. Simon fixes our attention,—the union of dependence on a few intimates, and reserve and distrust towards the bulk of the nobility. The fact that Louis XIV. suffered himself to be guided by a succession of cliques, and that he stood aloof from the great nobles, who might have offered him independent aid and advice, is indisputable. To us who look back, it seems one of the stages in the transition that changed the government of France from that of an aristocracy to that of a bureaucracy. To St. Simon it appeared to spring directly from certain points in the character and history of Louis. He views the fortunes of his country from the point which his position had enabled him to occupy,—that of watching the trust and distrust felt by the ignorant but shrewd man, who said that the state was himself.

St. Simon several times recurs to an anecdote, which he tells as illustrating the consequences of the trust reposed by Louis XIV. in those whom he consulted. After the death of Colbert, Louvois was charged with the superintendence of the royal buildings. The Chateau of Trianon was being built, when one day the king remarked that a window was out of proportion. Louvois asserted the contrary, and would not yield. The king turned away; but the next day he sent to the architect, Le Nôtre, to settle the point in question. The architect was afraid to disagree with either, and day after day made excuses for not going; at last Louis got angry, and told him to be at Trianon the next day, and that Louvois should be there too. The king himself went at the appointed time, and ordered Le Nôtre to measure the window in his presence. Louvois, indignant at this, vented his anger aloud, and sharply maintained the window was all right. The king proved to be right; and turning to Louvois, upbraided him with his obstinacy, which had nearly led to the building having been completed without the mistake being rectified, in which case it would have been necessary to pull it down and rebuild it. Louvois arrived at his house in a

furious passion, and then declared that he was lost with the king after having undergone such treatment about the window. "I have no other resource than a war, which shall distract the king from his buildings, and which shall make me indispensable to him; and, by God! he shall have one." Accordingly, in a few months the war broke out which only ended with the Peace of Ryswick. The moral St. Simon draws, is, of course, that Louis, by his foolish dependence on Louvois, put it into the power of a minister to involve Europe in a bloody war because he had been mistaken about the proportions of a window. It is a good instance of the sort of light which the memoirs of St. Simon throw on the history of the time. Undoubtedly there were far deeper causes of the war of 1688 than the irritability of the French minister; but the age of Louis XIV. was a period when the caprice of a very few individuals could decide when and where wars should break out, and with what bitterness and pertinacity they should be conducted. St. Simon was therefore very probably right in connecting the outbreak of the war with the ill-humour of Louvois; and we need not reject this piece of court-gossip as utterly immaterial.

A vain and clever man like Louis was not, however, to be drawn or led without some management; and it was her consummate tact, rather than any higher or more fascinating quality, that enabled Madame de Maintenon to preserve her strange ascendancy during a period of thirty years. St. Simon has drawn an invaluable picture of this lady practising her arts of government. He tells us, that every evening the king went to her apartments; and that a minister attended to transact business. Whilst he and his sovereign were discussing affairs of state, Madame de Maintenon read or worked. She listened to all that passed between her two visitors; but rarely broke in upon their conversation, and still more rarely said any thing of importance. Often the king asked her advice, and then she answered very guardedly. Never, or scarcely ever, did she suffer herself to seem to have any preference, and still less to have any interest, in behalf of any particular individual; but she took care always somehow or other to agree with the minister, who in turn never ventured to dispute with her. The truth was, that when any favour was to be obtained, or appointment to be filled up, she let the minister know that she wished to speak with him; and it often happened that day after day went by without any opportunity offering for a conference that should not attract attention. After they had agreed on the person to be appointed, but not before, the minister was at liberty to mention the matter to the king at one of these evening meetings. He brought a list of persons eligible for the purpose, and showed

it to the king for selection. If the king in reading it stopped at the right name, the minister immediately chimed in, and said that nothing could be better; if he selected the wrong man, the minister represented that it would be better to read the list through before making a choice. He avoided any direct advocacy of the claims of the man whom he favoured, but merely introduced his name among a few others as the best on the list. He dwelt on the merits of each of these in turn; and made them out to be all of such very equal eligibility, that the king got puzzled, and began to wish for assistance in making his choice. The minister then hinted slight objections to all but the right man. Louis would turn in his uncertainty to Madame de Maintenon; who smiled, and said she knew nothing about such things (*faisait l'incapable*), and sometimes said a word or two in favour of one of the other candidates, and then finally came back to the destined man as perhaps the best after all. In this way, St. Simon says, she disposed as she pleased of more than three-fourths of the places vacant; and the few she did not care to interfere with, she permitted the minister to fill up. It was only very rarely indeed that the king, who prided himself on being the single source of power, really made an appointment, either from some caprice, or because he had been influenced in behalf of a candidate by an application coming from some one whom he wished to favour.

St. Simon was a good hater, and perhaps never hated any one more bitterly than the lady,—the *mauvaise fée*, as he often calls her,—who played this little farce every night with undiminished success for so many years; but he hated her on public grounds, and there is a loftiness in his scorn of her which we cannot expect to find in his derisive sketches of private enemies. Especially he hated her for her cruelty in religious persecutions. “She was,” he says, “herself in part the dupe of Cardinal Bissy; by whose arts, and by the praises he bestowed on her, under the guise of a mock simplicity, she was persuaded that she was the prophetess who saved the people of God from error, revolt, and impiety.” Filled with this idea, urged on by Bissy, and wishing for the mere love of power to mix herself up more and more with ecclesiastical affairs, she impelled the king to exercise all the horrible tyranny that was then directed against the consciences, the fortunes, and the persons of her victims. She too was the great cause of the other disgrace of France, which St. Simon so bitterly lamented, the scandalous advancement of the king’s bastard sons; an advancement so preposterous, that the offspring of a double adultery, as St. Simon delights in perpetually calling them, were made capable of succeeding to the throne. The finest passages that St. Simon ever wrote are

inspired by the indignation with which the promotion of the bastards and its fatal consequences moved him. He dilates on the monstrous profligacy of the unions which Louis compelled his legitimate descendants to form with the children and grandchildren of his mistress. "This mixture," he says, "of the purest blood of any royal race with the polluted filth of a double adultery, was the one great work of the king's life. He had the horrible satisfaction of having carried this admixture to the last point of completeness; and he has been the first man, in any nation or age, who has raised from the nothingness of obscurity the issue of a double adultery, and given it a position at which the whole world, civilised and barbarous, at first shuddered, but which it has since learnt to tolerate by growing accustomed to the spectacle." St. Simon then traces the sad story of the wars which dishonoured the last years of the king's reign, and brought him to the very verge of ruin. No one who had lived at the court of Versailles during that time of humiliation could forget the narrowness of the escape by which the king avoided the impending blow; and St. Simon notices how strange it was, that a foolish caprice of one or two foolish women in England should have raised up France from the dust. Louis profited by another sovereign being guided by dependents in the same manner, in which he himself had been led into danger. "After Louis had been brought," St. Simon eloquently says, "to the brink of the precipice, with an ample and fearful interval of time given him to recognise the depth of the abyss, the all-powerful hand of God, which places nothing more than a few grains of sand as limits of the most furious storms of the sea, arrested all at once the ruin of this presumptuous and haughty monarch, after having made him taste to the full his misery, his weakness, and his nothingness; and the cause which wrought this wonderful result was slight and small as the sand of the sea-shore. A woman's quarrel for nothing, in the household of the Queen of England, and the queen's vague wish to favour her own blood, detached England from the grand alliance."

The accession of the Duke of Orleans to the great power of a regent seemed to promise a change for the better; and especially it seemed to promise to St. Simon an opportunity of devoting his energies to the service of his country. It was reasonable to suppose, that the regent would be guided by no one so much as by St. Simon, who had been his intimate friend for many years; who had ventured, and had been permitted, to reprove and counsel when the duke's connection with Madame d'Argenson had threatened him with the gravest dangers; and who was the only person of high rank that dared to display con-

fidence in him when popular calumny accused him of having had a share in the sudden deaths that occurred with such alarming rapidity in the royal family in 1712. Time was to show that the real guide of the regent would be a much more base and dishonest man than St. Simon; but, at any rate, the regent always treated St. Simon with the greatest consideration; and if he did not follow his advice, allowed him to give it with the most perfect absence of restraint.

St. Simon has left us a long and minute account of his views as to the changes which he considered most advisable. Both the propositions which he lays down, and the reasoning by which he supports them, throw a curious light on his character, on the powers of his mind, and on the position which he occupied in the court of Louis XIV. There is much ingenuity, much address, and a sort of logic, in all he says. But it must have been evident to his contemporaries, what is so very evident to us, that he was talking in vain; that he was utterly out of the sphere of the possible and the practical, and that he could not have governed France for a day. The measures which he chiefly advocated were three: the substitution of councils for ministers of state, a national bankruptcy, and the assembling of the states-general. St. Simon had that sort of ability, and that sort of interest in politics which impel financial amateurs in these days to write pamphlets on the currency. He really wished to serve his country, he really believed that he had an infallible receipt for setting every thing right; and having fixed on a hobby, he had a curious consistency and adroitness in working it out. We at once are surprised by his plan, admire, and laugh at it. Such a man is incapable of understanding general questions asked to test his plans: if he meets with fundamental criticism, he stops it with some clever little contrivance of detail. He has an answer ready for every thing, and is the victim of his own fertility of resource. No one can understand St. Simon who does not make himself acquainted with these strange views of policy. While we only read St. Simon's criticism on others, we hardly know what sort of a man the critic was,—how far he was superior to those whom he criticised, or how far fitted to teach them. When we have studied these chapters on state-affairs, we see at once why he was left to be an observer; and at the same time are strengthened in our belief of the honesty and acuteness with which he would be likely to observe.

The first question he set himself to solve was this: How were the functionaries who had supplanted the old nobility in the charge of state-affairs to be got rid of? "My object," he says, "was gradually to place the nobility in the position of

ministers, and give them suitable dignity and authority at the expense of the gentlemen of the robe and the pen ; and by judicious management, to contrive that these new-comers should at last cease to exercise any functions but those that were purely judicial." The great difficulty was, as he admits, in the nobility itself ; which was used to nothing except to get killed in war, to rise in the service by seniority, and to spend life in a deadly uselessness, and in its attendant idleness and incapacity. The formation of councils to manage the different departments of state was the remedy he proposed. In the first place, the change would get rid of the hated ministers,—“those five kings who exercised all the tyranny they pleased in the name of the true king.” In the next place, it would conciliate the nobles, as “this sudden and un hoped-for return from nothing to a new existence would equally allure those who immediately profited by it, and those who hoped to profit by it at a future period.” St. Simon says, that a scheme almost the same had occurred to the Duke of Chevreuse ; and that his own scheme had received the approval of the Duke of Burgundy. We cannot, therefore, connect the mere outline of the plan in any especial way with St. Simon ; but some of the details into which he carried it are very characteristic. It struck him that the chief of each council might usurp so much authority as to make his subordinates mere shadows. This was exactly the sort of difficulty which St. Simon delighted in dealing with. He quite revels in the little devices which he hits off for snubbing the imaginary chief ; and it must be owned, that he does his work effectually, and that the chief would not have had much chance of making himself overpowering, if all these engines of repression had been brought to bear on him. St. Simon proposed that the chief should always speak the last ; that he should allot the different portions of business to the members in full council ; never himself make any report ; that he should in no case have more than one vote ; and that if on a division the members should be equal, a member of the regency should be called in to give the casting vote ; and that when he attended on the council of regency to report on the business of his department, he should always be accompanied by one of the members of his own council who had differed in opinion from him, selected by the whole number of those who had so differed. Nothing can be more ingenious ; but the ingenuity is that of a man who teaches his horse to live on a straw a-day. By the time that the chief has submitted to all these diminutions of his power, he has ceased to be chief, and has become far the most humble and insignificant member of the body.

We can easily estimate the political sagacity of a man who gravely recommends a national bankruptcy. St. Simon represents it as the preferable choice in a terrible alternative. Either way a gross injustice must be committed : if the nation did pay the debt, then this was an injustice to the nation, because a set of usurious extortionate capitalists were the principal creditors ; if it repudiated, then it certainly committed a sort of injustice towards those from whom it had borrowed. But the latter was much the lesser injustice of the two, because the rich creditors, being vile creditors, had better be plundered than not, and the poor creditors would soon have their loss made up to them by the remission of taxes. Having made up his mind to this extensive measure, St. Simon proceeds to find a theory to justify it ; and he finds it in a new account of the nature of a monarchy. The monarchy, he says, is not elective, nor is it hereditary. It is a trust : a king of France derives nothing from his predecessors, not even from his fathers. Consequently every engagement made by a predecessor terminates with that predecessor's life ; and "our kings pay for their great power during their life by their utter powerlessness after their death." Establish this principle, and apply it firmly, and we get two advantages of the utmost importance : in the first place, kings will not be able to rush into such foolish wars as ruined the kingdom under Louis XIV., nor to erect useless palaces at pleasure ; secondly, we get rid of the pestilent race of tax-farmers and tax-collectors. If we calmly balance the gain and loss, he adds, we cannot doubt that a bankruptcy, however painful for the moment, would be far the wisest course. France is, he says, in the position of a man who has to choose between enduring the slow torture of a diseased limb year by year, and having the limb cut off by an operation that, at the cost of a moment's suffering, will restore him to perfect health. It would perhaps be more accurate to say, that the more analogous case would be presented by a man who had the choice between enduring long torture and cutting another man's leg off. The people who were to repudiate were not the same people who had lent the money. But St. Simon does not stop at trifles of this sort ; he rather devotes himself to considering the best way in which the bankruptcy could be announced ; and he decides that a really well-written edict, logically based on the principle of the monarchy, and couched in peremptory and unhesitating terms,—would disarm opposition. He gets quite enthusiastic in describing the effects of this edict ; and works himself up, until at last he observes, that, as to the misery a bankruptcy might be supposed to cause, he can only say that the more were the complaints, lamentations, and the greater

the despair caused by the ruin of so many individuals and families, why, the more careful every one would be for the future.

The Duke of Orleans wished this enterprising and bold financier himself to preside over the department which was to be the theatre of this grand project. But St. Simon resolutely refused, and certainly for an excellent reason. "I answered," he tells us, "that I had no aptitude for finance; that it was a mass of details which somehow or other had got worked into a mystical science; that as to commerce, money, exchanges, circulation, and all the matters belonging to financial administration, I knew them only by name; that I did not know the first rules of arithmetic; that I had never interfered with the management of my own property, or of my household expenses, because I felt myself incapable of doing so." The duke was not, however, quite repulsed even by so very good an argument; he still pressed the point, and dwelt on the instruction and comfort to be derived from the subordinate members of the department. But St. Simon was too prudent and too honest, and he successfully persisted in declining. His honesty, which in a person of the present day would be rather insignificant, deserved commendation in an age, when the man who had the task of appointing to the highest offices expressly declared that he considered utter inaptitude in the official no bar to an appointment. But whether there was much moral superiority displayed by St. Simon or not, what a flood of light the confession of his financial ignorance throws upon his character! We know at once the class of politicians among whom we ought to place him. It is a class that abounds in modern England. Who does not know more than one enthusiast with an infallible plan for paying off the national debt? He can show you how to persuade the national creditor to take very short terminable annuities; he makes it clear that the annuities can be paid with an unlimited paper currency; he speaks of millions as if they were halfpence; but he could not add up his butcher's bill to save his life.

St. Simon recommended the convocation of the states-general as a pure stroke of stratagem. He did not believe that the states-general had the slightest right to meet, or the slightest power to do any thing after they had met. But, he said, there are many people who have a vague notion that the states-general are a wonderfully grand affair. Let us summon them; they will be so obliged to the Duke of Orleans for summoning them together, that they will do any thing he asks them. They will be the exact body to proclaim a general bankruptcy; for they mostly come from the provinces, while the state-creditors are Paris capitalists; and there is nothing which poor

provincials would enjoy more than getting rid of taxes at the expense of the rich metropolitan speculators. The prospect of their personal gain will "make them see a new heaven and a new earth in a bankruptcy, and will make it impossible for them to hesitate between their own happiness and the misery of the creditors." Then, again, the regent will be easily able to induce them to take measures for removing the bastards of Louis XIV. from the place in the succession to the crown. The states-general must present a petition to the young king, setting forth the great scandal and danger of its being treated as even possible that the offspring of a double adultery should sit on the throne of France. In fact, St. Simon recognises only two difficulties: first, in what terms the petition should be drawn up; and secondly, how the states-general should be dismissed when they had done their work. It will be quite necessary, he says, to have the petition all ready before they meet, or they will go on talking for ever, and doing nothing. They must be led gently till they are in a fit state to have this petition suggested to them, and then they will gladly accept it. St. Simon accordingly draws up the heads of the petition; and a very pretty document it would doubtless have been, and very instructive to the king, if there had ever been any states-general to present it. But then, if the states-general are suffered to pronounce a decision that the bastards are to be excluded, how is it to be managed that they shall not acquire a sort of precedent for the exercise of real power? St. Simon replies, that it of course required some skill and tact in the management; but that it might be arranged that they should only go so far as to proclaim *per verba et voces*, by a sort of general cheer and applause, a wish that the Duke of Orleans should have his legitimate place in the succession. The regent should then interfere, and say that he asked for nothing more than their love and goodwill; and that with so young a prince on the throne it would be indelicate to be very explicit in talking about a succession. The states-general would see this, and would rest content with their simple "acclamation" in favour of the regent; which, while it would enlist and determine popular sympathy in his favour, would give them no kind of pretence of power as a political body. Thus all would be quietly and satisfactorily arranged. As usual, when St. Simon has set his hobby going, he makes it go well. He can foresee all that is to happen; and it is only on the smallest points that he will admit even a possibility of difficulties arising. Directly he has made up his mind to have a hare cooked, it never occurs to him for a moment that there may be a difficulty in catching it; the only puzzle is, whether to have it cold or hashed the second day.

The death of Louis XIV. brought the time when all these schemes of government were to be realised; but the regent found himself far too much hampered by the difficulties of his position, at first a very precarious one, to take any very bold measures. We hear nothing of the national bankruptcy or the convocation of the states-general; they were not projects very well suited to an indolent man newly burdened with the pressure of real responsibility. The scheme of managing the different departments of state by councils was tried, and utterly failed. The members could not be got to work together; they knew nothing of business; they consumed their time in foolish quarrels. St. Simon cannot help acknowledging the want of success; but he attributes it to the weakness and misconduct of individuals. Partly it was the turn of his own mind to see the matter from this point of view; his observations of the persons with whom he was brought into contact was so close, keen, and penetrating, that he came to believe that such an observation would give the key to every question of state; and partly also it is a general weakness of all political theorists to attribute the break-down of their schemes to the fault of the agents who are charged with carrying them out. They can never admit, or even comprehend, that the error lies in the schemes themselves. St. Simon lays the principal blame on the regent himself, whose character he paints with all his admirable touches of truth and life. After speaking in the highest terms of the powers of the duke's mind, and of the native qualities of his heart, he goes on to lament his fatal "facility, or, to use the real word, weakness,"—his timidity, which led him to fear his enemies so much as to treat them with more distinction than his friends; his habit of constant suspicion; and his disbelief in the virtues either of man or woman. The duke was really attached to St. Simon, and always treated him with every mark of respect, and with as near an approach to affection as it was in his nature to display. But St. Simon had no real power under the regency. He was too much the friend of the regent to have any. He never intimidated the regent; he could give him little assistance in unravelling the entanglements of all the intrigues formed against his authority. The regent respected him, but could not use him; and therefore the eight years of the regency went by without St. Simon having any thing more than a nominal influence over the mind of the ruler who had found in him the truest of friends and the most faithful of counsellors.

St. Simon could do nothing to diminish the complete subjugation in which the Abbé Dubois, the most contemptible and vile of men, held the mind of the regent. The regent consulted

St. Simon, and heard his opinion : he would listen patiently for a couple of hours while St. Simon ransacked history to furnish precedents illustrative of the dangers of trusting such a man as Dubois ; he disburdened his mind to his old friend, and complained of Dubois more bitterly than ever St. Simon himself thought it right to do ; but in the end he acted as Dubois wished. Short, however, of giving him real power, the regent wished to bestow on St. Simon every thing. He even offered to make him chancellor. St. Simon tells us, that he laughed aloud when this extraordinary offer was made him ; he told the regent that he knew nothing whatever about law, and was utterly unsuited for holding a magisterial dignity. The regent replied, that nothing could be simpler or easier ; that the duties of a chancellor might be learnt in an hour, and that they really consisted in the mere holding the seals. It was with the greatest difficulty that St. Simon could make the regent acquiesce in his opinion, that an old nobleman and soldier would be simply ridiculous if he appeared as chancellor. Some time afterwards the regent offered to make St. Simon the king's governor, in place of Marshal de Villeroy. St. Simon refused this honour no less resolutely than the other. He insisted that De Villeroy had given no cause for his removal, and that he ought not to be displaced. He also urged a very curious objection,—that as he was known to have stood forward as the friend and supporter of the regent at the time when the regent was suspected of poisoning the presumptive heir of the crown, he would be exposed to the most injurious calumnies if any thing should happen to the king while under his charge.

The only distinguished public service on which he was employed was that of special ambassador to Spain, in order to sign the contracts for the marriage of the Infanta with Louis XV., and of the daughter of the regent with the Prince of the Asturias. St. Simon was delighted with Spain, more especially because he there received the honour of being, together with his second son, made a grandee of the first class. But he had no real share in the management of the relations between France and Spain. This appears most conspicuously in the matter of the king's confessor. D'Aubenton, the confessor of the King of Spain, was anxious that a Jesuit should be made confessor of Louis XV., instead of the Abbé Fleury. He sounded St. Simon on the subject ; who describes how the wily Jesuit began his conversation by mentioning the high terms in which the Jesuits of the French court always spoke of him ; and finding his auditor apparently pleased, "he gave him a glance of the utmost sweetness (*il se mit à me faire véritablement les yeux doux*) ; and after a little stammering and hesitation, at last

gave birth, without any aid from St. Simon (*il accoucha sans aucun secours de moi*), to the proposal, that the confessor of Louis XV. should be changed." St. Simon continues, "I paid him in the same money he had given me about my kindness to the Jesuits; but I told him that it would give as great offence in France that arrangements should be made in Spain for changing the French monarch's confessor, as it would to Spain if a similar arrangement regarding the Spanish king had been made at Paris." St. Simon thought that he had thus put a stop to the plan, and frustrated the efforts of D'Aubenton. But, as is now well known, D'Aubenton had already obtained from Dubois an undertaking that the change should be made; and it shortly afterwards was made, and a Jesuit confessor was appointed in the place of Fleury. We cannot say that St. Simon was exactly outwitted; for he saw through the design of D'Aubenton, and his importance was rated at least high enough for the Jesuit to wish to gain him; but the real current of affairs ran on without his having any share in directing it. While he was delighting in all the ceremonies and splendours of the court of Madrid, Dubois was at the regent's side, ordering every thing at his pleasure.

St. Simon lavishes all his wealth of contumelious epithets and expressions in describing the character and career of the infamous favourite of the regent. He had every reason for hating the Abbé Dubois. He was the last champion of government by an aristocracy; Dubois was sprung from the dregs of the people, and rose from being valet to the regent's tutor to being absolute master of the regent and of France. He was the old and faithful friend of the Duke of Orleans; Dubois supplanted him so entirely, that, finding his utter powerlessness with the regent, he retired to La Ferté until Dubois died. He was a pious, honourable, punctilious nobleman; Dubois was not only the basest of intriguers, but the foulest and coarsest blackguard that ever carried the slang of the gutters into the precincts of a palace. St. Simon has thought over the villany of Dubois so much and so long, that he speaks of it with more labour of antithesis and epigram than is generally to be found in his apparently artless sketches. "Avarice," he says, "debauchery, and ambition were his gods; perfidy, flattery, and servility were his means; perfect impiety was his relaxation; the opinion that uprightness and honesty are chimeras, used merely as ornaments, and never to be found in the heart, was his guiding principle." St. Simon collects anecdote after anecdote to illustrate his unparalleled brutality and profanity. He tells us how Dubois, on the first Easter after he was made cardinal, woke at eight o'clock, and then, ringing furiously for

his servants, cursed them horribly, and poured out against them a thousand reproaches in the most filthy and insulting terms, because they had not awakened him in time to say mass : how the governess of the regent's daughters was persuaded that she ought to pay the all-powerful cardinal a visit of congratulation ; and how that dignitary of the church, thinking she was come to ask a favour of him, broke out with, "By all the devils, it can't be done ;" and on the lady trying to explain, fairly pushed her out of the room, shouting out, "Go to all the devils, and leave me at peace : " and lastly, how he died grinding his teeth with rage at the surgeons who could not prolong his life. We cannot but sympathise with all the warmth which animates St. Simon in speaking of this wretch ; and the efforts St. Simon made to counteract and withstand the growing influence of Dubois in the first year of the regency are very much to his credit. When he found himself beaten, he even entered into a sort of arrangement with Dubois ; with the object, apparently, of securing access to the regent, which Dubois, if directly and openly opposed, might have denied him. He did not scruple to use intrigue against an intriguer ; and he has left us an amusing account of his conduct, when solicited through Bellisle to procure from the regent the appointment of Dubois as first minister. He gives us at full length all the arguments he used to convince the regent of the extreme impolicy of making any one first minister, much more of making Dubois first minister ; and then tells us, with a sort of grave humour, how he came out after the interview with the regent into the antechamber, where Bellisle was waiting, and informed him that "things were going on capitally, and the appointment would be announced immediately." We must, however, confess, that we think that he rates the ability of Dubois too low, and especially with reference to the double marriage between the royal families of Spain and France. St. Simon tells us, that the effecting this stroke of policy as the conclusion of a war had been reckoned a great triumph for Dubois ; but that in reality the King of Spain was very anxious not to separate himself from his relations in France, and the thoughts of the Queen of Spain were entirely directed to Italy, so that Dubois found every thing ready to his hand when he made the proposal. This is not quite a fair way of estimating the merit of such a stroke of statesmanship. The whole merit consists in penetrating into the real motives of others through the veil of their assumed and apparent interests. Dubois calculated that the King and Queen of Spain really wished for peace, and he was right ; and no one but a clever man could have made the calculation.

St. Simon was also on his guard against another adventurer of the time of the regency,—Law, the famous author of the Mississippi scheme. Nothing could be more creditable to St. Simon, or more indicative of his honesty and good sense, than his conduct under the temptation which Law's temporary success threw in his way. At first he wished to have nothing to do with Law, and refused even to see him. But the regent requested that he would give Law an opportunity of conversing freely with him; and accordingly Law used to visit St. Simon every Tuesday; and this continued until Law's downfall. He tried to explain his scheme to St. Simon, and to convince him of its expediency; but St. Simon insisted on his own utter incapacity for finance as a sufficient reason why he should not pretend to go into so difficult a matter. However, Law thought it worth his while still to visit and converse with a man who was so confidential a friend of the regent. When the Mississippi fever was at its height, and every one was besieging Law for shares, he offered both St. Simon and Madame St. Simon any amount without payment, and without their having any responsibility or trouble; but they both firmly declined. Shortly after the refusal, the regent had a conversation at St. Cloud with St. Simon, and pressed him not to refuse Law's offer, saying that all was done in the king's name, and that therefore St. Simon was really refusing the king's bounty, not Law's. But St. Simon was firm; and on the regent asking his reason, said, that since Midas in the fable, he had never read of or seen any one who had the power of turning every thing he touched into gold; that he did not think that Law had the power; and that he believed that all Law's science was a new kind of conjuring, which put Peter's money in Jack's pocket, and only enriched the one because it despoiled the other: that sooner or later the delusion would be discovered; and then great misery would follow, while those who repented of having profited by this misery would not be able to discover to whom they ought to make restitution. This reasoning, obvious as it appears to us, must have needed much shrewdness in a French nobleman of that date, and to refuse so advantageous an offer demanded still more honesty than shrewdness; for a man in St. Simon's position, having the earliest intelligence of every fluctuation in the market, might have secured his own fortune, however clearly he had foreseen that the bubble must one day burst. St. Simon also displayed great sagacity in his criticisms on the establishment of Law's bank. He said, that the establishment of a paper currency so complete that all metallic currency should be entirely withdrawn, was contrary to the experience of all ages, since Abraham bought a sepulchre for

Sarah with silver ; that he acknowledged that a national bank, with the issue of a limited paper currency, was a great gain to a country ; but that the experiment could be successful only in a republic, or under a constitutional monarchy like that of England ; for that under a despotism like that of France the bank would always be liable to be plundered by a royal mistress or favourite, and therefore would enjoy no stability of credit. We cannot deny that St. Simon's remarks are very just ; but as a matter of fact, Law's scheme effected what his own pet scheme of a national bankruptcy was intended to effect. The debt left by Louis XIV. was in a great measure paid off by the valueless billets which Law furnished to the government ; and the present misery inflicted by Law was probably not very much greater than St. Simon was prepared to inflict himself.

Many and bitter as were the disappointments which the regency brought to St. Simon, it also brought him one hour of exquisite triumph. The day came when the first wish of his heart was gratified, and the bastards were reduced to the rank of simple peers. In the first year of his government, the Duke of Orleans, satisfied with having seen the will and codicil of Louis XIV. set aside by an obedient parliament, came to a sort of compromise with the Duke of Maine, and permitted him to continue his office of personal guardian of the young king, and to enjoy a rank above the peers and immediately inferior to that of the princes of the blood. St. Simon was deeply mortified at this : the very point which it had once seemed to him so monstrous in Louis XIV. to concede, was now conceded by St. Simon's intimate friend the Duke of Orleans ; however, a good day was coming. The Duke and Duchess of Maine entered into intrigues with the leaders of the parliament ; and the regent determined on a bold and final measure. He was stimulated to venture on it by the Prince of Condé, who was desirous of obtaining the post of confidence about the king's person held by the Duke of Maine. He had sounded St. Simon on the subject ; but to his great surprise, found St. Simon little disposed to second him, and full of the difficulty and dishonesty of upsetting the king's will in this respect ; until Condé hinted that, if this change was effected, another would accompany it, and that the bastards would at the same time be reduced to the rank of peers. Immediately St. Simon changed, and found no longer either danger or dishonesty in setting aside the whole of the late king's dispositions in favour of the Duke of Maine. The parliament was summoned to the "bed of justice" at the Tuileries. St. Simon cannot contain his transports of joy ; he hangs over the minutest details of this glorious event. He carefully records that

his triumph was accomplished on Friday morning, the 20th of August 1718. He draws a plan of the chamber in which the sitting was held, and shows exactly how those present were arranged. He lingers over every preparatory step; until at last he brings us to the great announcement, made by the chancellor, that the bastards were reduced to their proper rank. He describes how every word was eagerly caught up by the ears of the listeners; but no one felt the same deep intense joy that he did. "I was," he says, "dying of joy; and thought I should have fainted; my heart, dilated in excess, could find no further room to swell. The violence I had to exert to prevent my feelings displaying themselves was infinite; but still this torment was delicious. I reckoned up the years of servitude, the mournful days in which, dragged as a victim to the parliament, I had served so often to the bastards as a cause of self-gratulation. I went over the different steps by which they had risen above the rest of the peers; I tried to estimate the depth of their fall. I knew I owed all the triumph to myself, and thanked myself for being the cause of all that was being done. I considered the glorious splendour of all this happening in presence of the king and of so august an assembly, and triumphed and was avenged. I revelled in my vengeance; still I did not fail to listen to the reading of the sentence, every word of which sounded on my heart like the bow on an instrument, or to examine the different impressions it was making on each of those around me." If it were not for a few such moments of keen enjoyment, human nature would perhaps be too weak to go through the harassing combats of public life. At any rate, we seem to know St. Simon much better than before when we have read this frank confession of what passed in his heart; nor can we fail to remark how native and unfailing must have been his love of observing and dissecting the thoughts of other men, when he could manage to indulge it even in a moment of such absorbing and acute feeling.

In the last years of the fatal administration of Dubois, St. Simon had the mortification of seeing the step undone, and the bastards restored to their place above the peerage. He had also the mortification, almost equally deep, of seeing the bull *Unigenitus* registered by the parliament, and made a part of the law of France; an object at which Louis XIV. had aimed in vain, even in the plenitude of his power, but which was now effected without opposition at the bidding of an ecclesiastic who had purchased a cardinal's hat with money received by him as a bribe from a foreign power, and who waited till he had attained the rank of archbishop, to avow his mistress openly. St. Simon retired to the seclusion of his country-seat,

and made no attempt to interfere with matters of state. At last the death of Dubois recalled him to the side of the Duke of Orleans; but he had hardly resumed his old post of confidential adviser of the regent, when that prince died, in December 1723. At this point St. Simon brings his memoirs to a conclusion. He wisely determined that they should end at some particular period; and not continue to a wearisome length, protracted by the garrulity of old age, after the writer had relinquished that personal familiarity with the great world which is the foundation of their excellence. Having, shortly after the death of the regent, received a hint from Fleury that his attendance at Versailles would not in future be wished for, he withdrew to his country-seat; and spent the remainder of his long life in shaping, correcting, and polishing his memoirs. He died in 1755, at the age of eighty.

At the conclusion of his memoirs, St. Simon addresses his readers, and claims for what he has written the merit of truth. It was the love of truth, he says, that had injured his worldly prospects. He asks that his readers should, as a recompense to him for his disinterested conduct, put a generous confidence in what he has written. As for impartiality, he makes no pretensions to what he considers an impossibility, as it was not in his nature to hate or to love slightly. All that he wishes us to believe is, that in stating his aversions he has not stated them unfairly; that he has not consciously made bad worse in order to add to the effect of his descriptions. Most readers in these days will, we think, be inclined to give St. Simon credit for the virtue he claims. The general impression left by the memoirs is certainly not that their author was a malevolent man. On the contrary, the more we read of them, and the more we enter into the whole character of the writer, the higher is our opinion of him, not only as a man of genius, but as a man of sense and honour.

Undoubtedly it is impossible that in a gallery of so many hundred portraits all should be likenesses. St. Simon must often have done injustice,—have seen qualities distorted,—have estimated motives inaccurately,—have been the victim of his own great powers of observation and delineation. The editors of a recent edition of *The Memoirs of the Marquis of Dangeau*, the court-loving contemporary of St. Simon, invite attention to the dull pages of that panegyrist, as a means of correcting many false conceptions to which the *Memoirs of St. Simon* would be likely to give birth, and of thus doing justice to all whom St. Simon maligned. St. Simon is not to be set right in this way. He is so incomparably the ablest, shrewdest, acutest writer of his time; his point of judgment is so much the most right; his

position as an observer so much the most favourable,—that he will always stand alone. It is at once the prerogative, and the greatest responsibility, of genius, that the stamp which it places on men and things is almost ineradicable. To the end of time men will think of those whom St. Simon painted in the light in which he regarded them. The only really available means of aiding our judgment when we come to examine these successive portraits is, to keep before our minds all that we know of the author. We cannot tell how much or how little epithets laudatory or depreciatory are deserved when bestowed by him on individuals not known to us otherwise, or known to us only through persons far less fit to judge than St. Simon. But we can gain a general notion of what St. Simon was; and that will, on the whole, enable us with tolerable success to measure the probable degree of his approach to the real truth.

ART. VIII.—THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE ENGLISH
MINISTRY.

Correspondence relating to the Affairs of Naples. Parl. Paper. 1857.
Papers relating to the Proceedings at Canton. Parl. Paper. 1857.

WE are not Ministerial partisans. We are not members of "Her Majesty's Opposition." We feel as little inclination to blame every thing that has been done, as to find fault with whatever it is suggested might have been done instead. We can no more follow the Government in all their proceedings than the Tories in all their criticisms. Neither party shall drag us through their mire. We think Ministers very open to attack for certain actions and omissions. But if any thing could induce us to give them plenary absolution and a general letter of license, it would be the reckless and unprincipled manner in which they are assailed by their professional antagonists on every occasion, and for every thing they do or leave undone. If any thing could transform us from our proper character as public watchmen and censors into thick-and-thin supporters of the powers that be, it would be the indiscriminate and perpetual warfare carried on against them by the powers that wish to be—but are not. It is difficult to watch the conduct and language of the Opposition without coming to the conclusion, that their censures are suggested less by their opinions than by their position; that, had they been in the place of

Ministers, they would have acted as Ministers have done ; and that, had Ministers taken the precise course now recommended by the Opposition, they would have been assailed by the Opposition for having done so. All this does great harm : it makes the country sick and weary of ordinary parliamentary encounters ; it saves Ministers from blame and punishment where they really deserve it ; and induces thoughtful people to retain and forgive them, from the consideration what manner of men are those who are their antagonists, and would therefore, in case of a defeat, be their successors.

We fully believe the members of the actual Government to be in the main honourable and just men ; aiming at nothing but what they deem right and fair, earnestly desirous to promote the welfare and credit of their country, and anxious that other nations should be prosperous and happy likewise ; but not very hopeful of human progress, and greatly disposed to mistrust popular action in every country but their own. The faults we find with them in relation to foreign politics their opponents share in a far more liberal measure : these are, the want of a clear and settled principle of action ; want of adequate power to carry out their views ; and want of care, and, if not of conscience, at least of a sufficiently solemn sense of responsibility, in their diplomatic appointments. The first is an intellectual defect ; the last a moral delinquency ; the other is a misfortune, for which partly their own want of resolution, partly the unscrupulous tactics of their rivals, and principally a general dereliction of duty on the part of the constituencies, are to blame.

It is the fashion, we know, with a large number of politicians, both in and out of parliament, to contrast Lord Palmerston's foreign policy unfavourably with that of his quondam rival and recent colleague, Lord Aberdeen, in a manner and to a degree scarcely warranted by what we know of the actual results of each. Lord Palmerston is one of those men, to be found in all walks of life, who, for some reason or other, enjoy a reputation which is by no means borne out by the facts of their career, so far at least as those facts are patent to the world. He is very generally regarded on the Continent, and very generally represented here, as one of the most uncomfortable and dangerous foreign ministers this country ever possessed—litigious, pertinacious, aggressive, and imperious ; always inclined to assert the pretensions of Great Britain too haughtily, and to push them too far ; quick in resentment, prompt in interference, and extreme in his demands ; luxuriating in hot-water ; revelling in angry protocols ; and always on the verge of a quarrel with one neighbour or another.

Yet look at the facts of the last quarter of a century, during far the greater portion of which Lord Palmerston held the seals of the Foreign Office. He took the direction of our international relations at an epoch of singular difficulty and peril, when one of the principal nations of Europe, our nearest neighbour, had just discarded its ancient dynasty by a popular revolution ; when other Continental countries were agitated by corresponding movements, and a general ferment prevailed which menaced spreading convulsions and contingent wars ; and when the forcible severance of Belgium and Holland presented a problem for the great powers which few believed could be solved without a war. Since that time he has had to deal with many delicate and dangerous questions of diplomacy and statesmanship, to tide over many crises of no ordinary gloom, to soothe many wounded susceptibilities, to stand firm against many unreasonable demands, to defeat many unwarrantable intrigues. Questions of American boundaries and American ambitions ; questions of Russian designs on Turkey, and French hankerings after Egypt ; questions of great perplexity between Austria and Italy, as between France and Switzerland,—have threatened disturbance to the harmony of the world. A third revolution, a sanguinary civil strife, and a daring *coup-d'état*, have intervened in France, and rendered our relations with that country such as required both strong clear views, and great suavity and steadiness in pursuing them, to maintain in a satisfactory condition ; while nearly the whole of Europe was subjected to a series of political convulsions, which overthrew ministers, dynasties, thrones, and constitutions, like houses of cards, and called for the exercise of a degree of sagacity and firmness in the foreign minister of England which more ordinary times neither need nor test. Yet during the whole of that trying time England enjoyed unbroken peace at home, and the often imminent peril of a European war was as often successfully averted. By one means or another, thanks to singular good fortune, or to skill yet more singular, the critical and menacing conjunctures of 1831, 1840, 1848, and 1852, passed over without rupture and without hostilities, so far at least as we were concerned. But no sooner had Lord Palmerston resigned the Foreign Office to a minister whose prudence, conciliatory demeanour, and genial disposition, had always been the theme of general praise, than a war of most formidable character broke out, and threatened to last for years and to involve all Europe in its vortex. The “peace minister” *par excellence* found himself under the hard necessity of declaring war. The minister whom it was the fashion to represent as perpetually occupied in bringing us to

the verge of war had the happiness to terminate hostilities by a successful and honourable peace in little more than a year after his elevation to the premiership.

Now we are far from meaning to infer from this that Lord Aberdeen is pre-eminently bellicose, or Lord Palmerston pre-eminently pacific; but certainly the facts we have recalled should induce those who preach the opposite doctrine to pause a little in their inconsiderate accusations. The truth, no doubt, is, that both statesmen are equally resolute to uphold the honour and defend the interests of Great Britain, and equally desirous, while doing so, to preserve peace and friendly relations with all other powers. But to a certain extent they differ in the means by which they would attain, and in the temper in which they pursue, their end. Vigilance and firmness may predominate in the character of one minister, mildness and conciliation in that of the other; one set of qualities will at times be more suitable and successful than the other, according to the nature of the conjuncture and the disposition of the adversary to be dealt with. Occasionally yieldingness may be needed, occasionally pertinacity; and it may happen that the respective qualities are in some crises unfortunately misplaced. The character and habitual mode of action of Lord Palmerston may arouse combativeness and irritation; they may also protect weakness and prevent encroachment,—and no doubt they often have done so,—by warning off the ill-disposed in time. The character and mode of action of Lord Aberdeen may by possibility tempt aggression, and invite grasping or vulgar adversaries to put forth inadmissible demands; they may, on the other hand, allay suspicion, soothe jealousy, and awake a corresponding spirit of accommodation in generous opponents. The treatment which would succeed with one antagonist, would be out of place in dealing with a man of different mood; and tact to discern when to be yielding and when to be stiff is peculiarly needed in a foreign minister. Now not only is it very possible that Lord Palmerston's real disposition may be earnestly and sincerely pacific, but it is by no means improbable that his prompt and vigilant antagonism may be a fairer security for peace than more yielding and forbearing tendencies. Unhappily the world is full of what we may call *tentative aggressors*,—the selfish, the vulgar, the violent, the covetous,—men who desire what is not their own because it would suit them, and who are skilful in blinding themselves to the immorality of such desires; and these parties are always trying how far they may presume on the forbearance of the quiet and the powerful, and impose a restless and uneasy life on all neighbours who they fancy may

prefer peace to the trouble of resistance, and the dangerous repose of slumber to the harass of incessant vigilance. In presence of such, it may well chance that a policy and temper which yield little, and pass over nothing, may be at once the wisest and the most secure, and in the end the least troublesome. Men and states get tired of attempting what they know will not be permitted, and of cherishing secret designs which experience has shown them are sure to be detected and exposed. Little difficulties, too, are not allowed to grow into great ones: the misunderstanding is settled before it has expanded into a quarrel; the pilfering propensity is checked before it has enlarged into an actual seizure or an absolute demand; encroachment is warned back before it has proceeded so far that retrogression would be attended with humiliation and disgrace. Those who know the secret history of the last four years, are understood to believe, that if Lord Palmerston's counsel of prompt and peremptory measures had been taken early in 1853, at the first step of Russian aggression, that power would have drawn back in time, and the war which has cost so much and injured so many would have been averted. We are not, therefore, disposed to condemn the spirit which presides over Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, though it may sometimes be manifested too suddenly or be pushed too far.

Of the policy of the war with Russia, and of the spirit in which, on the whole, that war was conducted, we have on more than one occasion expressed our warm approval. At first, indeed, there were divided councils, and the trumpet gave forth an uncertain sound. But when the discordant elements had seceded from the Cabinet, and still more when the resolute and earnest spirit of the nation had spoken out in tones which admitted of no misapprehension, the war was prosecuted in a manner which, as far at least as energy and stubborn determination were concerned, left nothing to be desired. Wavering and weary allies were kept firm to their engagements in spite of exhaustion and misgivings. Unskilful and timid negotiators were rebuked or disavowed. It is no secret now, that it was owing simply and solely to the steady perseverance of the British people and the British Government, that we owed the final triumph of the war, and the satisfactory and honourable conditions of the peace. If the most eloquent and influential statesman out of office here had been listened to, Sebastopol never would have been taken, and the Danube and the Black Sea never would have been wrested from the grasp of Russia. If our Ministers had not displayed the utmost firmness and cheerfulness in upholding the flagging spirits of our ally, whose finances were exhausted and who was discouraged at the long delay of the expected victory,

peace would have been concluded on terms which would have left the original objects of the war wholly unaccomplished. It will be known some day—it is known in a few quarters now—how great were the difficulties our Ministers had to encounter, in order to prevent all our efforts and sacrifices from being rendered unavailing by a want of pertinacity at last, and with what patience and steadiness they met and overcame those difficulties. And after all was over, and the peace of Paris had given us what we had fought for, Russian intrigue would have undone half our work, had not Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon displayed an unrelaxing vigilance, and an unbending will, which were strangely misconstrued here—but nowhere else. Our English newspapers, with scarcely an exception, were curiously in the dark with regard to the real facts of this last act in the drama. They abused Lord Palmerston for so resolutely opposing the reopening of the Paris Conferences; and then for finally—and, as they fancied, weakly and inconsistently—permitting them to take place. The Continental politicians better comprehended the truth and meaning of these circumstances; and while writers on this side of the water were talking of Lord Palmerston's defeat, the Paris scribes were furious at Lord Palmerston's victory;—and a real and most momentous victory it was. The British Government refused to consent to the renewal of the conferences till it was agreed that the terms of the peace should not be altered or reconsidered; till, in fact, it had been arranged that the negotiators should meet only to embody in a formal document the understandings previously arrived at. Ministers were determined that the new Bessarabian frontier should effect, as originally decided, the entire removal of Russia from the Danube; and would listen to no proposals for the second meeting of the contracting powers till this point was conceded, and the Russian quibble effectually quashed. Their firmness prevailed: the Emperor of the French was at last satisfied of the wisdom and justice of our pertinacity, and virtually supported our demands. The peculiar mode in which the arrangement was finally brought about cannot, of course, yet be disclosed; but the facts are as we have stated. The conference-ambassadors only reassembled to give a diplomatic and binding shape to the terms already adjusted between France, Sardinia, and ourselves. They met, not to discuss, but to enact.

The next point to be touched upon is the American dispute. While the terms of peace, and even the issue of the war with Russia, yet trembled in the balance, the government of the United States, for purposes best known to themselves, thought the

moment opportune for getting up two very pretty diplomatic quarrels with a friendly power which seemed at the time to have its hands full. We are not about now to weary our readers with any disquisitions on either the "Enlistment Question" or the "Central American Question:" we discussed both fully at the time. We did not then, and we do not now, entertain the slightest doubt, that—bating the original error of endeavouring to obtain recruits in a state which we were foolish enough to believe well-disposed towards us—in both matters Great Britain was altogether right, and the United States altogether wrong. We question whether any thing more discourteous, more ungenerous, and more unfair, than the conduct of the American government was ever recorded in diplomatic history. We notice it here only for the sake of explaining the conduct of the British Ministers in that last act of the drama which has been so much and so falsely perverted to their discredit,—we mean their submission to the insult implied in the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, without retaliating by the dismissal of Mr. Dallas. There is no doubt that the government at Washington, in the plenitude of their insolence and unfriendliness, offered us a deliberate affront; and that Great Britain—Lord Palmerston being her minister—pocketed that affront. But let us see what were the true circumstances of the case; and then decide whether they reflected discredit upon Lord Palmerston, or upon some other parties.

We thought at the time, and we think still, that the proper course for this country to have pursued on that occasion was, to have requested Mr. Dallas to retire; and to have ceased for the moment all diplomatic relations with a government which had manifested such a captious and unfriendly temper, and which was obviously making use of the dispute with England for electioneering purposes of their own. It was possible enough that Mr. Crampton had been injudicious in his conduct, and unguarded in his language. It was possible also that, by representing the proceedings of the American democratic politicians, we might be aiding them to play their sinister internal game. Still, from the outset of the difference there had been such barefaced and hostile endeavours to entrap us into a false position, and such an obvious determination to fasten a quarrel upon us if they could, or, failing that, to insult us to the utmost limits of possible forbearance; the language, not only of their press, but of their high officials,—of their president and their attorney-general,—had been so rude, un-European, and ungentlemanly; and the instructions forwarded to Mr. Dallas for the arrangement of the Central American dispute, while ostensibly and avowedly earnest and pacific, appeared on closer examination so

unpromising and insincere,—that our quiet acquiescence in the insult, by our retention of the American envoy, could scarcely be regarded in any other light than as a derogation from our high character and usual bearing. But to whom was this unseemly forbearance to be attributed? Not assuredly to Lord Palmerston's government; but to his regular antagonists, and to a certain class of timid, selfish, and seceding supporters. It was clear what the course of THE COUNTRY ought to have been; it was by no means clear what the course of the GOVERNMENT ought to be.

A war with America every one felt, and always feels, would be a sad and deplorable catastrophe. Such an evil, such a scandal, was to be avoided as long as possible, and by every honourable means and every permissible forbearance. The men at that time at the head of the United-States government were so reckless, so foolish, and so evil-disposed, that it was believed they would not have shrunk from hurrying on such a result, had our dismissal of Mr. Dallas been taken up by the misled American people—as it might have been—in a perverse and irritable temper. It was obvious, therefore, that a step which might possibly enough entail such serious consequences must, if taken at all, be taken with the almost universal concurrence of all political parties. It should not be the decision of a bare majority. It should not be the act of one government, which a succeeding government might dissent from and reverse. It should be the deliberate and preponderating, if not the unanimous, expression, of THE COUNTRY'S will and policy. Unless it were so, it would not carry with it to America the moral weight which was desirable, and which alone could render it influential and decisive. Now it was obvious that it could not be this, nor be made to appear this. It was notorious that a considerable portion of the community, though condemning as strongly as we do the behaviour of the Americans, were unwilling to embark in a quarrel of which the first seed was sown by a mistake on our part. It was notorious also, that a certain number of the liberal members who usually supported the Government, but who represented the commercial population of the West of England,—and whose constituencies were in greater alarm for their pockets than their honour,—had intimated to Lord Palmerston that, if he dismissed Mr. Dallas, they must vote against him in the debate which would ensue, and that the consequence would probably be a majority against him and his proceedings. It was known too, that some very respectable and influential politicians, little disposed in general to submit to insult or dictation, were by no means satisfied that our minister at Washington had not given just ground of com-

plaint, and were disinclined to prosecute a dispute where there was any flaw in our claim, or any weak point in our position. Finally, too,—and most unhappily, and to the great discredit of our public men,—it was notorious that there were a few—not much respected, indeed, but still clever, active, and powerful for mischief—who would not have scrupled to embrace and argue in open senate the cause of America, if by so doing they saw a chance of annoying, damaging, or displacing their political antagonists. Under these circumstances, it might naturally be deemed wiser to endure a rude and harsh proceeding, rather than resent it with divided councils in the Parliament and hesitating feelings in the country. It was obvious, that a far greater triumph would have been afforded to the American government, and a far greater injury inflicted upon British prestige, if Ministers had been defeated and turned out of office for daring to resent the offered insult; or even if, with a narrow and ineffective majority as its result, the debate had exhibited the spectacle of one after another of our most noted, if not our most honoured, politicians rising to declare that he thought America in the right, her annoyance warranted, and her insults deserved,—than by simply passing over the affair and proceeding to the previous question. It was desirable that the issue of the whole question should as little as possible be such as to encourage the United States to venture on similar rudenesses in future. But conceive how enormous such encouragement would have been, if a British government had been upset in the endeavour to read a lesson of courtesy and decency to their republican antagonists; and if Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Sir James Graham, Lord John Russell, and Lord Derby, had all declared that the Yankees were perfectly right, and that we had deserved all we got! Would there have been any limit to their arrogance and audacity in future? It was not, therefore, any unworthy love of office that made Lord Palmerston shrink from a defeat in such a cause; but a clear perception of the serious mischief which such defeat would bring upon British interests and British honour. On his unpatriotic rivals and his pusillanimous supporters must lie all the discredit of that barren and unseemly surrender.

Out of the Conferences of Paris, which were held for the pacification of the East, arose a “difference” which for a while threatened the tranquillity of the West. All the powers that met in congress to sign the definitive treaty of peace were naturally, and we believe sincerely, desirous that their work should not be incomplete. They were sick of war: it had proved more bloody, more costly, and less profitable in its results than they had anticipated; and having sheathed the

sword, they wished to guard against the probability of having to draw it again too soon. But there were menacing features in the condition of parts of Italy, which rendered an outbreak of popular fury and vengeance too probable because too just ; and it was by no means unlikely, taking into consideration the radically opposite views held by the several European powers on the subject, that such an outbreak would range them on different sides in the conflict, and compromise the peace which had only just been concluded. Count Cavour, too, on behalf of Sardinia, and, as was believed, at the suggestion of Louis Napoleon, brought before the assembled plenipotentiaries the wretched state of the Peninsula, of which his own country formed the one bright spot, and besought his colleagues not to separate till they had made at least an effort to persuade the tyrants of Italy to mitigate their oppressions to a somewhat more decent and endurable degree. And not only were the atrocities pointed at so black as to excite disgust and horror in all just and humane minds, and so dangerous to the tranquillity of that part of Europe as to create rational and unfeigned alarm, but Sardinia had deserved too well of the Allies by her gallant conduct in the war not to have her representations listened to with respect.

It was the conduct of the King of Naples which was especially in question. His despotic brutality had reached that point at which badness merges into, or verges upon, madness. The cruelties practised on the political prisoners in his dungeons ; the class of men—his own ministers and the most respectable gentlemen in his dominions—on whom these loathsome barbarities were inflicted ; the low and profligate character of the police-agents, to whom he intrusted unlimited power over the lives and liberties of his subjects ; and the indiscriminate and all-embracing form which his suspicions seemed to have assumed,—combined to put Ferdinand almost beyond the ordinary pale of royal malefactors. The English were horrified at his illegal and tyrannical treatment of mere honest lovers of freedom ; the French were shocked, as all civilised people must be, at transactions so revolting to our age and our quarter of the globe ; and even Austria was scandalised at proceedings so calculated to bring arbitrary government into discredit and danger. Dead and dying statesmen and noblemen in chains,—which were not removed even in the hospital ; gentlemen flogged by special order from the king for no crime but having persuaded their more merciful gaolers to grant them some hours of immunity from the rusty fetters which eat into their flesh ; military men of rank and fame, and approved loyalty, torn from home on the unsupported denunciation of any worthless agent

or spy of the police ;—these things, not merely reported in newspapers or private letters, but duly set forth and warranted in official documents and ambassadorial despatches, were surely enough to account for Lord Clarendon's ready accession to Count Cavour's representations and requests for remonstrance, and may be fairly supposed to have weighed even with a despotic emperor like Louis Napoleon. There was warrant enough for intervention : intervention was the natural and almost irresistible impulse of gentle, humane, and Christian men. Assuredly no one who peruses the blue-book whose title we have placed at the head of this article, will be disposed to blame the British Government for remonstrating, or for withdrawing their ambassador when their remonstrances were treated with insolent neglect. If they are to be blamed for any thing, it must be for not having foreseen at the outset that remonstrance would be unavailing unless they were prepared to act,—for not being aware in time that action was almost impossible,—and for not having a clear and defined principle of policy on which they could act. They were earnestly desirous to *persuade* Ferdinand to govern decently ; but they were not determined to *make* him do so, if persuasion had no effect. They disinterestedly desired what was right ; but they shrank from paying the necessary price for its attainment.

If the Western Powers had been *resolute* to compel the King of Naples to cease his revolting barbarities and basenesses, nothing would have been easier. No departure from our avowed policy of non-interference would have been involved. No "intervention" would have been needed : only the distinct proclamation, and the equitable, full carrying out, of the principle of non-intervention,—the clear and peremptory intimation, that between sovereigns and peoples no interference would be practised or permitted ; and that as we, who love liberty, abstain from aiding the popular cause, Austria, who hates liberty, shall equally abstain from aiding the monarchical cause ; that as we deny ourselves the pleasure of active sympathising with the right, our antagonist shall deny herself the pleasure of active sympathising with the wrong. A word would have sufficed. In one quarter of an hour England and France might have done that which would insure the rescue and regeneration of the finest country in Europe,—which would make the heart of every Italian bound within his bosom,—which would open all those prison-doors that for years have closed upon untold horrors,—which would raise from dust, misery, and abject degradation, into comfort, prosperity, and inward peace, the entire Peninsula, from Reggio to the Alps. A brief despatch to Vienna—secret for the present, if you will—would have been

enough—to this effect: “Our policy, present and future, is decided. The chains of Italians shall no longer be riveted by foreign hands. The French *will*, and the Austrians *shall*, evacuate the Papal States by a given date. If the fortification of Placentia be not abandoned, 50,000 French troops shall be concentrated on the Savoyard frontier. If a single Austrian soldier is sent to Naples, one English fleet will appear in that bay, and another in the Adriatic, and before Trieste. A copy of this despatch will be communicated to every Italian sovereign. Now that they know what is before them, join us, if you please, in urging them to do justice, and to give good government and civil rights to their subjects; and there will be no difficulty in the task. If they will not do this, you know as well as we that not one of their thrones is worth a week’s purchase. But you know also, as well as we, that the moment this despatch reaches them, they will all come to us on their bended knees to entreat us to mediate for them with the people whom thenceforth they can neither trample on nor betray.”

But, unhappily, there were two difficulties in the way of adopting this simple course, and holding this intelligible language. The hands of France were not clean, and the vision of England was not clear. At the very moment when our joint remonstrances were presented to King Bomba, the troops of France were occupied at Rome in upholding a government only one degree less barbarous and bad,—and in no degree less unpopular,—than that which was desolating Naples. And Louis Napoleon, while fully alive to the inconsistency and ignominy of his position, dared not withdraw his forces from the Pope’s dominions, because if he did, they would be at once replaced by Austrians; and because, if he forbade that, it was notorious that the throne of Pius, and the life of every priest in Romagna, would be sacrificed to the long-hoarded and righteous vengeance of the people. And England too became aware, though not till after she had spoken, that she dared not do more than speak. She soon discovered that the threatened appearance of her fleet in the Neapolitan waters, following the withdrawal of her ambassador, would almost certainly lead to a general outbreak and a popular revolution;—and her governing classes hold insurrection and revolutionary movements in greater horror even than monarchical oppression. Ferdinand discovered this: his coarse sagacity detected the weak point in the armour both of France and England, and he set both at defiance. Both were baffled: the one from want of virtue, the other from want of faith and courage to run a great risk for the attainment of a great good.

But because our Ministers remonstrated ineffectually, we

do not therefore hold that they were wrong in remonstrating, or in withdrawing their envoy when their representations were repelled with insult. And those who charge Lord Palmerston with inconsistency for his proceedings,—who declare that his protest against the atrocities of Neapolitan rule was in itself a departure from the principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of another state,—and that to admonish and remonstrate in the case of a feeble sovereign, while he passes over similar if not equal enormities on the part of the great and powerful, is inequitable and pusillanimous,—lose sight of a distinction which is often forgotten, and which we are glad to seize this opportunity of laying down as broadly as we can. It is this:

The principle of non-intervention in struggles between sovereigns and their subjects, as we have already said, we subscribe to in its entirety, and with the most cordial allegiance. We adopt it *as a whole*: we repudiate its fragmentary, partial, occasional, and one-sided application. We would neither interfere ourselves, nor permit the interference of others. Kings and peoples should be left to fight their own battles, and to settle their own quarrels. If a king can oppress his people, let him. If a people will submit to a tyrant, let them. If they cannot conquer their freedom by themselves, they could not keep it if conquered for them: we will not interpose to confer it as a gift. Whatever nations or sovereigns can do *by their own strength*—whatever they may submit to from their own weakness—concerns us not: neither we as freemen, nor others as autocrats, ought to interfere to prevent it.

But the features of the case are altogether changed when the tyrant reigns *by virtue of the foreign influence* that has placed or replaced him where he is,—when he tears and tramples by means of weapons lent or promised him by others,—when his subjects could win their freedom easily from *him*, and maintain it against his utmost efforts, but are kept in servitude by force or menace from without,—when they are misgoverned, not because they could not govern themselves, and bind their monarch by constitutional restraints, but because an alien and powerful neighbour steps in and upholds a wretched puppet on the throne, which of himself he could not have defended for an hour. This distinction unmasks at once the fallacy of the reproach that we so often hear launched against us, *viz.* that we remonstrate about the tyrannies of the weak, but are shamefully silent over the equal or greater oppressions of the strong. There is no shame in the matter; the difference of our proceeding in the two cases is wholly warranted and just. The strong are oppressors in virtue of their

own strength; the weak are oppressors only in virtue of our aid, or sanction, or connivance. If Austria tyrannises over Lombardy and Hungary without foreign help; if the Czar of Russia tramples on his Muscovites; if the government of France treads out liberal institutions and rules Frenchmen with a rod of iron,—it is no affair of ours: they do it by their own might; and we are not charged with the moral police of the terraqueous globe. But it is otherwise with puny and artificial potentates like Ferdinand of Naples: we helped to place him on the throne he has disgraced and stained; he is supported there by the common consent of the great powers of Europe; his subjects are only withheld from curbing or deposing him by the fear or the menace of Austrian interference. Had it not been for foreign influences, his career would have long since come to an end. He has no root in himself; he reigns and sins purely by the countenance and tacit aid of the various sovereigns who were parties to the treaties of Vienna. If we had not carried back his withered dynasty to Naples; if France had not been a party to that unfortunate transaction; if Austria were not always ready to repeat the armed intervention of 1821; if all these States were not so timidly anxious to avoid causes of quarrel and revolutionary explosions,—Ferdinand would never have been at Naples, or would not be there now. It is by our joint connivance, active or passive, that he sways his sceptre; it is, therefore, our joint right to see that he does not turn that sceptre into a tool of torture and a weapon of oppression; and it is our duty to exercise this right if we can, when we can, and as far as we can. The distinction, then, is obvious and just. We have no claims to interfere with the domestic oppressions or family quarrels of the strong, because they are in no sense our creatures,—we did not give them their power, and we are not responsible for the use they make of it; we *have* a claim to protest against and prevent the despotic crimes and cruelties of the weak, because we have made them what they are.

Why, then, some will ask, if this right and this duty are so plain and so imperative, did we restrict ourselves to protest and non-intercourse? Why did we not *compel*, as well as *advise*, Ferdinand to govern with humanity and justice? For three sufficient reasons, which it can do no harm to state openly and plainly. *First*, because we could not have done it without the aid or countenance of France; and France would not join us. Her position at Rome, where she forcibly kept Pope Pius on his throne, and protected him against the general detestation and watching vengeance of his subjects, rendered it almost impossible for her to forbid Austria to perform a

similar kind office for Ferdinand. She feared also, naturally enough, that insurrectionary movements, once excited in Italy, might spread rapidly beyond the Alps. England single-handed, especially with France secretly disapproving, would probably have failed; and failure was not a thing to be thought of. *Secondly*, as we have said, those who hold the reins of power in this country, whatever party they belong to, inherit from their fathers, who lived in 1793, an excessive but not irrational dread and mistrust of popular revolutions,—feelings which their own observation in 1848 went far to confirm; and they would have deemed themselves guilty, had they purchased even the punishment of the King of Naples by kindling the flame of insurrection. *Thirdly*, whatever Ministers might have desired, their position at home gave them no power to act with the requisite boldness and decision. It must in common fairness be remembered, that in five years out of six, the Ministers of Great Britain find themselves in a situation of singular difficulty, which renders it morally impossible for them either to do what they wish, or to say what they think. Hence, however unsatisfactory may be the course pursued, we can never feel sure that they deserve blame for pursuing it, or could reasonably have been expected to pursue any other. At the conjuncture of which we are now speaking, in particular, their embarrassment must have been unusually great. In matters of foreign policy it is usually so. Events occur respecting which they can neither be silent nor inactive without clear dereliction of dignity and duty; yet if they speak strongly, without being prepared to act vigorously, they run the risk of meeting with insult and humiliation. At the same time, neither in language nor in deed are they wholly and truly independent. In order to interpose effectually and beneficially, they must be able to carry with them the full moral weight attaching to a decision of THE NATION; and the state of parties at home renders this always a matter of conjecture and of doubt. Unhappily, it is too undeniable that some of the cleverest men in Parliament are also the most factious, owing either to an incurably perverse intellect, or an inherently mischievous disposition; and Ministers know perfectly well that, whatever line they may take or whatever language they may use, a number of influential and active partisans will be certain to make the line as difficult and the language as inoperative as they can. If the Government are conciliating and enduring, they are taunted with timidity and weakness; if bold and peremptory, they are met by an outcry against meddlesome, warlike, and dictatorial politicians. They may, it is true, obtain the concurrence of the House of Commons; they may triumph even by a fair ma-

jority; but the whole effect of their menaces or their remonstrances is gone;—Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli has done the work of the enemy; and it is perfectly well understood at Vienna and at Naples, that the British Government speak, not in the name of the resolute and united British nation, but only in the name of the larger *half* of that nation, and of the *temporary* wielders of its power.

Ministers lie under a further difficulty still. The extreme section of the Liberal party—the friends of freedom *par excellence*, those who at home incline to radical and even republican opinions—are precisely those whose views of international policy are the most narrow, selfish, and isolating. They ostentatiously disclaim all wide or generous sympathies. They disown all allegiance to high or noble principles of action. They object to all proceedings of which our own national and pecuniary interests are not the inspiring motive. They will not resent the insults of the powerful, because such assertion of our dignity and honour might imperil our commerce, or add to our taxation. They will not aid or encourage the suffering and the weak, because the woes of others are no concern of ours, and because interposition might involve us in embarrassing and costly complications. Thus the very men on whom a Liberal government ought to be able to rely most confidently for support, are the first to slink away from its side where foreign action is in prospect. The very men who affect the greatest love for popular rights and free institutions at home, are the most unwilling to strike a single blow for them abroad. Thus it constantly happens, that the cause of progress and liberty on the Continent is discouraged and endangered, because, whenever questions concerning it are mooted in our Parliament, the Tory Opposition, which instinctively sympathises with despots, is reinforced by the commercial democrats, who ought to sympathise with peoples; and the unnatural allies are strong enough to paralyse the action and neutralise the influence of genuine Liberals and leading statesmen, who would fain have taken a manlier and kinder course, had they been allowed to do so.

This we believe to be one explanation of that uncertain and unreliable policy which this country has so often pursued in international matters; and which foreigners are in the habit of attributing sometimes to selfish cowardice, sometimes to profound cunning, sometimes to sheer and systematic perfidy; but which simply arises from the deplorable fact, that parties are too much divided in England, and their leaders often too unprincipled in their combinations, and too interested and short-sighted in their views, to permit a consistent and permanent

NATIONAL policy to develop itself. It is impossible for the Government to promise aid to popular efforts in other lands, because it cannot tell whether opposing factions will permit it to carry out its promises. It is impossible for Italian liberals to count upon the language held in Parliament by nearly every statesman of repute and influence, because it is impossible to foresee whether it may not suit Mr. Bright to join Mr. Disraeli in sacrificing Italian prospects for the sake of putting Lord Palmerston in a minority.

In judging of the course of conduct pursued by the Foreign Minister of England, we can rarely feel confident that we have before us all the materials necessary for forming a decision, or that our information is unimpeachably accurate even on the points which we think we have ascertained. Sometimes secret circumstances, known only to the Government and, from particular reasons, not divulgeable by them, throw an entirely new light on the transaction,—a light which is unavoidably hidden from the public. Sometimes an acquaintance with the personal character of our antagonists, which the nation can never possess, suggests a different interpretation for their language, and gives an altogether opposite colour to their actions. Sometimes the whole line of policy pursued is inexplicable, without an insight into national peculiarities and a familiarity with local customs which few at home possess. These remarks apply with tenfold force to affairs which are transacted at the other end of the world, and in which the parties we are dealing with are savages or Orientals. Hence in these cases, whether we praise or blame, we never feel perfectly certain that we are not committing a blunder, or perpetrating an injustice.

In considering the conduct of our Government in declaring war against Persia, we feel ourselves especially under the influence of these impressions. We are conscious of an inherent and incurable incompetency to pronounce with any degree of fitting or comfortable dogmatism. We do not know Mr. Murray, and we do not know Persia; and we find that persons who do know both come to very different conclusions as to the course we ought to have pursued. Some declare that the Persians are a quiet pleasure-loving people, little disposed to action or aggression, and wishing only to live in amity and peace; and that if we would only be mild and courteous, these ever-recurring disputes never would arise. Others, on the contrary, urge that they are arrogant, vain, and encroaching, always bent on humiliating us, and trying how much we shall bear without retaliation. Some believe that Persia is a mere tool of Russia; and seized Herat at the instigation of that

power, and with a view to the furtherance of her ulterior and sinister designs against our Indian empire. Others, again, affirm,—and among these are men well qualified to speak,—that the Shah, foreseeing a war with England when Mr. Murray struck his flag, seized Herat in order to have something to give back—something to bargain with—when he came to negotiate terms of treaty. It may be so; we cannot tell. We incline to believe that in the affair of Meerza Hashim we were wrong; we have no doubt that in promptly resenting the attack upon Herat we were right and prudent. As the matter of the “Mission” quarrel has been represented to us, the facts are these: Hashim had held a post at the Persian court, and had married a lady of the royal family; but having given grave offence, and made an enemy of the Grand Vizier or Suddr Azim, had been not exactly disgraced, but discarded, or in a manner *clouded over*. He is said to have borne no very good character; but he attached himself to the British mission, made himself useful, and was appointed their agent at Shiraz. This selection as a medium of communication with the court-authorities of a discarded or at least disliked courtier, was certainly not very civil on the part of Mr. Murray, but was probably merely a piece of clumsy thoughtlessness. However, as the relations between our embassy and the court of Teheran had not been very smooth previous to Mr. Murray’s arrival and during Mr. Thomson’s *régime*, the Persian ministry were greatly annoyed, and declared that if the Meerza went to Shiraz, at least his wife should not go with him. Mr. Murray declared that the detention of the wife of an *employé* of the British mission was an outrage and a violation of our privileges; and being unable to obtain redress, struck his flag. Now here was, as it seems to us, his second mistake,—committed in ignorance of oriental customs, as his first error was from carelessness of what was due to oriental susceptibilities. In England a wife follows the fortunes, takes the rank, and enjoys the privileges of her husband; she is a sort of property or appendage to him. In the case, however, of a Persian who marries a lady of royal blood, the very reverse of all this is true: the husband belongs to the wife; he is only a species of consort, holding the undignified position of a satellite to his spouse. Meerza Hashim’s wife was just as much a slave, just as much at the command of the Shah, after her marriage as before, according to the immemorial usages of the Mohammedan nations. This fact Mr. Murray seems to have been ignorant of, or to have overlooked. It is true that, prior to this occurrence, complaints of indignities and ill-treatment, endured by the Mission at the hands of the Persian minister, had been numerous and bitter; but we cannot tell how far the affronts complained

of may not have been invited or provoked, either by the imperious tone which our countrymen are too apt to assume, or by mistakes which (as we have just seen) they are too apt to fall into.

So much for the personal dispute. The siege of Herat was a very different affair. It was, to all appearance, a menace; it was a direct infraction of a recent and solemn treaty; and if submitted to, might have ultimately led to very serious dangers. Persia is in a very difficult and uncomfortable position,—unsatisfactory both for us and for herself. She is a weak power situated between two strong ones; alternately truckling to the one which presses her most severely, or leaning to the one which cajoles her most effectually. Russia desires to use her as an instrument wherewith to menace and disturb our Oriental empire. England desires to counteract Russian influence, and to render Persia either friendly to us, or more afraid of us than of our rival. Now it must be admitted that, looking back for thirty or forty years, the policy through which we have endeavoured to produce these effects has not been either very sagacious or very uniform. We have sometimes threatened and sometimes flattered; but we have done neither consistently nor well. We have never assisted Persia very effectually, or injured her very alarmingly. We have not succeeded in making ourselves much loved or much feared. Russia has managed better. She has persuaded Persia that she can be an unscrupulous and ready friend, and has shown that she can be a very formidable enemy. At various times she has robbed Persia of province after province; and the unhappy Shah has never been able to feel that he could rely upon our aid to resist the encroachments of our rival. If we had been at all times ready to perform the duties of a loyal ally, we might have saved Persia from much spoliation; and though we could never have made her a strong power, we might have made her a fast friend; and we might at all events have made her permanently our extreme Indian outpost. This, however, we have shrunk from doing; and have contented ourselves with forbidding her to assail the independence of Afghanistan, and inducing her to promise that she would not. We know perfectly well that if Herat once was incorporated with Persia, it would sooner or later fall virtually or actually into Russian hands. Now, without assuming that Russia entertains distinctly any scheme so wild as an invasion from *Russia* of our Indian dominions, every one feels and admits that the establishment of her troops, or her tools, in a tenable, comfortable, and advantageous position like Herat, would render our government of India a matter of far greater difficulty than at present. We there rule over a number

of native races ; all of them restless, some of them warlike, and not a few very recently subdued. We draw a large revenue from direct taxation, now quietly but reluctantly paid into the hands of our collectors ; and our subjects are for the most part tranquilly submissive, because believing our power to be irresistible. But how long would this state of things continue, if a Russian force were established so near us as Herat, to countenance the agents who would be for ever intriguing to foster discontents and excite disturbances ; and to hamper our anti-Muscovite policy in Europe by keeping our hands full in Asia ? We hold, therefore, that the siege of Herat by the Shah of Persia, in direct violation of his engagements, was a proceeding which fully justified and even peremptorily called for immediate hostilities on our part. And we are confirmed in this opinion by two considerations.

Tenacity, vigilance, quickness to perceive and promptitude to resent injuries or insults, are qualities for which, in dealing with Orientals, it is imperatively necessary to gain credit. These people are usually both ignorant and *slavish*. By this we mean, that they bow to power : they do not bow to justice. Might and Right are confounded in their minds to a degree which, in Western and Christian countries, we can scarcely realise. They are, too, much more governed by *impressions* than we are—just in proportion to their ignorance. They are, as a rule, incapable of estimating the real power of Great Britain, and comparing it with their own. But they can fully estimate, and are duly impressed by, the attitude of a nation that acts and speaks as if it believed itself to be invincible ; that tolerates no slight ; that resents every insult ; that detects and repels every *tentative* aggression ; that punishes every injury and breach of faith without mercy as without exception. Above all, they cannot understand forbearance or concession. The notion of yielding any thing except on compulsion, of enduring any thing except from weakness, of giving up this possession because it was unimportant, or retracing that step because it was unjust,—is one they cannot entertain. They never do such a thing themselves, and they cannot comprehend that others should. If we pass over an indignity, it is because we dare not resent it. If we submit to a wrong, it is because we are powerless to avenge it. It is obvious, that in dealing with people of this nature, we must proceed upon somewhat different principles from those which regulate our intercourse with the civilised nations of the West, who are acquainted with our resources, and are less likely to misinterpret our actions.

Again : in nearly all matters connected with our Eastern Empire, we live upon our reputation. To gain and sustain this

reputation is a cheap and wise economy. Our empire in the East is mainly one of *ideas*. We are a handful of Europeans—probably not 50,000—among 150,000,000 of subject, and not always friendly, races. We are in possession of that Hindoo peninsula which has in all times been regarded as the grand prize of adventurous Asiatic warriors—the El Dorado of the East. We hold it mainly through the instrumentality of the natives themselves—by the influence which we have acquired over their imaginations—by the notion with which we have impressed them of our indomitable energy and our invincible prowess. If this moral ascendancy were once shaken, our empire *might* indeed be retained or recovered; but it would be at a cost of life and treasure absolutely frightful to contemplate. If, by any error or any yieldingness on our part—by concession of any territory—by endurance of any insult to ourselves or our allies—by careless connivance at the infraction of any treaty, we once suffered the Asiatic nations to become possessed with the idea that we were weak, or indolent, or timid, and might be affronted or assailed with impunity, or even with a chance of success,—enemies would spring up like mushrooms on every side; our prestige would be lost; our supremacy would again have to be fought for; and it would require 100,000 European troops to effect that which can now be effected by the quiet word of a British resident or envoy.

The last and most recent illustration of the foreign policy of the present Government which we have to notice, is their conduct on the Chinese Question. This deplorable and sinful affair involves a higher issue, and needs to be argued upon broader grounds, than any hitherto taken by any of the parliamentary disputants who have made it the stalking-horse of party-conflict. It resolves itself into two distinct portions,—the proceedings of our officials at Canton, and the course adopted by Ministers at home. Let us simply recall the main facts of the case; omitting, or giving Sir John Bowring the benefit of, all the points which are doubtful or disputed.

On the 8th of last October, the *lorcha Arrow*, a small trading vessel plying between Hong Kong, Macao, and Canton, and lying at the time in the Canton river and close to the city-walls, was boarded by the Chinese authorities in search of some noted pirates; and twelve of her crew were taken out of her. This, if she were a Chinese vessel, the Chinese authorities were of course perfectly warranted in doing:—this, if she were a British vessel, they were precluded from doing by a treaty bearing date October 8th, 1843, and usually termed the Supplementary Treaty; whereby the Emperor of China en-

gages never to seize, but only to demand from the consul, any Chinese criminals or accused parties on board British vessels, whether merchant-ships or men-of-war. If, therefore, the lorch were a British vessel within the meaning of the treaty, the Chinese had violated their engagement, and could lawfully be called on for reparation. Consul Parkes, affirming her to be British, immediately demanded the surrender of the men, an apology for the affront, and an assurance that the offence should not occur again. Commissioner Yeh, the Governor of Canton, sent back nine out of the twelve men, against whom in examination nothing could be proved; but replied at the same time that the lorch was not British, inasmuch as he had ascertained that she was owned by a Chinese. So far good: the whole matter lay in a nutshell; the question was one of disputed fact and disputable law. Was she a British vessel under the meaning of the treaty, or was she not?

We put aside the question as to whether or not the English ensign was flying at the time, and was rudely hauled down by the mandarin who boarded her. The English positively affirm that it was, and bring a considerable amount of testimony in confirmation of the assertion. The Chinese deny this; and their denial is corroborated, as we find from a newspaper published at Hong Kong, called the *Friend of China*, by the evidence of the master and crew of a Portuguese lorch lying alongside at the time. Probably the ensign was hauled down. The question merges in the former one. If the Chinese believed the *Arrow* to be a British vessel, the hauling down the ensign was of course a flagrant insult. If they conceived her to be a pirate falsely hoisting the British ensign, the case is altogether changed.

Now, was the lorch a "British" vessel within the intent and meaning of the treaty, or was she not? We do not design to pronounce dogmatically on a question about which real and sincere difference of opinion may exist. We are of opinion that she was not. But,—and here is a point which we think has been strangely overlooked, and yet it is the essential point of the affair,—this much is certain: *the Chinese had ample warranty for assuming, and ample grounds for arguing, that she was not.* It is possible they might be wrong in law; but, at all events, the case is so nice a one, and their plea is so plausible, and *prima facie* so convincing, that no reasonable man can be surprised at or can blame them for believing and acting as they did. Even if they should ultimately be decided to be in error, the fact remains,—that we have bullied, bombarded, and slain them because they took a different view on a very knotty and doubtful point of law from that which approved itself to our mind.

What, then, are our reasons for coming to the conclusion, with Commissioner Yeh, that the *Arrow* was not a British vessel?

In the first place, we presume it will be admitted that the mere fact of a vessel hoisting a British flag does not make her a British vessel. Ill-disposed vessels carry the flags of all nations for the purposes of deception, and hoist them *pro re natâ*. Pirates, smugglers, slavers, hoist the British flag without the smallest right, solely for the purpose of blinding their watchers or pursuers. If they could thereby secure themselves against question or visit to ascertain their right to carry such an ensign, it would degenerate into a mere cloak and immunity for crime. It is notorious, that many of the lorchas in the Chinese waters—many, we fear, holding a British register and showing a British flag—are engaged in smuggling, and in little else; and if the rumours current on the spot are to be trusted, this very *Arrow* was one of these; and when afraid of being stopped and searched, they run up the Union Jack to save themselves. Do we mean to contend, then, that the Chinese are prohibited by treaty or by international law from *visiting* such vessels, not to detain them or their crew, but in order to ascertain by their papers whether or not they are legally entitled to bear the sheltering flag of Britain? Now when the mandarins boarded the *Arrow*, what did they find? A Chinese crew,—nothing more; for the British sailing-master (a youth of twenty-one, put in to meet the formal requirements of the law) was absent. If they searched further, and examined her papers, they found, or would have found, that she was owned by a Chinese; and that the British register she once held had expired. What was there to make them believe they were wrong in treating her as a Chinese vessel?

But, secondly, granting that she had been empowered to hoist the British ensign, and that her registry had been all in order, would she have been entitled to the privileges guaranteed by the Supplementary Treaty to British vessels? Had Sir John Bowring any authority to invest her with such? Both questions must, we conceive, be answered in the negative. The vessel did not answer the requirements which, under our imperial laws, can alone enable ships to obtain British registers. If those requirements had been altered by the Hong-Kong authorities, this alteration had not been formally sanctioned by the Queen in Council, and was not therefore valid; and the equity and prudence of it had, moreover, been greatly questioned by the legal advisers of the Board of Trade at home. The impropriety, the danger, the injustice, of allowing Chinese vessels, with Chinese crews, belonging to Chinese merchants, to pur-

chase the immunities of the British flag by simply paying down a small sum of money and putting an English master (often a mere boy) on board, are obvious to all, and ought to have withheld Sir J. Bowring from issuing such "letters of license" to possible pirates and probable contrabandists. Well might the Chinese commissioner ask: "Since when has the national flag been deemed of such small account as to be sold to all applicants for money?" Well might he treat a claim to immunity based upon such a patent flaw as a monstrous and inadmissible pretension.

But there is a consideration still more decisive against the claim of the *Arrow* to be considered within the immunities of the treaty. That treaty gave certain privileges to "British vessels;" and could only have been meant by the negotiators, and can only be honestly interpreted to us, to confer these privileges on such vessels as, *under the meaning of the words* AT THAT TIME, were held to be "British vessels,"—not on craft of a wholly different nature, and fulfilling far slenderer requirements, which we in future years and for our own purposes might choose to call such. The justice of this position is too obvious to need enforcing. What, then, in 1843, when the treaty was signed, were "British vessels," not only in ordinary parlance, but in the strict wording of all acts of parliament? Such, *and only such, as were owned and commanded* (if not wholly manned) by British subjects. Such only were British vessels when the treaty was signed;—by such only could the privileges conferred by the treaty on British vessels be legitimately claimed. Sir John Bowring might sell the British flag to as many Chinese lorchas as he pleased, and on any terms he pleased to fix;—he could not bring one of them within the meaning of the treaty.

To sum up the whole facts. The *Arrow* had no British register at the time of her seizure, for it had expired ten days previous. If she had had one, it would have been of questionable validity, inasmuch as the ordinance granting it was in contravention of imperial law, had never been duly authorised by the Queen in Council, and *had not been promulgated when issued* as required by law. And lastly, if the register had been extant, and in all respects formally correct, it could not have conferred the immunities claimed under the terms of the treaty. If the Chinese did not know the first, they knew the last. They were right, therefore, and we were wrong; and all our subsequent proceedings were mere high-handed and unwarrantable violence.

This is bad enough; but there is worse behind. The British name has been disgraced, not by violence only, but by untruth.

The honour of our flag has been stained, not by the Chinese commissioner, but by the English envoy. Almost, if not quite, for the first time since the daring forgery of Clive, has a representative of the British crown stooped to what looks almost like falsehood.* To our minds this is the saddest part of this whole sad transaction. In all our dealings with Orientals, we have been accustomed to pride ourselves upon our spotless and scrupulous honour. Their habitual faithlessness and chicanery is undeniable; and we have always been accustomed to reproach them with it, and to contrast it with our undeviating integrity. We have now enabled them to cast back the taunt. So hasty were both the consul and Sir John Bowring, that they acted before they had fully ascertained the facts of the case: they made representations and demands on an erroneous assumption; and then, being ashamed to withdraw the one or confess the other, they were not ashamed to uphold their mistake by assertions which they had ascertained to be untrue. It is evident, from a careful perusal of the first few pages of the correspondence in the blue-book, that when Consul Parkes first made his peremptory demand for reparation, *he believed the lorcha to have belonged to a British subject*, and to have had an English master on board at the time of the alleged outrage. He stated as much in plain words in his letter to Yeh; and it was not till he received Yeh's answer, two days subsequently, that he made inquiries, and *found that the Chinese commissioner was right*,—that the lorcha belonged to a Chinese. The ugly fact of the Chinese ownership was discovered by Sir John Bowring about the same time; and the next day the still uglier fact, that the vessel's registry had expired ten days before. One would have thought that the discovery of these circumstances might have made our hasty officials pause at least, if not retrace their steps; or rest satisfied without further action. By no

* Since the above was in type, we have had our attention called to Mr. Edgar Bowring's letter to the *Times*, of March 14, defending his father from the charge of falsehood, based upon the discrepancy of his two statements,—one contained in his letter to Consul Parkes, dated October 11; the other, dated November 14. We admit that there is considerable force in Mr. Edgar Bowring's representation, viz. that the latter document, alleging that "there can be no doubt that the lorcha lawfully bore the British flag under a registry granted by me," was written in reply to Yeh's assertion, that "the license to carry the said flag had been fraudulently obtained," and was merely designed to reiterate the proposition on which Sir J. Bowring took his stand, viz. that the license was *bonâ fide* and warranted. But still the fact remains, that Sir J. Bowring persisted in demanding reparation for the violation of a legally-protected vessel, in the face of his own admission (privately to his subordinate), on October 13th, as well as on the 11th, that "*such protection could not legally be granted*." Taken at the best, the transaction was the pleading for damages on the part of the counsel for the plaintiff—the said counsel suppressing the material fact, known only to himself, that damages were not legally due, and arguing and acting as if that fact did not exist.

means. In the *very same letter* in which Sir J. Bowring announces the expiry of the registry to his deputy at Canton, he desires him to grant only forty-eight hours to Yeh to make his submission; failing which, he is then to resort to force. In the same breath, in the same letter, with the same pen, he avows, *totidem verbis*, that the *Arrow* was "not entitled" to the British protection he had claimed for her, and therefore that the treaty guaranteeing such protection had not been violated,—yet demands instant redress for the violation of the treaty, on pain of hostile proceedings! But even this is not the whole. It is impossible to disguise the shameful circumstance that Sir John Bowring, while announcing the truth to Mr. Parkes, thought himself justified in using what was at least an equivocation to Commissioner Yeh. On Oct. 11th, he writes to the Consul: "It appears on examination that the *Arrow* had no right to hoist the British flag, the license to do so having expired on Sept. 27th, since which period *she has not been entitled to protection.*" On Nov. 14th, he writes to the Chinese governor: "Whatever representations may have been made to your excellency, THERE IS NO DOUBT that the *lorcha Arrow* **LAWFULLY bore the British flag, under a register granted by me.**"

The English authorities, then, it seems clear, were wrong in law, wrong in fact, wrong in morals. Of course their plea is—and we were sorry to see that Lord Clarendon endorsed it—that the Chinese knew nothing either of the expiry of the license, or the invalidity of the ordinance under which it was granted; that they intended to break the conditions of the treaty, though, owing to an accident, they failed in doing so; and that the insult designed and committed against the British flag was the same in effect, whether the vessel flying that flag was legally entitled to carry it or not. Now it is possible enough that the Chinese did intend to insult our flag, and violate their own engagements: they are a fierce and arrogant people, and by no means friendly to the English. But we have no right to take their hostile intentions for granted. Not one single fact or expression in the whole blue-book bears out the assumption which Sir John Bowring chooses to make. On the contrary, the whole correspondence on Yeh's part is moderate and logical; and appears to us the simple utterance of a man who had acted *bonâ fide* throughout the transaction, and who was astonished and disgusted at our representations and peremptory demands. He declares, that he considered the *Arrow* to be a Chinese vessel, with no real claim to bear the British ensign; that he had made inquiries since the complaint was forwarded to him, and found that she was a Chinese vessel, and belonged to a Chinese; that on boarding her, no British

captain was found (which turned out to be strictly true); and that he believed then, and believes still, that his officers had done nothing but what by law and treaty they were fully warranted in doing. He further very pertinently but civilly suggests, that in order to avoid such misunderstandings in future, we should abstain from the objectionable and dangerous, and, as he thinks, illegal practice of lending or selling the British flag to foreign ships. All this sounds reasonable enough. As we have said, there *may* have been a *malus animus* on the part of the Chinese authorities; but the papers laid before Parliament bear no indications of it whatever. On the other hand, the *animus* of Sir John Bowring and Consul Parkes—their determination to pick a quarrel, and not to lose the opportunity of settling all accumulated grievances at once—is only too manifest.

The communication of a friendly American to Mr. Cobden throws considerable light upon the matter, and suggests what probably were the real facts of the case. It is notorious, that many of the small vessels plying in those seas are mainly employed in smuggling opium and salt into Canton; and that even those regularly owned and employed by British merchants for discharging their legitimate cargoes do business of this sort occasionally. The American in question mentions a case in which, during the temporary absence of the Chinese war-junks, a whole fleet of these lorchas, &c. went up the river laden with salt,—discharging the salt by night, and *hoisting the British flag by day*. The war-junks, on their return, surprised and captured the whole covey; returning in a day or two those among the offenders who it was found were entitled to carry the protecting and prostituted ensign. In all likelihood this *Arrow* was conceived by the mandarins to be one of these illicit traders, which they were greatly surprised to be told they had no right to visit; and in which, on visiting her, they found nothing to confirm her claim to the character of a British craft.

But let us assume for a moment that the lorcha in question legally bore the British ensign, and that the expiry of her register was an immaterial fact. Admitting that the Chinese really had violated the Supplementary Treaty, and insulted the national colours, what are we to think of the moderation, temper, and justice of our representatives,—of the propriety of the reparation demanded, and the extent of the retaliation inflicted? The demand for a restoration of the men seized, and an assurance that nothing of the kind should occur again, would have been legitimate and fair; and failing to obtain these, the seizure of a war-junk, as Lord Clarendon sanctioned, would have been a fair rebuke and punishment. What, however, was the course taken? Consul Parkes gives the Chinese

commissioner forty-eight hours to comply with his requirements,—viz. to restore the men, to apologise, and to promise good behaviour for the future. Within the forty-eight hours Yeh returns nine of the twelve men; sends copies of depositions against the others, charging them with piracy, as his excuse for not surrendering them also; and waives the apology and the promise, as being demanded under a mistaken impression of the character of the vessel. The consul and the envoy refuse to receive the men, and reiterate their demands and their menace; and, in spite of another letter from Yeh, again detailing the Chinese facts of the case, and promising in future all reasonable and due respect to British lorchas,—but not apologising for a violation of the treaty, which he denied having committed,—they proceed on the same day to open hostilities by the seizure of a large junk. Surely this was enough. But Sir John Bowring had other objects. He immediately made arrangements for warlike operations, attacked and captured the Barrier forts and, three days later, the forts close to the city. In the mean time the Chinese commissioner had reiterated his assurances for the future, and sent back the whole *twelve* men demanded. Consul Parkes *declined now to receive them*, alleging some informality in the mode of surrendering them. The Chinese authorities had now conceded all we asked, except the apology,—which, with their view of the case, they could not give. But Dr. Bowring writes to Lord Clarendon, that the viceroy “shows no disposition to enter on amicable negotiations;” so he proceeds to revive an old demand for free ingress into Canton, bombards the city, shells the governor’s residence, breaches the walls, and storms the place. Of course the Chinese turn upon us; a war begins, and was raging in the Canton river when our last accounts left Hong Kong. We will indulge in no declamation. The bare statement of facts is sufficient. But we cannot forbear from expressing our deep disgust at the tone of Sir John Bowring’s despatches. Any thing so flippant, conceited, and unfeeling, in the way of state-papers, we never read before.

So much for the conduct of the British authorities at Canton. What are we to say of the conduct of the British Government at home? It is clear that they are responsible for these proceedings only in as far as they choose to adopt and defend them. It must be allowed, that they were placed in a very perplexing position. We cannot doubt that their first sentiments were those of condemnation and disgust. It was impossible that in their hearts they should approve of Sir John Bowring’s proceedings, or should not deeply regret them. But what would be the consequence of disavowing them, now

that they were irrevocably done? On the one hand, it was most painful and revolting to high-minded and honourable men to uphold and sanction a course of conduct, pursued by their delegates at the other side of the world, which they felt to be culpable and imprudent, and which they, if consulted beforehand, would have been the last to warrant;—to prosecute an unrighteous quarrel, and insist upon unjust demands,—to embrace a cause which, however good in its essence, was full of flaws in its origin, and had been deplorably stained and soiled by its rash and unworthy asserters at the antipodes. On the other hand, to recall Sir John Bowring, and disavow his high-handed proceedings, would be far from safe, and would inevitably lead to future quarrels and to wider bloodshed. The Chinese, like other Orientals, are wholly unable to conceive the idea of any nation receding from an unjust demand simply on the score of its injustice. Our recession would be attributed to fear and weakness, and would invite and insure new insults, flagrant affronts, and unpermissible pretensions. It would, beyond all question, encourage the Chinese to treat us in a manner which must speedily compel us to inflict terrible and exemplary chastisement. It cannot be denied, that the Celestials, in their ignorant contempt and fanatical hatred of foreigners, have for many years been trying our forbearance to the utmost, and are perpetually affronting and oppressing our citizens to the extreme limits of safety, and in a manner which makes residence there neither agreeable nor safe. All British merchants trading to those quarters, and all who have lived there and are acquainted with the Chinese, with scarcely an exception, rejoice in this quarrel (even where they recognise the rottenness of our special case), as a necessary step to placing our relations with those refined barbarians on a sounder and pleasanter footing; and are strongly of opinion that, right or wrong, Bowring ought to be upheld, the insolence of the Chinese to be chastised, and the sanctity of the British flag enforced. We fully recognise the force of all these considerations; and we are not at all surprised at the influence which they seem to have exercised over the minds of her Majesty's Ministers. We entertain little doubt that the immediate consequences—perhaps the ultimate ones also—of disavowing Sir John Bowring, withdrawing his pretensions, and staying his proceedings, would be worse, both for England and for China, than the consequences of supporting and enforcing the demands made, and vigorously pushing the hostilities already commenced. But feeling all this as strongly as the Government can do, we cannot but think that Ministers, in *defending* Sir John Bowring, have made a sad and most superfluous blunder,—have encumbered them-

selves with an unrighteous plea, and committed themselves to an insincere and untruthful, and therefore an embarrassing line of action. They might, we think, by an opener and bolder course, have saved themselves from the pain of using, and Britain from the pain of witnessing, much disingenuous sophistry. Why should they not have said, distinctly and at once, "Our representative at Hong Kong appears, it is true, to have acted hastily, harshly, clumsily, and wrong: we must have fuller knowledge before we can either approve or condemn him. But the mischief is done; we must get out of a bad business in the best way we can; we must stay all further proceedings, if the Chinese will let us, but we must not waive any just ground of complaint we have against them; and, while withdrawing indefensible ones, must insist once for all upon a settlement which can stand. We must do this out of regard to the Chinese themselves, who assuredly will otherwise compel us to far heavier reckoning ere long. We will be as forbearing and moderate as possible,—as men are bound to be who feel that their first steps in the affair were erroneous and blamable. We shall therefore send out instantly a competent ambassador, with full powers to terminate the disastrous strife on such terms as, when amply informed on the spot, he shall deem just and wise, and shall find feasible." By such a course and such language, we should have escaped that deplorable forensic spectacle of senators and ministers saying what they don't think, and defending what they don't approve, which is so destructive of reverence and confidence in public men. They have virtually adopted this course and this language since their defeat: had they adopted them before, that defeat would have been avoided.

In conclusion, let us beg special attention to what appears to us the weighty moral of the whole matter. Our representatives, military, consular, and diplomatic, who are stationed in distant quarters of the globe, are necessarily intrusted with large discretionary powers, and incur a responsibility corresponding in degree. Their instructions, however carefully drawn up, can scarcely provide for all possible contingencies; and even if they could, much confidence must yet be reposed in their judgment for determining when these contingencies have actually occurred. Cases must frequently arise when the honour of the British flag, the security of British citizens, and the interests of British trade, require spirited remonstrances, peremptory demands, and even prompt and unhesitating action. They cannot refer home for orders;—if they did, the time for remedy and reparation would be past. In dealing with semi-civilised and oriental nations more especially, every thing depends upon the rapidity with which the demand for redress

follows the injury, and the retaliation the refusal of redress. If every instance of outrage or injustice had to be represented to her Majesty's Government for decision and directions, six months would often elapse before any thing was done; and six months of impunity to a savage or an eastern monarch would seem like an eternity, and would confirm him in his oppressive and contemptuous behaviour. It would be impossible, and most undesirable, thus to tie the hands of our delegated authorities. We must give them ample powers, and trust them to use those powers with judgment and forbearance.

At the same time, having appointed and instructed them, it is almost equally necessary to support them. If they are liable to be disavowed,—if we condemn and reverse their proceedings, refuse to endorse their demands or to ratify their agreements, on any but the weightiest grounds and except in the rarest cases,—we do even more mischief than if we had conferred upon them no discretionary powers at all. We render their action scrupulous, timid, and hesitating; and deprive their remonstrances and menaces of the weight without which they will, in the majority of cases, be utterly unavailing. Foreign potentates and people soon cease to regard or fear them; for they can never feel confident that they are acting in conformity with the sentiments, and will be backed by the whole power, of the imperial authority which sent them. So obvious are these considerations, and so cogent have they always been regarded by our Government, that instances in which we have disavowed even the rashest and most questionable proceedings of our representatives abroad are almost infinitely rare. It has become almost a maxim, that, whatever they do, they must be upheld and sanctioned;—they are treated, in fact, as an impetuous colonel, who has, without or against orders, entangled his regiment or brigade in a premature or undesirable conflict with the enemy, is treated by the general in command: he is cursed for his folly; but he cannot be left to perish, or to draw the disgrace of defeat upon the flag, so other troops are pushed forward to support him, and the action, which his superiors would fain have avoided, becomes general. The result is, that a considerable portion of our foreign policy is liable to be determined, not at home, but on distant stations,—not by the prime minister in London, but by the admiral in the Gulf of Mexico, by the ambassador at Teheran, or the superintendent of trade at Hong Kong.

To a very great extent, we admit that all this is inevitable. We must give our representatives ample powers to speak and act on our behalf; and we must support them in the exercise—even in the unwise and condemnable exercise—of those powers,

except where the want of judgment has been so flagrant that the mischief of endorsing is greater than the mischief of reversing their proceedings; or where their conduct has been so clearly unrighteous, that it would indicate a deficiency of the moral sense to sanction or defend it. Sometimes, indeed, as in the present instance, disavowal would come too late, and recession is simply impossible. War has broken out; and we cannot afford to be beaten in a contest, even though it be one into which we ought never to have entered. What, then, is the conclusion to which all these considerations point? What, but that the choice of the men to whom we confide such enormous and undefined powers, and whom we place in such *arbitrary* positions, ought to be the one function of the supreme Government to be exercised with the most conscientious care, with the most scrupulous purity, and under the most solemn feeling of responsibility; and that no condemnation can be too strong for the minister who jobs these appointments, or who allows himself to be influenced in making them by the desire to serve a friend, to reward a political adherent, or to neutralise a political opponent; or, indeed, who considers any thing except the character of the man, and his moral and intellectual qualifications for the post. It is true, that bad selections bring ample retribution to the selector; but this is no consolation and no atonement for the woes and shame they inflict upon the country.

Now, what is the truth in this matter? Is it not that our diplomatic servants, from the lowest to the highest branches of the service, are appointed with less regard to fitness, desert, or capability, than any other class of public officers; more at hazard,—more as a matter of favour,—more from considerations of political or family connection? Nay, is it not notorious, that the more distant the station (and therefore the more critical and hazardous), the more careless and impure are the appointments? We all know the moves and influences by which remote embassies and consulates are filled up. We are not so bad as we were in this respect, but we are bad enough in all conscience still. We know that the opinion which foreign nations form of us is mainly based upon the character and conduct of those whom we send out to represent us and act for us,—of our ambassadors and their *attachés*;—yet the emptiest young men of family are considered specially qualified for the latter, and the former are almost always selected for rank and party ties. We have had ample experience that wars may be prevented or precipitated by the judicious and conciliatory, or the rash and arrogant, behaviour of our residents at foreign courts;—that on the choice of these depend often thousands

of lives, millions of money, oceans of glory or of shame; yet it is scarcely too much to say, that, except when the gravity of some dangerous crisis startles us into care and conscience, we habitually appoint our envoys and plenipotentiaries with less caution, less sense, and less integrity than we should employ in selecting a coachman for our wife, or a tutor for our son. We could point to a long list of names in verification of our statement, were it not that we should impart too personal a character to our pages; but when we can point to Sir John Bowring as plenipotentiary in China, with Mr. Chisholm Anstey as his legal adviser, we need go no further for an illustration. Yet these men were appointed by some of the best and most esteemed of our ministers. Their sponsors were Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Lord Clarendon, and Sir William Molesworth.

One concluding word on the Chinese dispute. The apparently principal object of Sir John Bowring's war,—an object which our statesmen have stipulated for by treaty, and which all English residents at Canton seem most earnestly to desire,—is, the right of free ingress into the city and the interior. We cannot, of course, pretend to place our opinion in hostility to that of numbers whose local or official position should qualify them to arrive at a sounder judgment; but we cannot avoid thinking, that a remembrance of our Indian history should render us less urgent for a beginning which may terminate in a repetition of that singular catastrophe. The admission of energetic Europeans into the country of stagnant and feeble Asiatics is like the letting out of water. Quarrels occur between insolent natives and reckless Englishmen: the Chinese authorities allege the fear of these and their consequences as their reason for deprecating our admission into Canton. Very probably the natives are in the wrong in these quarrels: at all events, we think so, and we demand reparation and amends. The next step is, to require,—reasonably enough,—some *pied-à-terre* where we may intrench and protect ourselves. Fresh disputes lead to an introduction of British soldiers, and an enlargement of the said *pied-à-terre* for their accommodation. Renewed quarrels entail repeated indemnities and satisfactions; which at first are pecuniary, and in time territorial. The natives become alarmed at our gradual encroachments: they attack us, are worsted, and are compelled as a penalty to surrender some further desirable or coveted locality. They quarrel among themselves, and one party asks our aid: we give it in an evil hour, and become a native *puissance*. Henceforth our course is inevitable, as it was in Hindostan. Aggrandisement is forced

upon us. We advance; we absorb; we protest; we become lords-paramount;—at last we find we have a new empire to govern at the distance of twelve thousand miles. Bearing in mind, then, both the recent past and this “looming” future, we say that we ought resolutely to forbid any step, and to resist any temptation, which can by possibility lead to our acquisition, by treaty or by seizure, of one single square-yard of Chinese soil. Abjure, as suggestions of the devil, those wild dreams of ambition which have already begun to inflame some imaginations,—which would place our seat of empire at Simlah or Delhi, and extend its boundaries from the Persian Gulf to the Yellow Sea.

NEW BOOKS SUITABLE FOR BOOK-SOCIETIES.

Christian Orthodoxy reconciled with the Conclusions of modern Biblical Learning; a Theological Essay. By J. W. Donaldson, D.D. Williams and Norgate.

The Doctrine of Inspiration. By the Rev. John Macnaught, M.A. Oxon. Second edition. Longmans.

The History and Life of the Rev. Doctor John Tauler of Strasbourg; with Twenty-five of his Sermons (temp. 1340). Translated from the German, with additional Notices of Tauler's Life and Times, by Susanna Winkworth; and a Preface, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Smith and Elder.

[The former part of the volume is full of curious matter, illustrative of the religious aspect of the 14th century; the sermons are chiefly remarkable for their simple earnestness and directness. The translation is easy and good. The massive binding and the typographical arrangements are a compromise between the fashion of the early and that of the modern press.]

Memoirs of James Hutton; comprising the Annals of his Life and Connection with the United Brethren. By Daniel Benham. Hamilton and Adams.

[Although necessarily sectarian in its character, the events to which this biography relates are sufficiently far removed from our own times, and closely connected with the origin of a remarkable social movement, to excite a more general interest.]

The History of Normandy and England. By Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H. Vol. 2. John W. Parker.

[The long-anticipated continuation of a full—rather too full—chronicle of a much-neglected period of early modern history. The present volume is quite as much a narrative of the contests of the Carlovingian and Capetian families, as of the consolidation of the Duchy of Normandy.]

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The Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse of Sir Thomas Overbury, Knt.; now first collected. Edited with Notes, and a Biographical Account of the Author. By Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D. J. Russell Smith.

Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel. By M. Guizot. Bentley.

[An able though partial estimate.]

Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel. Published by the Trustees of his Papers. Vol. 2. Murray.

[An interesting, but disappointingly imperfect, contribution to modern political history.]

Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French; a Biography. By J. A. St. John. Chapman and Hall.

[An agreeable compilation.]

Napoleon the Third. By a British Officer. Longmans.

Life of General Sir C. Napier. By Sir W. Napier. Vols. 1 and 2. Murray.

Memoir of Admiral Sir W. E. Parry. By his Son, the Rev. E. Parry, M.A. Longmans.

The First Naval Campaign in the Baltic; including an Account of Sir Charles Napier's recent Visit to Russia. By G. Butler Earp. Bentley.

Essays, Critical and Imaginative. By Professor Wilson. Vol. 3. Blackwood.

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Descriptive Essays. By Sir E. B. Head. Reprinted from the "Quarterly Review." Murray.

Life of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. By J. S. Harford, D.C.L. 2 vols. Longmans.

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Brown Fish Oils, prepared solely for manufacturing or household purposes, can be and are very profitably offered and supplied at a low rate of charge, although their total unfitness for medical use not only leads to serious disappointment or injury, but tends to detract from the high and general reputation of a remedy, when genuine, of acknowledged and inestimable value. Where this discreditable course is pursued, purchasers are earnestly requested to resort to another establishment, or to apply directly to Dr. de Jongh's Agents in London.

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THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR OF HOLLAND.

"I have the honour of bringing to your knowledge that it has pleased the King to grant you, by his decree of the 20th January, 1848, No. 101, a silver medal with an appropriate honorary inscription, as a testimony of His Majesty's high approbation of your efforts in securing to this country a supply of the most efficacious Cod Liver Oil from Norway. I have given the necessary orders for the execution of this medal.

"To Dr. de Jongh, at the Hague."

(Signed)

"The Hague, Feb. 1, 1848.

"VAN DER HEIM.

THE INTENDANT OF THE CIVIL LIST OF BELGIUM.

"Sir,—The King has charged me to return you his very particular thanks for the homage done to him, by the presentation of your most valuable researches concerning the Cod Liver Oil. As an expression of his utmost satisfaction, His Majesty has given me the order of presenting you with the accompanying large gold medal.

"Brussels, Oct. 6, 1847.

"I remain, with the highest regard, &c.

"The Intendant of the Civil List,

"To Dr. de Jongh, at the Hague."

(Signed)

"CONWE.

THE ROYAL SANITARY POLICE OF PRUSSIA.

"In answer to your letter of the 2nd ult., requesting permission to sell Dr. de JONGH's Cod Liver Oil in bottles, accompanied by his stamp and signature, the Royal Police of Prussia (Königliches-polizei-Præsidium) has the honour of informing you that it has caused the Oil to be submitted to an official investigation, and that the result of such investigation has proved it to be not only the genuine Cod Liver Oil, but, still further, that it is of a kind which distinguishes itself from the Cod Liver Oil in ordinary use, alike by its taste and chemical composition. Considering, moreover, that it has come to their knowledge that physicians generally recommend the use of Dr. de JONGH's Oil in preference to the Cod Liver Oil in ordinary use, the Royal Police accedes to your request.

"Berlin, Jan. 23, 1851.

"KÖNIGLICHES POLIZEI-PRÆSIDIUM.

"To A.M. Blunne, Chemist, Berlin."

"1^o Abtheilung.

The late JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.S.,

Professor at the University of London, Author of "THE ELEMENTS OF MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS," &c., &c.

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the Purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request, by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that for medicinal purposes no finer Oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed)

"JONATHAN PEREIRA.

"To Dr. de Jongh."

"Finsbury Square, London April 16, 1851.

ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, ESQ., M.D., F.L.S.

Member of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to the Royal Free Hospital, Chief Analyst of the Sanitary Commission of the "Lancet," Author of "FOOD, AND ITS ADULTERATIONS," &c., &c.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to return my acknowledgments for the copy of your Work on Cod Liver Oil, with which you have favoured me. I was already acquainted with it, and had perused it sometime previously with considerable gratification, especially the chapter devoted to the consideration of the adulteration of Cod Liver Oil.

"I have paid, as you are aware, much attention to the subject of the adulteration of drugs. Amongst the articles examined, I have not overlooked one so important as Cod Liver Oil; and this more particularly, since it is a very favourite remedy with me, and is, moreover, so liable to deterioration by admixture with other, especially inferior, Fish Oils. I may state that I have more than once, at different times, subjected your Light Brown Oil to chemical analysis—and this unknown to yourself—and I have always found it to be free from all impurity, and rich in the constituents of bile.

"So great is my confidence in the article, that I usually prescribe it in preference to any other, in order to make sure of obtaining the remedy in its purest and best condition—I remain, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

"ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D.

"To Dr. de Jongh, the Hague."

"Bennett Street, St. James's Street, Dec. 1, 1854.

Dr. LETHEBY,

Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in the Medical College of the London Hospital, Chemical Referee to the Corporation of London, Medical Officer of Health to the City of London, &c., &c.

"Gentlemen,—I have frequently had occasion to analyse the Cod Liver Oil which is sold at your establishment. I mean that variety which is prepared for medicinal use in the Loffoden Isles, Norway, and sent into commerce with the sanction of Dr. de JONGH, of the Hague.

"In all cases I have found it possessing the same set of properties, among which the presence of choleate compounds and of iodine in a state of organic combination are the most remarkable; in fact, the Oil corresponds in all its characters with that named 'Huile brune,' and described as the best variety in the masterly treatise of Dr. de JONGH.

"It is, I believe, universally acknowledged that this description of Oil has great therapeutical power; and, from my investigations, I have no doubt of its being a pure and unadulterated article.

(Signed)

"HENRY LETHEBY, M.B.

"To Messrs. Ansar, Harford, and Co."

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Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A.

Founder and Principal of the Royal College of Chemistry, Liverpool, Member of l'Académie Nationale de France, Author of "CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO THE ARTS AND MANUFACTURES," &c., &c.

"Berzelius, and other of the leading Chemists and Physicians of Europe, having testimonialised in favour of your Oil, is a proof of its superiority over all the other kinds that are vended. I have submitted the Oil to the usual tests; and, finding it to contain all the ingredients enumerated by you in your work, I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing it a genuine article, and one that is fully entitled to the confidence of the Medical Profession."

William Allen Miller, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.

Professor of Chemistry, King's College, London, Author of "ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL," &c., &c.

"The samples of the Oil examined were purchased by myself. I have no doubt that they are what they profess to be—genuine specimens of Cod Liver Oil, as they possess the composition of this substance, and exhibit, in a marked degree, the chemical characters by which this Oil is distinguished, and to which its medicinal qualities are attributed."

A. B. Granville, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.

Author of "THE SPAS OF GERMANY," "THE SPAS OF ENGLAND," "ON SUDDEN DEATH," &c., &c.

"Dr. Granville has used Dr. DE JONGH's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil extensively in his practice, and has found it not only efficacious, but uniform in its qualities: He has found that this particular kind produces the desired effect in a shorter time than others, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Newfoundland Oils."

G. Radclyffe Hall, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.E.

Physician to the Western Counties Hospital for Consumption, Torquay, Author of "ESSAY ON THE BRONCHIAL TUBES," &c., &c.

"I have no hesitation in saying that I generally prefer your Cod Liver Oil for the following reasons:—I have found it to agree better with the digestive organs, especially in those patients who consider themselves to be bilious; it seldom causes nausea or eructation; it is more palatable to most patients than the other kinds of Cod Liver Oil; it is stronger, and consequently a smaller dose is sufficient."

Charles Cowan, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.S.E.,

Senior Physician to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Consulting Physician to the Reading Dispensary, Translator of "LOUIS ON PHTHISIS," &c., &c.

"Dr. Cowan is glad to find that the Profession has some reasonable guarantee for a genuine article. The material now sold varies in almost every establishment where it is purchased, and a tendency to prefer a colourless and tasteless Oil, if not counteracted, will ultimately jeopardise the reputation of an unquestionably valuable addition to the Materia Medica. Dr. Cowan wishes Dr. DE JONGH every success in his meritorious undertaking."

Edgar Sheppard, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S.

Translator of "GIBERT ON DISEASES OF THE SKIN," "BECQUEREL AND RODIER'S RESEARCHES ON THE BLOOD," &c., &c.

"Dr. Sheppard has made extensive use of Dr. DE JONGH's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and has great pleasure in testifying its superiority over every other preparation to be met with in this country. It has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils. Dr. Sheppard has no hesitation in stating that he believes an Imperial Pint of Dr. DE JONGH's Light-Brown Oil to be of more value than an Imperial Quart of any other to be met with in London."

Thomas Hunt, Esq., F.R.C.S.

Surgeon to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, Author of "PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON CERTAIN DISEASES OF THE SKIN GENERALLY PRONOUNCED INTRACTABLE," &c., &c.

"I have now prescribed Dr. DE JONGH's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil in about one hundred and twenty cases of skin disease. It is bare justice to him to say that the success attending its use in dispensary practice fully satisfies me that he has not exaggerated its value. In emaciated or strumous subjects this Oil is highly useful."

Richard Moore Lawrance, Esq., M.D.

Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha, Physician to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Eye, Author of "ON GOUT AND RHEUMATISM," &c., &c.

"I have frequently tested your Cod Liver Oil; and, so impressed am I with its superiority, that I invariably prescribe it in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

William Bayes, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.P.

Physician to the Brighton Dispensary, Author of "ON NERVOUS DISEASE CONNECTED WITH DYSPERPSIA," &c., &c.

"I have for many months been in the habit of ordering no other than your Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, which appears to me to possess many advantages over the other descriptions of Oil, in its being of one invariable strength, in being more palatable, and in its greater efficacy. I seldom order a larger dose than a Dessert-spoonful, and consider that a Tea-spoonful is equal in its effects to a Table-spoonful of the Pale Oil."

The Lancet.

"Some of the deficiencies of the Pale Oil are attributable to the method of its preparation, and especially to its filtration through charcoal. In the preference of the Light-Brown over the Pale Oil we fully concur. We have carefully tested a specimen of Dr. DE JONGH's Light-brown Cod Liver Oil. We find it to be genuine, and rich in iodine and the elements of bile."

Medical Circular.

"Much of the Pale Oil sold in the market is found to be nothing more than Skate Oil—a fact which will account for the failures which have so frequently attended the use of the so-called Cod Liver Oil. The utmost reliance may be placed on the experimental researches of Dr. DE JONGH, who is one of the most eminent of European chemists. Our own experience practically confirms his judgment, and we unhesitatingly recommend Dr. DE JONGH's Light Brown Oil as the best for medical purposes, and well deserving the confidence of the profession."

Association Medical Journal.

"No man has given so much attention to the analysis of Cod Liver Oil as Dr. DE JONGH. He has now undertaken himself to ensure a constant supply of the most powerful and genuine Cod Liver Oil for medicinal purposes. Such an undertaking appears on the face of it to have a strong claim on the encouragement of the profession, who are certainly much interested in obtaining a purer article than those which are now so marvellously cheap in the market."

The Dublin Medical Press.

"Whatever scepticism may exist respecting the medicinal virtues of this remedy, no doubt can reasonably be entertained that this specimen [Dr. DE JONGH's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil] possesses them; and this it is of importance to establish at a time when much impure and adulterated Oil is offered for sale, and freely accepted by practitioners as sufficient for the purposes of routine practice."

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No. IX. will appear on the 1st July 1857.

